

THE
WORKS
OF
FRANCIS RABELAIS, M. D.

IN FIVE BOOKS.

V O L. III.

Now carefully revised, and compared throughout with
the late new Edition of M. *Le du Chat*,

By Mr. OZELL.

Who has likewise added at the Bottom of the Pages, a
Translation of the Notes, Historical, Critical, and
Explanatory, of the said M. *du Chat*, and Others:
In which Notes, never before printed in *English*, the
Text is not only explained, but, in Multitudes of Places,
amended, and made conformable to the first and best
Editions of this learned and facetious AUTHOR.

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M D C C X X X V I I I .

THE WORKS OF

CHARLES KENNEDY

FRANCIS HARRIS, M.D.

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T H E





THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
RABELAIS'S
WORKS.
CONTINUED.



CHAP. XXVIII.

How Friar John comforteth Panurge in the doubtful Matter of Cuckoldry.

I UNDERSTAND thee well enough, said Friar John; but *Time makes all Things plain*. The most durable Marble or Porphyry is subject to Old Age and Decay. Though for the present thou possibly be not weary of the Exercise, yet is it like I shall hear thee confess a few Years hence that thy Cods hang dangling downwards for Want of a better Truss. I see thee Waxing a little hoar-headed already; thy Bread by the Distinction of grey, white, tawny and black, hath to my thinking the Resemblance

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of a Map of the Terrestrial Globe, or Geographical Chart. Look attentively upon, and take Inspection of, what I shall shew unto thee. Behold there *Asia*, here are *Tygris* and *Euphrates*: Lo there *Afric*; here is the Mountain of the *Moon*; yonder thou mayst perceive the Fenny Marches of *Nilus*: On this Side lieth *Europe*: Dost thou not see the Abby of *Thelema*? This little Tuft, which is altogether White, is the *Hyperborean Hills*. By the Thirst of my Throple, Friend, when Snow is on the Mountains, I mean the Head and the Chin, there is not then any considerable Heat to be expected in the Valleys and Low-Countries of the Cod-piece. By the Kibes of thy Heels, quoth *Panurge*, thou dost not understand the Topics (1). When the Snow is on the Tops of the Hills, Lightning, Thunder, Tempest, Whirlwinds, Storms, Hurricanes, and all the Devils of Hell rage in the Valleys. Wouldst thou see the Experience thereof, go to the Territory of the *Swissers*, and earnestly perpend with thy self there the Situation of the Lake of *Wunderberlich* (2), about four Leagues distant from *Berne*, on the *Syon* side of the Land. Thou twittest me with my Grey Hairs, yet considerest not how I am of the Nature of Leeks, which with a white Head carry a green, fresh, strait, and vigorous Tail.

The Truth is nevertheless, (why should I deny it) that I now and then discern in myself some indicative Signs of Old Age. Tell this, I prithee to no Body, but let it be kept very close and secret betwixt us two; for I find the Wine much sweeter now, more savoury to my Taste, and unto my Palate of a better Relish than formerly I was wont to do; and withal, besides mine accustomed Manner, I have a more dreadful Apprehension than I ever heretofore have had of lighting on bad

(1) *Topics*.] Places, or Books, of Logical Invention.

(2) *Lake of Wunderberlich*.] If, as 'tis more than probable, this is *Pilate's Lake*, of which *Vadianus* on *Pomponius Mela* has written some Things very like what's said here, it must be in reference to the wonderful Things related of this Lake, that the *Swissers* have given it the Surname of *Wunderberlich*, or *Admirable*: *Rabelais* was deceived in taking this



Wine.

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Wine. Note and observe that this doth argue and portend I know nor what of the *West* and *Occident* of my Time; and signifieth that the *South* and *Meridian* of mine Age is past. But what then? my Gentle Companion, That doth but betoken that I shall hereafter drink so much the more. That is not, the Devil hale it, the Thing that I fear; nor is it there where my Shoe pinches. The Thing that I doubt most, and have greatest Reason to dread and suspect, is, that through some long Absence of our King *Pantagruel* (to whom I must needs bear Company, should he go to all the Devils of *Barathum*) my future Wife will make me a Cuckold. This is, in Truth, the long and the short on't: for I am by all those whom I have spoke to menac'd and threatned with a Horned Fortune; and all of them affirm, it is the Lot to which from Heaven I am predestinated. Every one (answered Friar *John*, that would be a Cuckold, is not one: if it be thy Fate to be hereafter of the Number of that *Horned Cattle*, then may I conclude with an *Ergo*, thy Wife will be beautiful, and *Ergo*, thou wilt be kindly used by her: Likewise with this *Ergo* thou shalt be blessed with the Fruition of many Friends and Well-willers: and finally with this other *Ergo* thou shalt be *saved*, and have a Place in *Paradise*. These are Monachal Topicks (11) and Maxims of the Cloyster: thou mayest take more Liberty to sin: thou shalt be more at ease than ever: there will be never the less left for thee, nothing diminished, but thy Goods shall increase notably: and if so be it was preordinated for thee, wouldst thou be so impious as not to acquiesce in thy Destiny? Speak thou jaded Cod,

Faded c.
Mouldy c.
Musty c.
Paultry c.
Senseless c.

Foundred c.
Distempered c.
Pewrayed c.
Inveigled c.
Dangling c.

Stupid c.
Seedless c.
Soaked c.
Lowting c.
Discouraged c.

(11) *Monachal Topics, &c.*] We have before seen *Panurge* using the *Topics* or Logical Inventions, to Friar *John*: and here we have Friar *John*, in his Turn, doing the like to him, in displaying the Claustral Maxims which are such as shew how little the State of Married People is regarded by Men of his Character.

Surfeited c.	Overlechred c.	Boughty c.
Peevish c.	Druggely c.	Mealy c.
Translated c.	Mitihed c.	Wrangling c.
Forlorn c.	Goat-ridden c.	Gangreened c.
Unfavoury c.	Weakened c.	Crustrissen c.
Worm-eaten c.	Assè-ridden c.	Ragged c.
Overtailed c.	Puff-pasted c.	Quelled c.
Miserable c.	St. Anthonised c.	Bragodochio c.
Steeped c.	Untripid c.	Beggarly e.
Kneaded with	Blasted c.	Trepanned c.
cold Water c.	Cut off c.	Bedusked c.
Appealant c.	Beveraged c.	Emasculated c.
Swagging c.	Scarified c.	Corked c.
Withered c.	Dasht c.	Transparent c.
Broken Reined c.	Slasht c.	Vile c.
Defective c.	Infeeble c.	Antidated c.
Crestfallen c.	Whore-hunting c.	Chopped c.
Felled c.	Deteriorated c.	Pinked c.
Fleeted c.	Chil c.	Cup-glassified c.
Cloyed c.	Scrupulous c.	Fruitless c.
Squeezed c.	Crazed c.	Riven c.
Resty c.	Tasteless c.	Purisy c.
Pounded c.	Hacked c.	Fusty c.
Loose c.	Flaggy c.	Jadish c.
Coldish c.	Scrubby c.	Fistulous c.
Pickled c.	Drained c.	Languishing c.
Churned c.	Haled c.	Maleficiated c.
Filiped c.	Lolling c.	Hectic c.
Singlefied c.	Drenched c.	Worn out c.
Begrimed c.	Burst c.	Ill-favoured c.
Wrinkled c.	Stirred up c.	Duncified c.
Fainted c.	Mitred c.	Macerated c.
Extenuated c.	Pedlingly furnish-	Paralytic c.
Grim c.	ed c.	Degraded c.
Wasted c.	Rusty c.	Benumbed c.
Inflamed c.	Exhausted c.	Bat-like c.
Unhinged c.	Perplexed c.	Fart-shotten c.
Scurvy c.	Unhelved c.	Sun-burnt c.
Stradling c.	Fizled c.	Pacified c.
Putrified c.	Leprous c.	Blunted c.
Maimed c.	Bruised c.	Rankling tasted c.
	Spadonic c.	Rooted

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f

Rooted out c.	Dejected c.	Hagled c.
Costive c.	Jagged c.	Gleaning c.
Hailed on c.	Pining c.	Ill-favoured c.
Cuffed c.	Deformed c.	Pulled c.
Buffeted c.	Mischieved c.	Drooping c.
Whirreted c.	Cobled c.	Faint c.
Robbed c.	Imbafed c.	Parched c.
Neglected c.	Ransacked c.	Poultry c.
Lame c.	Despised c.	Crankred c.
Confused c.	Mangy c.	Void c.
Unfavoury c.	Abafed c.	Vexed c.
Overthrown c.	Supine c.	Bestunk c.
Bouted c.	Mended c.	Cröoked c.
Trod under c.	Dismayed c.	Brabling c.
Desolate c.	Harsh c.	Rotten c.
Declining c.	Beaten c.	Anxious c.
Stinching c.	Barred c.	Clouted c.
Sorrowful c.	Abandoned c.	Tired c.
Murthered c.	Confounded c.	Proud c.
Matachin-like c.	Lowtish c.	Fractured c.
Befotted c.	Born down c.	Melancholy c.
Customerless c.	Sparred c.	Coxcomby c.
Minced c.	Abashed c.	Base c.
Exulcerated c.	Unreasonable c.	Bleaked c.
Patched c.	Opprest c.	Detested c.
Stupified c.	Grated c.	Diaphanous c.
Annihilated c.	Falling away c.	Unworthy c.
Spent c.	Smaleut c.	Checked c.
Foiled c.	Disordered c.	Mangled c.
Aguish c.	Lattised c.	Turned over c.
Disfigured c.	Ruined c.	Harried c.
Disabled c.	Exasperated c.	Flawed c.
Forceless c.	Rejected c.	Froward c.
Censured c.	Belammed c.	Ugly c.
Cut c.	Febricitant c.	Drawn c.
Rifled c.	Perused c.	Riven c.
Undone c.	Emasculated c.	Distasteful c.
Corrected c.	Roughly han-	Hanging c.
Slit c.	dled c.	Broken c.
Skittish c.	Examined c.	Limber c.
Spungy c.	Crackt c.	Effeminate c.
Botched c.	Wayward c.	Kindled c.

Evacuated c.	Stripped c.	Appeased c.
Grieved c.	Hoary c.	Caitive c.
Carking c.	Winnowed c.	Woful c.
Disorderly c.	Decayed c.	Unseemly c.
Empty c.	Disastrous c.	Heavy c.
Bisquoted c.	Unhandsome c.	Weak c.
Defisted c.	Stummed c.	Prostrated c.
Confounded c.	Barren c.	Uncomely c.
Hooked c.	Wretched c.	Naughty c.
Divorous c.	Feeble c.	Laid flat c.
Wearied c.	Cast down c.	Suffocated c.
Sad c.	Stopped c.	Held down c.
Vain-glorious c.	Kept-under c.	Barked c.
Poor c.	Stubborn c.	Hairless c.
Brown c.	Ground c.	Flamping c.
Shrunkin c.	Retchless c.	Hooded c.
Abhorred c.	Weather-beaten c.	Wormy c.
Troubled c.	Flayed c.	Besisted c.
Scornful c.	Bauld c.	Faulty c.
Dishonest c.	Tossed c.	Bamealed c.
Reproved c.	Flapping c.	Mortified c.
Cocketed c.	Cleft c.	Scurvy c.
Filthy c.	Meagre c.	Bescabbed c.
Shred c.	Dumpified c.	Torn out c.
Chawned c.	Supprest c.	Subdued c.
Short-winded c.	Hagged c.	Sneaking c.
Branchless c.	Jawped c.	Bare c.
Chapped c.	Havocked c.	Swart c.
Failing c.	Astonished c.	Smutched c.
Deficient c.	Dulled c.	Raised up c.
Lean c.	Slow c.	Chopped c.
Consumed c.	Plucked up c.	Flirted c.
Used c.	Constipated c.	Blained c.
Puzled c.	Blown c.	Blotted c.
Allayed c.	Blockify'd c.	Sunk in c.
Spoiled c.	Pommeled c.	Gastly c.
Clagged c.	All to be mawl-	Unpointed c.
Palley-strucken c.	ed c.	Beblistered c.
Amazed c.	Fallen away c.	Wizened c.
Bedunfed c.	Unlucky c.	Beggar-plated c.
Extirpated c.	Steril c.	Douf c.
Banged c.	Beshitten c.	Clarty c.

Lumpish.

Lumpish c.	Loathing c.	Raveled c.
Abject c.	Hll-filled c.	Rammish c.
Side c.	Bobbed c.	Gaunt c.
Choaked up c.	Matted c.	Beskimmered c.
Backward c.	Tawny c.	Scraggy c.
Prolix c.	Whealed c.	Lank c.
Spotted c.	Besmeared c.	Swashring c.
Crumpled c.	Hollow c.	Moyling c.
Frumpled c.	Pantless c.	Swinking c.
State c.	Guizened c.	Harried c.
Corrupted c.	Demifs c.	Tugged c.
Beflowred c.	Refractory c.	Towed c.
Amated c.	Rensy c.	Misused c.
Blackish c.	Frowning c.	Adamitical c.
Underlaid c.	Limping c.	

Balockatfo to the Devil, my dear Friend *Panurge*, seeing it is so decreed by the Gods, wouldst thou invert the Course of the Planets, and make them retrograde? Wouldst thou disorder all the cœlestial Spheres? Blame the Intelligences, blunt the Spindles, join the Wherves, slander the Spinning Quills, reproach the Bobbins, revile the Clew-bottoms, and finally ravel and untwist all the Threads of both the Warp and the Wast of the weerd Sister-*Parcæ*? What a Pox to thy Bones dost thou mean, stony Cod? Thou wouldst if thou couldst, a great deal worse than the Giants of old intended to have done. Come, hither, *Billicullion*; whether wouldst thou be jealous without Cause, or be a Cuckold and know nothing of it? Neither the one nor the other, quoth *Panurge*, would I chuse to be: but if I get an inkling of the Matter, I will provide well enough, or there shall not be one Stick of Wood within five hundred Leagues about me, whereof to make a Cudgel. In good Faith, Friar *John*, I speak now seriously unto thee, I think it will be my best not to marry: hearken to what the Bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them: *Do not Marry, Marry not, not, not, not, not; Marry, Marry not, not, not, not, not: if thou Marry, thou wilt miscarry, carry, carry, thoult repent it, resent it, sent it: if thou Marry, thou a Cuckold, a Cou-cou--Cuckoe, Cou-cou Cuckold thou shalt be.* By the worthy Wrath of God,

I begin to be angry ; this *Campanilian* Oracle fretteth me to the Guts, a *March-Hare* was never in such a Chase as I am. O how I am vexed ! you Monks and Friars of the Cowl-pated, and Hood-poll'd Fraternity, have you no Remedy nor Salve against this Malady of grafting Horns in Heads ? Hath Nature so abandoned human Kind, and of her Help left us so destitute, that married Men cannot know how to sail through the Seas of this mortal Life, and be safe from the Whirlpools, Quicksands, Rocks, and Banks, that lie alongst the Coast of *Cornwall*.

I will, said Friar *John*, shew thee a Way, and teach thee an Expedient, by Means whereof thy Wife shall never make thee a Cuckold without thy Knowledge, and thine own Consent. Do me the Favour, I pray thee, quoth *Panurge*, my pretty soft downy Cod ; now tell it, *Billy*, I beseech thee. Take, quoth Friar *John*, *Hans* (4) *Carvel's* Ring upon thy Finger, who was the King of *Melinda's* chief Jeweller ; besides that, this *Hans Carvel* had the Reputation of being very skilful and expert in the Lapidary's Profession : he was a studious, learned and ingenious Man, a scientific Person, full of Knowledge, a great Philosopher, of a sound Judgment, of a prime Wit, good Sense, clear-spirited, an honest Creature, courteous, charitable, Giver of Alms, and of a jovial Humour, a Boon Companion, and a merry Blade, if ever there was any in the World : he was somewhat Gorbellied, had a little Shake in his Head, and in Effect unweildy of his Body ; in his old Age he took to Wife the Bailiff of *Concordat's* Daughter, a young, fair, jolly, gallant, spruce, frisk, brisk, neat, feat, smirk, smug, compt, quaint, gay, fine, trixy, trim, decent, proper, graceful, handsome, beautiful, comely ; and kind, a little too much to her Neighbours and Acquaintance.

Hereupon it fell out, after the expiring of a scantling of Weeks, that Master *Carvel* became as jealous as a Tyger, and entered into a very profound Suspicion, that his new-married Gixy did keep a Buttock-stirring with

(4) *Hans, Carvel's Ring.*] This Tale has *Poggins* for it's Author in his *Facetiæ*; but, before *Rabelais*, *Ariosto* had brought it into his Fifth Satyr.

others : to prevent which Inconveniency, he did tell her many tragical Stories of the total Ruin of several Kingdoms by Adultery ; did read unto her the Legend of chaste Wives ; then made some Lectures to her in the Praise of the choice Virtue of Pudicity, and did present her with a Book in Commendation of conjugal Fidelity : wherein the Wickedness of all licentious Women was odiously detested : and withal, he gave her a Chain enriched with pure oriental Sapphires. Notwithstanding all this, he found her always more and more inclined to the Reception of her Neighbour Copes-mates, that Day by Day his Jealousy increased ; in sequel whereof, one Night as he was lying by her, whilst in his Sleep, the rambling Fancies of the lecherous Deportments of his Wife, did take up the Celluls of his Brain, he dreamt that he encountred with the Devil, to whom he had discovered to the full the buzzing of his Head, and Suspicion that his Wife did tread her Shoe awry ; the Devil, he thought, in this Perplexity, did for his Comfort, give him a Ring, and therewithal did kindly put it on his Middle-finger, saying, *Hans Carvel*, I give thee this Ring : whilst thou carriest it upon that Finger, thy Wife shall never carnally be known by any other than thyself, without thy special Knowledge and Consent. Grammercy, quoth *Hans Carvel*, my Lord Devil, I renounce *Mahomet*, if ever it shall come off my Finger. The Devil vanished, as is his Custom, and then *Hans Carvel* full of Joy awaking, found that his Middle-finger was as far as it could reach within the *What-do-you-call-it* of his Wife. I did forget to tell thee, how his Wife, as soon as she had felt the Finger there, said in recoiling her Buttocks, Off, yes, nay, tut, pish, tush, aye, Lord, that is not the Thing which should be put up in that Place. With this *Hans Carvel* thought that some pilfering Fellow was about to take the Ring from him.

Is not this an infallible and sovereign Preservation ? Therefore, if thou wilt believe me, in Imitation of this Example never fail to have continually the Ring of thy Wife's Commodity upon thy Finger. When that was said, their Discourse and their Way ended.

C H A P. XXIX.

How Pantagruel convocated together a Theologian, Physician, Lawyer, and Philosopher, for extricating Panurge out of the Perplexity wherein he was.

N O sooner were they come into the Royal Palace, but they, to the full, made Report unto *Pantagruel* of the Success of their Expedition; and shew'd him the Response of *Raminagrobis*. When *Pantagruel* had read it over and over again, the oftener he perused it, being the better pleased therewith; he said, in addressing his Speech to *Panurge*, I have not as yet seen any Answer framed to your Demand, which affordeth me more Contentment: for in this his succinct Copy of Verses, he summarily, and briefly, yet fully enough, expresseth, how he would have us to understand, that every one in the Project and Enterprize of Marriage, ought to be his own Carver, sole Arbitrator of his proper Thoughts, and from himself alone take Counsel in the main and peremptory Closure of what his Determination should be, in either his Assent to, or dissent from it. Such always hath been my Opinion to you, and when at first you spoke thereof to me, I truly told you this same very Thing; but tacitly you scorned my Advice, and would not harbour it within your Mind. I know for certain, and therefore may I with the greater Confidence utter my Conception of it, that *Philanty*, or Self-love, is that which blinds your Judgment, and deceiveth you.

Let us do otherwise, and that is this: whatever we are, or have, consisteth in three Things: the Soul, the Body, and the Goods: now for the Preservation of these three, there are three Sorts of learned Men ordained, each respectively to have care of that one which is recommended to his Charge. *Theologues* are appointed for the Soul, *Physicians* for the Welfare of the Body, and *Lawyers* for the Safety of our Goods: hence it is, that
it

it is my Resolution to have on *Sunday* next with me at Dinner, a *Divine*, a *Physician*, and a *Lawyer*, that with those three assembled thus together, we may in every Point and Particle, confer at large of your Perplexity. By (1) *St. Picot*, answered *Panurge*, we never shall do any good that Way : I see it already, and you see yourself how the World is vilely abused, as when with a Fox-tail one claps another's Breech, to cajole him. We give our Souls to keep to the *Theologues*, who for the greater Part are *Heretics* : our Bodies we commit to the *Physicians*, who never themselves take any *Physic* : and then we intrust our Goods to *Lawyers*, who never go to Law against one another. (2) You speak like a Courtier, quoth *Pantagruel*, but the first Point of your Assertion is to be denied : for we daily see how good *Theologues* make it their chief Business, their whole and sole Employment, by their Deeds, and their Words, and Writings, to extripate Errors and Heresies out of the Hearts of Men ; and in their stead profoundly, plant the true and lively Faith. The second Point you spoke of I commend : for whereas the Professors of the Art of *Medicine*, give so good Order to the *Prophylaitic*, or *Conservative* Part of their Faculty, in what concerneth their proper Healths, that they stand in no need of making use of the other Branch, which is the *Curative*, or *Therapeutic*, by Medicaments. As for the third, I grant it to be true : for learned *Advocates* and *Counsellors* at Law, are so much taken up with the Affairs of others in their Consultations, Pleadings, and such-like Patrocinations of those who are their Clients, that they have no Leisure to attend any Controversies of their own. Therefore on the next ensuing *Sunday*, let the Divine be our godly Father *Hippothadeus*, the Physician our honest Master *Rondibilis*, and the Legist our good Friend *Bridlegoose* : nor will it be (to my thinking) amiss that we enter into the *Pythagoric Tetrade*, and choose for an Assistant to the three aforementioned Doctors, our ancient faithful Acquaintance, the Philosopher *Thouillogan* ; es-

(1) *St. Picot*.] See this explained elsewhere.

(2) *You speak like a Courtier*.] Courtiers despise Men of Letters because themselves are illiterate.

pecially seeing a perfect Philosopher, such as is (3) *Trouillogan*, is able positively to resolve all whatsoever Doubts you can propose. *Carpalim*, have you a care to have them here all Four on *Sunday* next at Dinner, without fail.

I believe, quoth *Epistemon*, that throughout the whole Country, in all the Corners thereof, you could not have pitched upon such other four : which I speak not so much in Regard of the most excellent Qualifications and Accomplishments wherewith all of them are endowed for the respective Discharge and Management of each his own Vocation and Calling, (wherein without all Doubt or Controversy, they are the Paragons of the Land, and surpass all others) besides that *Rondibilis* is married now, who before was not : *Hippothadeus* was not before, nor is yet : *Bridlegoose* was married once, but is not now : and *Trouillogan* is married now, who wedded was to another Wife before. Sir, if it may stand with your good liking, I will ease *Carpalim* of some Parcel of his Labour, and invite *Bridlegoose* myself, with whom I of a long Time have had a very intimate Familiarity, and unto whom I am to speak on the Behalf of a pretty, hopeful Youth, who now studieth at *Toulouse*, under the most learned, virtuous Dr. *Boissonnet*. Do what you deem most expedient, quoth *Pantagruel*, and tell me, if my Recommendation can in any Thing be serviceable for the promoting of the Good of that Youth, or otherwise tend to the bettering of the Dignity and Office of the worthy *Boissonnet*, whom I do so love and respect, for one of the ablest and most sufficient in his Way, that any where are extant. Sir, I will use therein my best Endeavours, and heartily bestir myself about it.

(3) *Trouillogan*.] A Man who for Want of Thought, is continually twisting and twirling his Gloves (*gans*.) *Trouiller*, from *corculare* is to twist. *Treuil* from *torculum* is a Press.

CHAP. XXX.

How the Theologue, Hippothadeus giveth Counsel to Panurge in the Matter and Business of his Nuptial Enterprize.

THE Dinner on the subsequent Sunday, was no sooner made ready, than that the afore-named invited Guests gave thereto their Appearance, all of them; *Bridlegoose* only excepted, who was the Deputy-Governor of the *Fonsbeton*. At the ushering in of the second Service, *Panurge*, making a low Reverence, spake thus; Gentlemen, the Question I am to propound unto you shall be uttered in very few Words; *Should I marry or no?* If my Doubt herein be not resolved by you, I shall hold it altogether insolvable, as are the *Insolubilia* (1) *de Aliaco*; for all of you are elected, chosen, and cull'd out from amongst others, every one in his own Condition and Quality, like so many picked Peas on a Carpet.

The Father *Hippothadeus* in Obedience to the bidding of *Pantagruel*, and with much Courtesy to the Company, answered exceeding modestly, after this Manner; My Friend, you are pleased to ask Counsel of us; but first you must consult with yourself. Do you find any Trouble or Disquiet in your Body by the importunate Stings and Pricklings of the Flesh? That I do, quoth *Panurge*, in a hugely strong and almost irresistible Measure: be not offended, I beseech you, good Father, at the Freedom of my Expression. No truly, Friend, not I, quoth *Hippothadeus*, there is no Reason why I should be displeased therewith: but in this Carnal Strife and Debate of yours, have you obtained from God the Gift and special Grace of Continency? In good Faith, not, quoth *Panurge*. My Counsel to you in that Case, my Friend is, that you marry, quoth *Hippothadeus*; for you

(1) *Insolubilia de Aliaco*.] *Peter d'Ailly*, one of whose *Insolubilia* was: *An Porcus qui ad venalitium agitur, ab homine an à funiculo teneatur.*

should rather chuse to marry once, than to burn still in Fires of Concupiscence. Then *Panurge*, with a jovial Heart and a loud Voice cried out, That is spoke gallantly, without circumbilivaginating about and about, and never hit it in its centred Point. Grammercy, my good Father. In truth, I am resolved now to marry, and without fail I shall do it quickly : I invite you to my Wedding ; by the Body of a Hen, we shall make good Cheer, and be as merry as Crickets : You shall wear the Bridegroom's Colours ; and if we eat a Goose, my (2) Wife shall not roast it for me. I shall intreat you to lead up the first Dance of the Bride's Maids, if it may please you to do me so much Favour and Honour. There resteth yet a small Difficulty, a little Scruple, yea, even less than nothing, whereof I humbly crave your Resolution ; shall I be a Cuckold, Father, yea, or no ? By no means, answered *Hippothadeus*, will you be cuckolded, if it please God. O the Lord help us now, quoth *Panurge*, whither are we driven to, good Folks ? To the *Conditionals*, which according to the Rules and Precepts of the Dialectic Faculty, admit of all Contradictions and Impossibilities. *If my Transalpine Mule had Wings, my Transalpine Mule would fly.* If it please God, I shall not be a Cuckold ; but I shall be a Cuckold, if it please him. Good God, if this were a Condition which I knew how to prevent, my Hopes should be as high as ever, nor would I despair. But you here send me to God's Privy Council, to the Closet of his *little Pleasures*. You my *French* Countrymen, which is the way you take to go thither ?

My honest Father, I believe it will be your best not to come to my Wedding : The Clutter and dingle-dangle Noise of Marriage Guests will disturb you, and break the serious Fancies of your Brain. You love *Répose*, with Solitude and Silence ; I really believe you won't

(2) *My Wife shall not roast it for me.* In the Farce of *Patelin*, the Woollen Draper whom *Patelin* promised to treat that very Evening with a Goose of his (*Patelin's*) Wife's own roasting, was deceived by that Impostor, who had not wherewithal to buy a Goose. Here *Panurge*, to let *Hippothadeus* know, that he would in good Earnest regale him with a roasted Goose, tells him before-hand, that it shall not fare with his Goose, as with *Patelin's*.

come.

come. And then you dance but indifferently, and would be out of Countenance at the first Entry. I will send you some good Things to your Chamber, together with the *Bride's Favour*, and there you may drink our Health, if it may stand with your good liking. My Friend, quoth *Hippothadeus*, take my Words in the Sense wherein I meant them, and do not mis-interpret me. When I tell you, *if it please God*, do I to you any Wrong therein? Is it an ill Expression? Is it a blaspheming Clause or Reserve, any ways scandalous unto the World? Do not we thereby honour the Lord God Almighty, Creator, Protector, and Conserver of all Things? Is not that a Mean, whereby we do acknowledge him to be the sole Giver of all whatsoever is good? Do not we in that manifest our Faith, that we believe all Things to depend upon his infinite and incomprehensible Bounty? And that without him nothing can be produced, nor after its Production be of any Value, Force, or Power, without the concurring Aid and Favour of his assisting Grace? Is it not a canonical and authentic Exception, worthy to be premised to all our Undertakings? Is it not expedient that what we propose unto ourselves, be still referred to what shall be disposed of by the sacred Will of God, unto which all Things must acquiesce in the Heavens as well as on the Earth? Is not that verily a sanctifying of his holy Name? My Friend, you shall not be a Cuckold, if it please God; nor shall we need to despair of the Knowledge of his good Will and Pleasure herein, as if it were such an abstruse and mysteriously hidden Secret, that for the clear understanding thereof it were necessary to consult with those of his celestial Privy Council, or expressly make a Voyage into the *Empyrean* Chamber, where Order is given for the effectuating of his most holy Pleasures. The great God hath done us this Good, that he hath declared and revealed them to us openly and plainly, and described them in the Holy Bible. There will you find that you shall never be a Cuckold, that is to say, your Wife shall never be a Strumpet, if you make choice of one of a commendable Extraction, descended of honest Parents, and instructed in all Piety and Virtue: Such a one as hath not at any time haunted or frequented the Company

ny or Conversation of those that are of corrupted or depraved Manners; one loving and fearing God, who taketh a singular Delight in drawing near to him by Faith, and the cordial observing of his sacred Commandments: And finally, one who standing in awe of the divine Majesty of the most High, will be loth to offend him, and lose the favourable Kindness of his Grace through any Defect of Faith, or Transgression against the Ordinances of his holy Law, wherein Adultery, is most rigorously forbidden, and a close Adherence to her Husband alone most strictly and severely enjoined; yea, in such sort, that she is to cherish, serve and love him above any thing, next to God, that meriteth to be beloved. In the interim, for the better schooling of her in these Instructions, and that the wholesome Doctrine of a matrimonial Duty may take the deeper Root in her Mind, you must need carry yourself so on your Part, and your Behaviour is to be such, that you are to go before her in a good Example, by entertaining her unfeignedly with a conjugal Amity, by continually approving yourself in all your Words and Actions a faithful and discreet Husband; and by living not only at home, and privately with your own Household and Family, but in the Face also of all Men, and open View of the World, devoutly, virtuously, and chastly, as you would have her on her side to deport and demean herself towards you, as becomes a godly, loyal, and respectful Wife, who maketh Conscience to keep inviolable the Tie of the matrimonial Oath. For as that *Looking-glass* is not the best which is most deck'd with Gold and precious Stones, but that which representeth to the Eye the liveliest Shapes of Objects set before it: Even so that Wife should not be most esteemed who richest is, and of the noblest Race, but she who fearing God conforms herself nearest unto the Humour of her Husband. Consider how the *Moon* doth not borrow her Light from *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Mercury*, or any other of the Planets; nor yet from any of those splendid Stars which are set in the spangled Firmament; but from her Husband only, the bright *Sun*, which she receiveth from him more or less, according to the manner of his *Aspect*, and variously bestowed Eradiations. Just so should you be a Pattern to
your

your Wife in Virtue, goodly Zeal and true Devotion, that by your Radiance in darting on her the *Aspect* of an exemplary Goodness, she, in your Imitation, may outshine the Luminaries of all other Women. To this Effect you daily must implore God's Grace to the Protection of you both. You would have me then, (quoth *Panurge*, twisting the Whiskers of his Beard on either side with his Thumb and fore Finger of his left Hand) to espouse and take to Wife the prudent frugal Woman described by *Solomon*: Without all doubt she is dead, and truly to my best Remembrance I never saw her; the Lord forgive me. Nevertheless I thank you Father; eat this Slice of Marchpane, it will help your Digestion; then shall you be presented with a Cup of Claret Hypocras, which is right healthful and stomached. Let us proceed.

C H A P. XXXI.

How the Physician Rondibilis counselleth Panurge.

P*Anurge* continuing his Discourse, said, The first Word which was spoken by him who guelled the lubbardly quaffing Monks of *Saussiniac* (1) after that he had unstoned Friar *Caulderiel*, was this, *To the rest*. In like manner, I say, *to the rest*. Therefore I beseech you, my good Master *Rondibilis*, should I marry or not? By the Ambling of my Mule, (2) quoth *Rondibilis*, I know not what Answer to make to this Problem of yours. You say that you feel in you the *pricking Stings* of Sensuality, by which you are stirred up to Venery. I find in our Faculty of *Medicine*,

(1) *Monks of Saussiniac.*] May not this be the Story which *Thevet*, l. iii. c. lxxv. of his *eminent Men*, relates of certain Monks of the Abby of *Cluny*, who because of their irregular, dissolute Lives, their Prior *Philip Bourgoing* had them all cut, one after another, in a Place of the Convent whither he had sent for them separately.

(2) *By the Ambling of my Mule.*] So it is in the Original; *par les Ambles de mon Mulet*. I know not what Sir *T. U.* means by the rak-

cine, and we have founded our Opinion therein upon the deliberate Resolution and final Decision of the ancient *Platonics*, that *Carnal Concupiscence* is cooled and quelled five several ways.

First, By the means of *Wine* (3). I shall easily believe that, quoth Friar *John*, for when I am well whitened with the Juice of the Grape, I care for nothing else so I may sleep. When I say, quoth *Rondibilis*, that *Wine* abateth Lust, my Meaning is, *Wine* immoderately taken; for by Intemperancy proceeding from the excessive drinking of strong Liquor; there is brought upon the Body of such a Swill-down Bouser a Chilness in the Blood; a Slackening in the Sinews, a Dissipation of the Generative Seed, a Numbness and Hebetation of the Senses, with a perverse Wretchedness and Convulsion of the Muscles; all which are great Lets and Impediments to the Act of Generation. Hence it is that *Bacchus*, the God of Bibbers, Tiplers and Drunkards is most commonly painted Beardless, and clad in a Womans Habit, as a Person altogether Effeminate, or like a libbed Eunuch. *Wine* nevertheless taken moderately worketh quite contrary Effects, as is implied by the old Proverb, which saith, That *Venus* takes cold when not accompanied with *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This Opinion is of great Antiquity, as appeareth by the Testimony of *Diodorus the Sicilian* (4) and confirmed

ing Pace of my mule. In *Rondibilis*, the Author touches *William Rondelet* a Physician of *Montpellier*, a huge corpulent Man (*see de Thou*) *Rabelais* makes him swear in this manner, because there was nothing more valuable to him than the Ambling of his Mule, which might often have endangered his Neck, had he put the Beast upon a Trot or a Gallop.

(3) *By means of Wine.*] *Scævola de St. Martbe* says of *Rondibilis*, that he drank nothing but Water, whether because he had a natural Averfion to Wine, or that his Nurse having given him the foul Disease, an Indisposition, occasioned by the Relicks of it, obliged him to refrain from Wine, the remaining Part of his Life. See the History which *John Stephen Strobelberg* has published, of the University of *Montpellier*.

(4) *Diodorus the Sicilian.*] *Fabulantur antiqui, filium Dionysii ac Veneris Priapum fuisse: ducti verò satis simili conjectura, quod qui vino indulgent, sunt natura ad Venerem promptiores.* l. v. c. i. of *Diodorus Siculus*. These are Words quoted from an ancient Translation of

firm'd by *Pausanias* (5) and universally held amongst the *Lampsacians*, that *Don Priapos* was the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*.

Secondly, The Fervency of Lust is abated by certain Drugs, Plants, Herbs and Roots, which make the Taker cold, maleficated, unfit for, and unable to perform the Act of Generation; as hath been often experimented in the Water-lilly, *Heraclea*, *Agnus*, *Castus*, Willow-twigs, Hemp-stalks, Woodbind, Honey-suckle, Tamarisk, Chast-tree, Mandrake, Bennet, Kechuglossé, the Skin of *Hippopotamus*, and many other such, which by convenient Doses proportioned to the peccant Humour and Constitution of the Patient, being duly and seasonably received within the Body, what by their Elementary Virtues on the one side, and peculiar Properties on the other, do either benumb, mortify and beclumpse with Cold the prolific Semence; or scatter and disperse the Spirits, which ought to have gone along with, and conducted the Sperm to the Places destinated and appointed for it's Reception. Or lastly, shut up, stop and obstruct the Ways, Passages, and Conduits through which the Seed should have been expelled, evacuated and ejected. We have nevertheless of those Ingredients, which being of a contrary Operation, heat the Blood, bend the Nerves, unite the Spirits, quicken the Senses, strengthen the Muscles, and thereby rouze up, provoke, excite and inable a Man to the vigorous Accomplishment of the Feat of amorous Dalliance. I have no need of those (quoth *Panurge*) God be thanked, and you my good Master. Howsoever I pray you take no Exception or Offence at these my Words; for what I have said was not out of any ill Will I did bear to you, the Lord knows.

Thirdly, The Ardour of Lechery is very much subdued and mated (checkt) by frequent Labour and continual Toiling: For by painful Exercises and laborious

of that Author printed by *Crypbius's* Heirs. The *Greek* Text, Edition of *Hanau* 1604, says much the same Thing, but then it is in l. iv.

(5) *Pausanias*.] In his *Boeticks*.

Working, so great a Dissolution is brought upon the whole Body, that the Blood which runneth along the Channels of the Veins thereof, for the Nourishment and Alimentation of each of it's Members, hath neither Time, Leisure, nor Power to afford the Seminal Refutation, or Superfluity of the third Concoction, which Nature most carefully reserves for the Conservation of the Individual, whose Preservation she more heedfully regardeth than the propagating of the Species, and multiplication of human Kind. Whence it is, that *Diana* is said to be chaste, because she is never idle, but always busied about her Hunting. For the same Reason was a Camp, or Leaguer of old called *Castrum* (6) as if they would have said *Castum*; because the Soldiers, Wrestlers, Runners, Throwers of the Bar, and other such like athletic Champions, as are usually seen in a military Circumvallation, incessantly travel and turmoil, and are in a perpetual Stir and Agitation. To this Purpose *Hippocrates* also writeth in his Book, *De Aëre Aqua & Locis*: That in his Time there were People in *Scythia* as impotent as Eunuchs; in the Discharge of a Venereal Exploit; because that without any Cessation, Pause, or Respite, they were never from off Horseback, or otherways assiduously employed in some troublesome and molesting Drudgery. On the other Part, in Opposition and Repugnancy hereto, the Philosophers say, *That Idleness is the Mother of Lechery*. When it was asked *Ovid* (7) Why *Ægistus* became an Adulterer? he made no Answer but this, *Because he was idle*. Who were able to rid the World of Loytring and Laziness, might easily frustrate and disappoint *Cupid* (8) in all his Designs,

(6) *Castrum, quasi Castum*] *Castra*, says *Isidorus* in his *Etymologies*, lib. ix. sunt, ubi miles steterit; dicta autem castra, quasi casta, eo quod ibi castraretur libido. A *Castle*, from *Castrating* of Lust! *Parliament*, from *parler* and *mens*, speaking ones Mind!! *Firmament*, *Firma mentis*, a *Farm* for the Mind!!!

(7) *Ovid*, &c. *De Remed. Amoris*.

Queritur *Ægistus* quare sit factus adulter;
In promptu causa est, desidiosus erat,

(8) *Cupid*, &c.] *Encore Ovid*:

Otia si tollas, periire Cupidinis Artes.

Aims, Engines and Devices, and so disable and appall him, that his Bow, Quiver, and Darts should from thenceforth be a meer needless Load and Burthen to him; for that it could not then lie in his Power to strike or wound any of either Sex, with all the Arms he had. He is not, I believe, so expert an Archer, as that he can hit the Cranes flying in the Air, or yet the young Stags skipping through the Thickets, as the *Parthians* knew well how to do; that is to say, People moyling, stirring, and hurrying up and down, restless, and without Repose. He must have those husht, still, quiet, lying at stay, lithier, and full of Ease, whom he is able, though his Mother help him, to touch, much less to pierce with all his Arrows: in Confirmation hereof, *Theophrastus* being asked on a Time, What Kind of Beast or Thing he judged a toyish, wanton Love to be? he made Answer, *That it was a Passion of idle and sluggish Spirits* (9). From which pretty Description of tickling Love-tricks that of *Diogenes's* hatching was not very discrepant, when he defined Lechery, *Occupation of Folks destitute of all other Occupation*. For this Cause the *Sicyonian* Sculptor *Canachus* (10) being desirous to give to understand, that Sloth, Drouziness, Negligence, and Laziness were the prime Guardians and Governesses of Ribaldry, made the Statue of *Venus* (not standing, as other Sculptors used to do, but) sitting.

Fourthly, The tickling Pricks of Incontinency are blunted by an eager Study; for from thence proceedeth an incredible Resolution of the Spirits, that oftentimes there do not remain so many behind as may suffice to push and thrust forwards the Generative Resudation to the Places thereto appropriated, and therewithal inflate the cavernous Nerve, whose Office is to ejaculate the Moisture for the Propagation of human Progeny. Lest you should think it is not so, be pleased but to contemplate a little the Form, Fashion, and Carriage of a Man exceeding earnestly set upon some learned Meditation,

(9) *That it was, &c.*] This Apothegm is *Diogenes the Cynic's* not *Diogenes Laertius's*.

(10) *Canachus,*] See *Pausanius's Corinthians*.

and deeply plunged therein, and you shall see how all the Arteries of his Brains are stretched forth, and bent like the String of a Cross-bow, the more promptly, dexterously, and copiously, to suppeditate, furnish, and supply him with store of Spirits, sufficient to replenish, and fill up the Ventricles, Seats, Tunnels, Mansions, Receptacles, and Celluls of the common Sense; of the Imagination, Apprehension, and Fancy of the Ratiocination, Arguing, and Resolution, as likewise of the Memory, Recordation, and Remembrance; and with great Alacrity, Nimbleness, and Agility to run, pass, and course from the one to the other, through those Pipes, Windings, and Conduits, which to skilful Anatomists are perceivable, at the End of the *Wonderful Net*, where all the Arteries close in a terminating Point: Which Arteries taking their Rise and Origin from the *left Capsula* of the Heart, bring through several Circuits, Ambages, and Anfractuosities, the vital Spirits, to subtilize and refine them to the *Ætherial Purity* of animal Spirits. Nay in such a studiously musing Person, you may espy so extravagant Raptures of one, as it were out of himself, that all his natural Faculties for that Time will seem to be suspended from each their proper Charge and Office, and his exterior Senses to be at a Stand. In a Word, you cannot otherwise choose than think, that he is by an extraordinary Extasy quite transported out of what he was, or should be; and that *Socrates* did not speak improperly, when he said, *That Philosophy was nothing else but a Meditation upon Death*. This possibly is the Reason, why *Democritus* (11) deprived himself of the Sense of seeing, prizing at a much lower Rate the Loss of his Sight, than the Diminution of his Contemplations; which he frequently had found disturbed by the vagrant, flying-out Strayings of his unsettled and roving Eyes. Therefore is it, that *Pallas*, the Goddess of Wisdom, Tutress, and Guardianess of such as are diligently studious, and painfully industrious, is, and hath been still accounted a Virgin. The *Muses* upon the same Consideration

(11) Democritus, &c.] Vid. Cicero, lib. v. *Tusc. Questions*, and, Plutarch's Treatise of Curiosity.

are esteemed perpetual *Maids*: And the *Craces* for the like Reason, have been held to continue in a sempiternal *Pudicity*. I remember to have read (12) That *Cupid* on a Time being asked of his Mother *Venus*, why he did not assault and set upon the *Muses*, his Answer was, *That he found them so fair, so sweet, so fine, so neat, so wise, so learned, so modest, so discreet, so courteous, so virtuous, and so continually busied and employed*: One in the Speculation of the Stars; another in the supputation of Numbers; the Third in the Dimension of Geometrical Quantities; the Fourth in the Composition of Heroic Poems; the fifth in jovial Interludes of a Comic strain; the sixth in the stately Gravity of a Tragic Vein; the seventh in the melodious Disposition of musical Airs; the eighth in the compleatest manner of writing Histories, and Books on all sorts of Subjects; and the ninth in the Mysteries, Secrets, and Curiosities of all Sciences, Faculties, Disciplines, and Arts whatsoever, whether Liberal or Mechanic; that approaching near unto them, he unbended his Bow, shut his Quiver, and extinguished his Torch, through meer shame and fear, that by mischance he might do them some Hurt or Prejudice: which done, he thereafter put off the Fillet wherewith his Eyes were bound, to look them in the Face, and to hear their Melody and poetick Odes. There took he the greatest Pleasure in the World; that many Times he was transported with their Beauty and pretty Behaviour, and charmed asleep by the Harmony; so far was he from assaulting them, or interrupting their studies. Under this Article may be comprised, what *Hippocrates* wrote in the aforecited Treatise concerning the *Scythians*, as also that in a Book of his, intituled, *Of Breeding and Production*; where he hath affirmed all such Men to be unfit for Generation, as have their *Parotid* Arteries cut, whose Situation is beside the Ears: For the Reason given already, when I was speaking of the Resolution of the Spirits, and of that spiritual Blood, whereof the Arteries are the sole and proper Receptacles; and that likewise he doth

(12) *To have read,*] In *Lucian*, in the Dialogue intituled, *Venus and Cupid*.

maintain a large Portion of the Parasitatic Liquor, to issue and descend from the Brains and Backbone.

Fifthly, (13) By the too frequent Reiteration of the Act of Venery. There did I wait for you (quoth *Parurge*) and shall willingly apply it to myself whilst any one that pleaseth may, for me, make use of any of the four preceding. That is the very same thing (quoth Fryar *John*) which (14) Father *Scyllino*, Prior of Saint *Victor*, at *Marseilles*, calleth by the Name of *Maceration*, (*Mortification*) and taming of the *Flesh*. I am of the same Opinion; and so was the Hermit of

(13) *By the too frequent, &c.*] *Rabelais* only says, *Quintement, par l'Acte Venerien*. Which tho' Concise, is more Significant than that Multiplicity or rather Superfluity of Words the Translator uses here, and indeed every where. *Rabelais* is as much to be admired for the Conciseness of his Style, as for the Easiness of it: To which I may add the Correctness of his Language and Fitness of his Words, almost inimitable in a Translation, without the Application of a good deal of Thought, and that continually. To explain my meaning by an Example, Speaking of the Weapons the People of *Corinth* provided themselves with against they were besieged, he calls 'em *Repugnatory* Weapons, not *Expugnatory* Weapons, as our Translator inadvertently turns it.

(14) *Father Scyllino*,] *Rabelais's* Word is *FRAY Scyllino*: *Fray* means *Frere*, i. e. *Brother* (not *Father*.) *Scyllino*, or as some Editions, and particularly this of *M. D. C.* has it, *Scyllo*, may come from *Scilla*, a *Sea-onion* (*Squill*.) *Bocace* in one of his Novels, calls a certain Monk *Brother Onion* (*Frater Cipolla*.) *Rabelais*, in imitation of him might have used the same Appellation here (*Frere Oignon*, *Brother Onion*, but he chose rather that of *Brother Sea-Onion* (*Fray Scyllo*) because he was a Monk of *Marseilles* a maritime City. The Story itself is the same with that which *Poggius* tells of a certain Hermit of *Pisa*. *Eremita*, says he, *qui Pisis morabatur, tempore Petri Gambacurtæ, meretricem noctu in suam cellulam deduxit, virginesque ea nocte mulierem cognovit; semper cum moveret Clunes ut crimen fugeret luxuriæ, vulgaribus verbis dicens; domati carne cativel a, hoc est: Doma te, miserrima carro Scyllo*, as the Edition of 1626 has it instead of *Scyllino*, seems to allude to the Greek Verb *σύνλω*, *molestiam exhibio, fatigo*, to describe a Monk who, like him here, fatigues himself in taming his *Flesh*: and this Name does not ill suit a Religious of a House like that of *St. Victor*, at *Marseilles*, where 'tis said, they take the Vow of Chastity only in quantum potest humana fragilitas pati. This is the Abbe *Guyet's* Remark written with his own Hand in the Margin of his *Rabelais*, in this place. I shall conclude this long, (tho' I hope, not tedious) Note with observing that almost all the Printers of *Rabelais*, not understanding the word *Fray* put it, some of 'em *feray*, others *je feray*.

Saint Radegonde, a little above *Chinon*: For, quoth he, the Hermites of *Thebaide* can no more aptly or expediently macerate and bring down the Pride of their Bodies, daunt and mortifie their lecherous Sensuality, or deprefs and overcome the Stubborness and Rebellion of the Flesh, than by *dusling* and *fanferluching* it Five and twenty, or Thirty times a Day. I see *Panurge*, quoth *Rondibilis*, neatly featured, and proportioned in all the Members of his Body, of a good Temperament in his Humours, well complexioned in his Spirits, of a competent Age, in an opportunate Time, and of a reasonably forward Mind to be married: truly if he encounter with a Wife of the like Nature, Temperament, and Constitution, he may beget upon her Children worthy of some (15) *Transpontine* Monarchy; and the sooner he marry, it will be the better for him, and the more conducive for his Profit, if he would see and have his Children in his own time well provided for. Sir, my worthy Master (quoth *Panurge*) I will do it, do not you doubt thereof; and that quickly enough, I warrant you. Nevertheless, whilst you were busied in the uttering of your Learned Discourse, this Flea which I have in mine Ear, hath tickled me more than ever. I retain you in the Number of my Festival Guests, and promise you, that we shall not want for Mirth, and Good Chear enough; yea, over and above the ordinary Rate. And, if it may please you, desire your Wife to come along with you, together with her She-Friends and Neighbours, (16) that is to be understood; and there shall be fair Play.

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(15) *Transpontine Monarchy*] Beyond-Sea. Some such Monarchies were form'd in the East, in the Age of *Croisades*.

(16) *And there shall be fair Play.*] Rightlier, *And there shall be Sport, but without Rudeness.* *Et jeu sans villenie*, That is, you shall want for no Diversion, in a civil way; and as no one is ignorant of the Proverb; *jeu de main, jeu de villain*, I depend upon't you will all so far bear it in Mind, as not to towze my Wife, or use any Horse play to her. (*Welcome to Bell-bar, Bar-bell*, was a no less merry than memorable Saying of Sir *Robt. How-d*, to some noble Guests he had invited to come and see him at *Bell-bar, Northall*.) The French Proverb above, is of great Antiquity, and *Brantome* in his 7th Disc. of his *Dames Illustres* p. 359 observes that *Froissard* relates that

C H A P. XXXII.

How Rondibilis declareth Cuckoldry to be naturally one of the Appendances of Marriage.

T Here remaineth as yet, quoth *Panurge*, going on in his Discourse, one small scruple to be cleared: You have seen heretofore, I doubt not, in the *Roman Standards*, *S. P. Q. R.* Si, Peu, Que, Rien: *Shall not I be a Cuckold?* (1) By the Haven of Safety, cried out *Rondibilis*, what is this you ask of me? If you shall be a Cuckold: My Noble Friend, I am married, and you are like to be so very speedily: therefore be pleased from my Experiment in the matter, to write in your Brain, with a Steel-pen, this subsequent Ditton, *There is no married Man who doth not run the hazard of being made a Cuckold.* Cuckoldry naturally attendeth Marriage; the Shadow doth not more naturally follow the Body, than Cuckoldry ensueth after Marriage, to place fair Horns upon the Husband's Heads.

And when you shall happen to hear any Man pronounce these three Words: *He is married*: If you then say he is, hath been, shall be, or may be a Cuckold, you will not be accounted an unskilful Artist in framing of true Consequences. Tripes and Bowels of all the Devils, cries *Panurge*, what do you tell me? My dear

Jeanne of Franco the first of the Name, Queen of *Naples*, presented herself before the Pope at *Fondi*, confest to him and show'd him all her Ware and *jeu sans Villenie*, all the Game without Naughtiness. In Heraldry a *Lyon sans Villenie*, is a Lion without his Pizzle and Stones, (such a Lion is more a Lamb, than a Lion, for all his fierce Looks.)

(1) *By the Haven of Safety.*] In the Original *Aure de Grace* a Languedochian Exclamation us'd by the Physician *Rondibilis*, who 'tis likely, was us'd, in this manner, to call upon the H. Ghost and implore the Aid of the Spirit of Grace. The 32d. Stanza of the 1st. Cant. of *Tasso's Jerusalem*:

*Hor quai pensier, quai petti
Son chiusa te, Sant aura!*

What Thoughts, What Hearts are shut to Thee, Blest Air!

Friend,

Friend, (answered *Rondibilis*) as *Hippocrates*, on a time, was in the very nick of setting forwards (2) from *Lango* to *Polistillo*, to Visit the Philosopher *Democritus*, he wrote a familiar Letter to his Friend *Dionysius*, wherein he desired him, That he would during the Interval of his Absence, carry his Wife to the House of her Father and Mother, who were an honourable Couple, and of good Repute; because I would not have her at my Home, (said he) to make abode in Solitude: Yet notwithstanding this her Residence before her Parents, do not fail (quoth he) with a most heedful Care and Circumspection to pry into her Ways, and to espy what places she shall go to with her Mother, and who those be that shall repair unto her: Not (quoth he) that I do mistrust her Virtue or that I seem to have any Diffidence of her Pudicity, and chaste Behaviour; for of that I have frequently had good and real Proofs: but I must freely tell you, *She is a Woman*: There lies the Suspicion.

My worthy Friend, the Nature of Women is set forth before our Eyes, and represented to us by the *Moon*, in divers other things, as well as in this, that they squat, sculk, constrain their own Inclinations, and with all the Cunning they can, dissemble and play the Hypocrite in the Sight and presence of their Husbands; who come no sooner to be out of the way, but that forthwith they take their Advantage, pass the time merrily, desist from all Labour, frolick it, gad abroad, lay aside their counterfeit Garb, and openly declare and manifest the interiour of their Dispositions: even as the (3) *Moon*, when she is in *Conjunction* with the *Sun*, is neither seen in the Heavens, nor on the Earth, but in her *Opposition*, when remotest from him, shineth in her greatest Fullness, and wholly appeareth in her brightest Splendour whilst it is Night: *Thus Women are but Women*.

(2) *From Lango to Polistillo*] *Lango*, is the Ancient *Cös*, *Hippocrates*'s Country. *Polistillo* is the Ancient *Abdera*, the Philosopher *Democritus*'s Country. This Letter of *Hippocrates* is fictitious. See *le Clerc*'s Hist. of Physic.

(3) *Moon*] Comparison taken from *Plutarch* in his Precepts on Marriage.

When I say *Womankind*, I speak of a Sex so frail, so variable, so changeable, to fickle, inconstant, and imperfect, that in my Opinion, *Nature* (under favour nevertheless of the prime Honour and Reverence which is due unto her) did in a manner mistake the Road which she had traced formerly, and stray exceedingly from that Excellence of Providential Judgment, by the which she had created and formed all other things, when she built, framed, and made up the *Woman*. And having thought upon it a Hundred and Five times, I know not what else to determine therein, save only that in the Devising, Hammering, Forging, and Composing of the *Woman*, she hath had a much tenderer Regard, and by a great deal more respectful heed to the delightful Consortship, and sociable Delectation of the *Man*, than to the Perfection and Accomplishment of the individual *Womanishness*, or *Muliebrity*. The Divine Philosopher *Plato* was doubtful in what Rank of living Creatures to place and collocate them, whether amongst the *Rational Animals*, by elevating them to an upper Seat in the Specificall Classes of *Humanity*; or with the *Irrational*, by degrading them to a lower Bench on the opposite side, of a Brutal kind, and meer *Bestiality*: For Nature hath posited in a privy, secret and intestine place of their Bodies, a sort of Member (by some not impertinently termed an *Animal*) which is not to be found in Men. Therein sometimes are engendred certain Humours so saltish, brackish, clammy, sharp, nipping, tearing, prickling, and most eagerly tickling, that by their stinging Acrimony, rending Nitrosity, figging Itch, wrigling Mordicancy, and smarting Salsitude, (for the said Member is altogether sinewy, and of a most quick and lively feeling) their whole Body is shaken and ebrangled, their Senses totally ravished and transported, the Operations of their Judgment and Understanding utterly confounded, and all disordinate Passions and Perturbations of the Mind thoroughly and absolutely allowed, admitted, and approved of; yea, in such sort, that if Nature had not been so favourable unto them, as to have sprinkled their Forehead with a little Tincture of Bashfulness and Modesty,

defty, you should see them in a frantic mood (4) run mad after Lechery, and hie apace up and down with Haft and Lust, in quest of, and to fix some Chamber-Standard in their *Paphian* Ground, that never did the *Proetides*, *Mimalonides*, nor *Lyæan Thyads* deport themselves in the time of their *Bacchanalian Festivals*, more shamelessly, or with so effronted and brazen-faced Impudency ; because this terrible *Animal* is knit unto, and hath an Union with all the chief and most principal parts of the Body, as to Anatomists is evident. Let it not here be thought strange that I should call it an *Animal*, seeing therein I do no otherwise than follow and adhere to the Doctrine of the *Academic* and *Peripatetic* Philosophers. For if a proper Motion be a certain Mark and infallible Token of the Life and Animation of the Mover, (as *Aristotle* writeth) and that any such thing as moveth of itself ought to be held *Animated*, and of a *Living Nature* ; then assuredly *Plato* with very good reason did give it the Denomination of an *Animal* ; for that he perceived and observed in it the proper and *self-stirring motion* of Suffocation, Precipitation, Corrugation, and of Indignation, so extreemly violent, that oftentimes by them is taken and removed from the Women all other sense and moving whatsoever, as if she were in

(4) *Run Mad after Lechery, &c.*] It is in the Original, *Run for the Codpiece-point Courir Paguillete*. The Learned may see in *Du Chat*, a curious Criticism, and some pleasant Historical Remarks on this Phrase and Custom, but both too long to find a place here. The Substance of 'em is, That in *Rabelais's* Time, and ever since till about the Year 1676, it was customary at *Beaucairo*, the Eve of the Great Fair, to make the Madams that came thither to Trade, run Races Naked, and she that beat, had for her-Prize a bundle of Codpiece-points. Again, At *Toulouse* and other Places, the common Wenches are (or at least were in old time,) enjoined to wear Codpiece-points on one of their Shoulders, to distinguish them from those that profess Honesty. And now I'm upon this *Point*, I'll conclude with *Cotgrave's* Words on *Aguillette nouée*. It signifies says he, *The charming of a Man's Codpiece-point so, as he shall not be able to use his own Wife, or Woman, (tho' he may use any other,)* Hence, avoir *Aguillette nouée* signifies to want *Erection* : *This Impotency is suppos'd to come by the Force of certain Words utter'd by the Charmer, while he* (2, whether a *She* mayn't do't.) *ties a knot on the Parties Codpiece-point.* To conclude *Courir Aguillete*, ordinarily signifies, *to be troubled with a Furor Uterinus.*

a swoounding *Lipothymy*, benumbing *Syncope*, *Epileptic*, Apoplectic Palsey, and true resemblance of a pale-faced Death.

Furthermore, in the said *Member* there is a manifest discerning Faculty of Scents and Odours very perceptible to Women, who feel it fly from what is rank and unsavoury, and follow fragrant and Aromatic Smells. It is not unknown to me how *Cl. Galen* striveth with might and main, to prove that these are not proper and particular Notions proceeding intrinsically from the thing itself, but accidentally, and by chance. Nor hath it escaped my Notice, how others of that Sect have laboured hardly, yea, to the utmost of their Abilities, to demonstrate that it is not a sensitive Discerning or Perception in it of the Difference of Wafts and Smells, but merely a various manner of Virtue and Efficacy, passing forth and flowing from the Diversity of odoriferous Substances applied near unto it. Nevertheless, if you will studiously examine and seriously ponder and weigh in *Critolaus's* Balance the strength of their Reasons and Arguments, you shall find that they, not only in this, but in several other matters also of the like Nature, have spoken at random, and rather out of an ambitious Envy to check and reprehend their Betters, than for any design to make enquiry into the solid Truth. I will not launch my little Skiff any further into the wide Ocean of this Dispute, only will I tell you that the Praise and Commendation is not mean and slender which is due to those honest and good Women, who living chastly and without blame, have had the Power and Virtue to curb, range and subdue that unbridled, heady and wild *Animal* to an obedient, submissive and obsequious yielding unto Reason. Therefore here will I make an end of my Discourse thereon, when I shall have told you, that the said *Animal* being once satiated (if it be possible that it can be contented or satisfied) by that Aliment, which Nature hath provided for it out of the Epididymal Storehouse of Man, all it's former irregular and disordered Motions are at an end, laid and asswaged; all it's vehement and unruly Longings lulled, pacified and quieted; and all the furious and raging Lusts, Appetites and Desires thereof appeased, suppressed, calmed and extinguished,

guished. For this cause let it seem nothing strange unto you, if we be in a perpetual Danger of being *Cuck-olds*; that is to say, such of us as have not wherewithal fully to satisfy the Appetite and Expectation of that voracious Animal. Ods Fish! quoth *Panurge*, have you no preventive Cure in all your Medicinal Art for hindring one's Head to be Horny-graffed at home, whilst his Feet are plodding abroad? Yes that I have, my gallant Friend, answered *Rondibilis*, and that which is a Sovereign Remedy, whereof I frequently make use myself; which that you may the better relish, it is set down and written in the Book of a most famous Author, whose Renown is of a standing of two thousand Years. Harken and take good heed. You are, quoth *Panurge*, by *Cocks-Hobby*, a right honest Man, and I love you with all my heart; eat a little of this (7) Quince-Pye, it is very proper and convenient for the shutting up of the Orifice of the Ventricle of the Stomach, because of a kind of astringent Stypticity, which is in that sort of Fruit, and is helpful to the first Concoction. But what? I think I speak *Latin* before *Clerks*. Stay, fill, I give you somewhat to drink out of this *Nestorian* Goblet. Will you have another Draught of white *Hippocras*? Be not afraid of the (8) Squinzy, No: There is neither Squinanthum, Ginger nor Grains in it; only a little choice Cinnamon, and some of the best refined Sugar, with the delicious White-wine of the Growth of that Vine, which was set in the Slips of the great Sorbapple, above the Wallnut-tree.

(7) *Quince-Pye.*] See a Receipt how to make it in *Du Chat*: (from *Platina, de Obsoniis* l. viii.) In brief, they took out the Cores from the Quinces and then fill'd them with Beef-marrow, seasoned with Sugar, Cinamon, and a little Salt. Then they made a Pye of 'em, which being baked, or otherwise done at a slow Fire, either loosen'd or bound up the Body, according as they were eaten at the beginning or end of a Meal.

(8) *Squinzy*—*Squinanthum.*] The Apothecaries may here consult the Original about the Distemper call'd the *Squinzy*, and the vegetable *Squinanthum*, or *Juncus Odoratus* of *Pliny*.

C H A P. XXXIII.

Rondibilis the Physician's Cure of Cuckoldry.

AT what Time (1) (quoth *Rondibilis*) *Jupiter* took a View of the State of his *Olympic* House and Family, and had made the Calendar of all the Gods and Goddeses, appointing unto the Festival of every one of them it's proper Day and Season, establishing certain fixed Places and Stations for the pronouncing of Oracles, and Relief of travelling Pilgrims, and ordaining Victims, Immolations and Sacrifices fuitable and correspondent to the Dignity and Nature of the worshipped and adored Deity. Did not he do (asked *Panurge*) therein, as *Tinteville* (2) the Bishop of *Auxerre* is said once to have done? This noble Prelate loved entirely the pure Liquor of the Grape, as every honest and judicious Man doth; therefore was it that he had an especial Care and Regard to the Bud of the Vine-tree, as to the Grandfather of *Bacchus*. But so it is, that for sundry Years together he saw a most pitiful Havock, Desolation and Destruction made among the Sprouts, Shootings, Buds, Blossoms and Scions of the Vines by hoary Frosts, dank Fogs, hot Mists, unseasonable Colds, chill Blasts, thick Hail, and other calamitous Chances of foul Weather happening, as he thought by the dismal Inauspiciousness of the holy Days of *St George*, *St Mary*, *St Paul*, *St Eutropius*, *Holy Rood*, the *Ascension*, and other Festivals, in that Time when the Sun passeth under the Sign of *Taurus*; and thereupon harboured in his Mind this Opinion that the afore-named *Saints* were *Saint Hail-flingers*, *Saint Frost-senders*, *Saint Fogmongers*, and *Saint Spoilers* of

(1) *At what Time, &c.*] This is exactly the Character of Dr. *Rondeletius*, who being by Nature a pleasant Man, would be continually enlivening his Lectures with such like Stories as this here, and that in the preceding Chapter, &c.

(2) *Tinteville.*] He died at *Rome* the last Day but one of *April*, 1530 according to *Gallia Christiana*, but alive and hearty the 20th of *Nov.* the next Year, according to *Sebastian Rouillard*, p. 602. of his History of *Melun*.

the Vine-buds ; for which Cause he went about to have transferr'd their Feasts from the Spring to the Winter, to be celebrated between *Christmas* (3) and *Epiphany* (so the *Mother of the three Kings* called it) allowing them with all Honour and Reverence the Liberty then to freeze, hail and rain as much as they would ; for that he knew that at such a Time, Frost was, rather profitable than hurtful to the Vine-buds, and in their Steads to have placed the Festivals of *St. Christopher*, *St. John the Baptist*, *St. Magdalene*, *St. Ann*, *St. Domingo*, and *St. Lawrence* ; yea, and to have gone so far as to collocate and transpose the Middle of *August* in, and to the Beginning of *May* ; because during the whole Space of their Solemnity, there was so little Danger of hoary Frosts and cold Mists, that no Artificers are then held in greater Request, than the Afforders of refrigerating Inventions, Makers of Junkets, fit Disposers of cooling Shades, Composers of green Arbours, and Refreshers of Wine.

Jupiter (said *Rondibilis*) forgot the poor Devil *Cuckoldry*, who was then in the Court at *Paris*, very eagerly soliciting a pedling Suit at Law for one of his Vassals and Tenants ; within some few Days thereafter, (I have forgot how many) when he got full Notice of the Trick, which in his Absence was done unto him, he instantly desisted from prosecuting Legal Processes, in the Behalf of others, full of Sollicitude to pursue after his own Business, lest he should be foreclosed : and thereupon he appeared personally at the Tribunal of the great *Jupiter*, displayed before him the Importance of his preceding Merits ; together with the acceptable Services, which in Obedience to his Commandments he had formerly performed ; and therefore, in all Humility, begged of him, that he would be pleased not to

(3) *Between Christmas and Epiphany, (so the Mother of the three Kings called it.)* This is quite murdered. It is in the Original thus, *Between Christmas and Tiphany, the Mother of the three Kings*, (as he called her). *Tiphany*, by an ignorant Corruption for *Epiphany*, (as the Feast of the Kings is called.) Of this Feast of *Tiphany* the Vulgar have made a Saint, and even our Prelate too was deceived therein, as well as the rest, such a rare Bishop was he ! and yet he died Embassador at Rome from *Francis I.*

leave him alone amongst all the sacred Potentates, destitute and void of Honour, Reverence, Sacrifices and festival Ceremonies. To this Petition *Jupiter's* Answer was excusatory, That all the Places and Offices of his House were bestowed. Nevertheless so importuned was he by the continual Supplications of Monsieur *Cuckoldry*, that he, in fine, placed him in the Rank, List, Roll, Rubric and Catalogue ; and appointed Honours, Sacrifices and Festival Rites to be observed on Earth in great Devotion, and tendered to him with Solemnity. His Feast, because there was no void, empty nor vacant Place in the Calendar, was to be celebrated jointly with, and on the same Day that had been consecrated to the Goddess *Jealousy* : his Power and Dominion should be over married Folks, especially such as had handsome Wives : his Sacrifices were to be Suspicion, Diffidence, Mistrust, a lowring powting Sullenness, Watchings, Wardings, Researchings, Plyings, Explorations, together with the Way-layings, Ambushes, narrow Observations, and malicious Doggings of the Husband's Scouts and Espials of the most privy Actions of their Wives. Herewithal every married Man was expressly and rigorously commanded to reverence, honour and worship him ; to celebrate and solemnize his Festival with twice more Respect than that of another Saint or Deity, and to immolate unto him with all Sincerity and Alacrity of Heart the above-mentioned Sacrifices and Oblations, under Pain of severe Censures, Threatnings, and Comminations of these subsequent Fines, Mulcts, Amerciaments, Penalties and Punishments to be inflicted on the Delinquents, *wiz.* That Monsieur *Cuckoldry* (4) should never be favourable nor propitious to them ; That he should never help, aid, supply, succour nor grant them any subventitious Furtherance, auxiliary Suffrage, or adminiculary Assistance ; That he should never hold them in any Reckoning, Account or Estimation ; That he

(4) *Should never, &c.*] All this is taken from *Plutarch*, except that here *Rondibilis* attributes to *Jealousy* the same Effects which in *Plutarch* are attributed to *Grief*, in a certain Discourse which a Philosopher made to the Queen *Arfinoë*, to comfort her on the Death of her Son. See *Plutarch* in his *Consolation to Apollonius on the Death of his Son*.

should never deign to enter within their Houses, neither at the Doors, Windows, nor any other Place thereof ; That he should never haunt nor frequent their Companies or Conversations, how frequently soever they should invoke him, and call upon his Name ; and that not only he should leave and abandon them to rot alone with their Wives in a sempiternal solitariness, without the Benefit of the Diversion of any Copesmate or Corrivall at all ; but should withal shun and eschew them, fly from them, and eternally forsake and reject them as impious Heretics and sacrilegious Persons, according to the accustomed Manner of other Gods, towards such as are too slack in offering up the Duties and Reverences which ought to be performed respectively to their Divinities ; as is evidently apparent in *Bacchus* towards negligent Vine-dressers ; in *Ceres* against idle Plowmen and Tillers of the Ground ; in *Pomona* to unworthy Fruiterers and Cester-mongers ; in *Neptune* towards dissolute Mariners and Sea-faring Men ; in *Vulcan* towards loitering Smiths and Forge-men ; and so throughout the rest.

Now, on the contrary, this infallible Promise was added, That unto all those who should make a *Holy Day* of the above-recited Festival, and cease from all Manner of worldly Work and Negotiation, lay aside all their own most important Occasions, and to be so retchless, heedless, and careless of what might concern the Management of their proper Affairs, as to mind nothing else but a suspicious espying and prying into the secret Departments of their Wives, and how to coop, shut up, hold at under, and deal cruelly and austere-ly with them, by all the Harshness and Hardships that an implacable, and every way inexorable Jealousy can devise and suggest, conformable to the sacred Ordinances of the afore-mentioned Sacrifices and Oblations, he should be continually favourable to them, should love them, sociably converse with them, should be Day and Night in their Houses, and never leave them destitute of his Presence. Now I have said, and you have heard my Cure.

Ha, ha, ha, quoth *Carpalim* laughing, this is a Remedy yet more apt and proper than *Hans Carvel's* Ring :
the

the Devil take me if I do not believe it. The Humour, Inclination and Nature of Women is like the Thunder, whose Force in it's Bolt, or otherways, burneth, bruiſeth and breaketh only hard, maſſive and reſiſting Objects, without ſtaying or ſtopping at ſoft, empty and yielding Matters: for it daſheth into Pieces the Steel Sword, without doing any Hurt to the Velvet Scabbard which inſheatheth it: it ruſheth alſo, and conſumeth the Bones, without wounding or endamaging the Fleſh, wherewith they are veiled and covered: juſt ſo it is, that Women for the greater Part never bend the Contention, Subtility, and contradictory Diſpoſition of their Spirits, unleſs it be to do what is prohibited and forbidden.

Verily, quoth *Hippothadeus*, ſome of our Doctōrs aver for a Truth, That the firſt Woman of the World, whom the *Hebrews* call *Eve*, had hardly been induced or allured into the Temptation of eating of the Fruit of the *Tree of Life* (5) if it had not been forbidden her ſo to do. And that you may give the more Credit to the Validity of this Opinion, conſider how the cautelous and wily Temper did commemorate unto her, for an Antecedent to his *Entbymeme*, the *Prohibition* which was made to taſte it, as being deſirous to infer from thence, *It is forbidden thee; therefore thou ſhouldeſt eat of it, elſe thou canſt not be a Woman.*

(5) *Tree of Life,*] Should not this be the *Tree of Knowledge*? My Bible tells me ſo, and ſo does *Rabelais's* Text: *Le fruit de tout Savoir*: and yet it is in both Editions of this Translation, in Italic Letters too, *The Tree of Life.*

C H A P. XXXIV.

How Women (1) ordinarily have the greatest Longing after Things prohibited.

W H E N I was, quoth *Carpalim*, a Whore-master (2) at *Orleans*, the whole Art of Rhetoric in all it's Tropes and Figures, was not able to afford unto me a Colour or Flourish of greater Force and Value; nor could I by any other Form or Manner of Elocution pitch upon a more persuasive Argument for bringing young beautiful married Ladies into the Snares of Adultery, through alluring and inticing them to taste with me of amorous Delights, than with a lively Sprightfulness to tell them in down-right Terms and to remonstrate to them, (with a great shew of Detestation of a Crime so horrid) how their Husbands were jealous. This was none of my Invention. It is written, and we have Laws, Examples, Reasons and daily Experiences confirmative of the same. If this (3) Belief once enter into their Noddles, their Husbands will infallibly be *Cuckolds*, yea, by God, will they, (without swearing) although they

(1) *How Women, &c.*] This XXXIVth Chapter is adjoined to, and made Part of the preceding by M. D. C.

(2) *A Whoremaster.*] *Ruffien* in French, does indeed signify both a Whore-hunter and a Whore-broker, but M. D. C. thinks it here means Neither, because of the Indecency of the Word, &c. but rather a Student, one that from reading the Rubrics of the Law, may be called (but he does not say, is actually called) *Ruffien* (from *Rufus Red*; as *Rubic*, from *Ruber Red*.) This is M. Du Chat's Meaning, if I understand him right, for he has a little darkly exprest himself. I shall only say with the *Italians*.

Se non è vero, è ben trovato.

(3) *If this Belief, &c.*] This whole Period is exceedingly amiss in both the *English* Editions, as it is translated by Sir T. U. The Original runs thus, *Ayans ceste persuasion en leurs caboches, elles feront leurs moris coquus infailliblement par Bieu (sans jurer,) deussent elles faire ce que firent Semiramis, Pasiphaë, Egista, les femmes de l'Isle Manden en Egypte, blasonnées par Herodote & Strabo, & autres telles Mastines,*

they should do like *Semiramis*, *Pasiphaë*, *Egesta*, the Women of the Isle *Mandez* in *Egypt*, and other such like Queanish flurting Harlots, mentioned in the Writings of *Herodotus*, *Strabo*, and such like Puppies.

Truly, quoth *Ponocrates*, I have heard (4) it related, and it hath been told me for a Verity, that Pope *John XXII.* passing on a Day through the Abbey of *Toucherome* (5), was in all Humility required and besought

Mastines. The Translator makes *Rabelais* call *Herodotus* and *Strabo* Puppies, whereas he really called *Semiramis* *Pasiphaë*, &c. Bitches. (For *Mastine* is a *Mastiff* Bitch, as *Mastin* is a *Mastiff* Dog.) I never heard any thorough Scholar open his Mouth against *Herodotus* or *Strabo*, much less call them *Puppies*; but as for those Queens or rather Queans, above-mentioned, they were worse than Bitches. *Semiramis*, tho' as famous for Heroic Atchievements as ever any Prince was, yet fell to such infamous Sensuality, as to sollicite her own Son to commit Incest with her: she was, besides, so cruel as to cut the Throats of all the Instruments of her Lust, (except her Son who slew her.) She did indeed erect magnificent Tombs for them afterwards. *Pasiphaë* found Means to be *Serv'd* (as our Country Folks speak) by a Bull, *Egesta* by a Dog. What the Beastiality of the Women of *Mandez* was, I confeis myself ignorant. [*Mandez* is mentioned in the Supplement to *Moreri*, as to it's Situation in the Middle of the *Delta* in *Ægypt*, and that's all.] But to return to our Translator: He makes *Carpalim* swear point-blank *By God*, whereas the Reader sees, *Rabelais* makes him not swear at all, at least, not *by God*, but *by Cod*, *par Beau*, which indeed is a Salve for *Dieu*. Again, where's the Reader that wou'd readily understand the Sense of *although they should do like Semiramis*, &c. The whole ought to have been translated thus, (at least I think so,) *If this Perswasion once gets Possession of their Pericraniums*, (or as Sir T. U. expresses it, *If this Belief once enter into their Noddles*;) *They will infallibly make their Husbands Cuckolds*, (which is *Rabelais's* accurate Way of expressing his Sense, to make it correspond with the Verb-active which comes after,) *Yea, by Cod, will they*, (*without swearing*;) *even tho' they were to do what was done by Semiramis, Pasiphaë, Egesta, the Women of the Island of Mandez in Ægypt*, (*blazon'd by Herodotus and Strabo*;) *with other such like Mastiff-Bitches*.

(4) *I have heard*, &c.] This Story is taken out of a Volume intitled; *Sermoes Discipuli de Tempore*, Serm. 50. The Author of Controversies between the Masculine and Feminine Sexes had before inserted it in the 8th and 9th Leaves of l. iii.

(5) *Abbey of Toucherome*.] By this Word, *Touch-ber-bome*, Sir T. U. translates *Abbaye de Coingnaufond*, and very rightly, as well as wittily, but the Name of the Abby in M. du Chat's Edition is the true Name, not a ludicrous one, and that is *Fontbeuvrault*, according to the best Editions.

by the Abbess, and other discreet Mothers of the said Convent, to grant them an Indulgence, by Means whereof they might confess themselves to one another, alledging, That *Religious Women* were subject to some petty secret Slips and Imperfections; which would be a foul and burning Shame for them to discover and to reveal to Men, how Sacerdotal soever their Function were: but that they would freelier, more familiarly, and with greater Chearfulness, open to each other their Offences, Faults and Escapes, under the Seal of Confession. There is not any Thing, answered the Pope, fitting for you to impetrate of me, which I would not most willingly condescend unto: but I find one Inconvenience; you know, *Confession should be kept secret*: and you Women are not able to do so. Exceeding well, quoth they, most Holy Father, and much more closely than the best of Men. The Holy Father on the very same Day, gave them in Keeping a pretty Box, wherein he purposely caused a little Linnet to be put, willing them very gently and cautiously to lock it up in some sure and hidden Place; and promising them, by the *Faith of a Pope*, that he should yield to their Request, if they would keep secret what was inclosed within that deposited Box: enjoying them withal, not to presume one way nor other, directly or indirectly, to go about the Opening thereof, under Pain of the highest Ecclesiastical Censure, Eternal Excommunication. The Prohibition was no sooner made, but that they did all of them boyl with a most ardent Desire to know, and see what Kind of Thing it was that was within it: they thought long already, that the Pope was not gone, to the End they might jointly, with the more Leisure and Ease apply themselves to the Box-opening Curiosity. The Holy Father, after he had given them his Benediction, retired and withdrew himself to the Pontifical Lodgings of his own Palace; but he was hardly gone three Steps from without the Gates of their *Cloyster*, when the good Ladies throngingly, and as in a huddled Crowd, pressing hard on the Backs of one another, ran thrusting and shoving who should be first at the setting open of the forbidden Box, and descrying of the *Quod latitat* within. On the very next Day thereafter, the Pope made them another Visit,

Visit, of a full Design, Purpose and Intention (as they imagined) to dispatch the Grant of their sought and wished-for Indulgence: but before he would enter into a Chat or Communing with them, he commanded the Casket to be brought unto him: it was done so accordingly; but by your Leave the Bird was no more there. Then was it, that the Pope did represent to their *Maternities*, how hard a Matter and difficult it was for them to keep Secrets revealed to them in *Confession*, unmanifested to the Ears of others; seeing for the Space of four and Twenty Hours they were not able to lay up in secret a Box, which he had highly recommended to their Discretion, Charge and Custody.

Welcome (6), in good Faith, my dear Master, welcome: it did me good to hear you talk, the Lord be praised for all. I do (7) not remember to have seen you *before now*, since the last Time that you acted at *Montpellier* with our antient Friends, *Anthony Saporta* (8), *Guy Bourguyer*, *Balthasar Noyer*, *Tollet* (9), *John Quentin*, *Francis Robinet*, *John Perdrier*, and *Francis Rabelais*, the Moral Comedy of him who had espoused and married a *Dumb Wife*. I was there, quoth *Epistemon*; the good honest Man, her Husband, was very earnestly urgent to have the Fillet of her Tongue united, and would needs have her speak by any Means: at his Desire, some Pains were taken on her, and partly by the Industry of the Physician, other Part by the Ex-

(6) *Welcome.*] It is not said by *Rabelais*, Who it is that speaks here. However it must be *Panurge*, and his calling *Carpalim Monsieur-Maitre*, induces *M. du Chat* still the more to think *Carpalim* was a Student of Law, that being the Compellation by which such are distinguished.

(7) *I do not remember, &c.*] This is not a *Scotch-ism* but an *Irish-ism*. *Rabelais* says, *I have not seen you, since you acted at Montpellier, &c.*

(8) *Ant. Saporta.*] Professor of Physic at *Montpellier*. He was of *Spanish* Extraction. There were several Sons and Grandsons of the Family, which *Jos. Scaliger* suspected of *Maranism* (*Judaism*). They about 150 Years ago turned Protestants. There are some Prayers of one *Saporta* a reformed Minister, Printed Anno 1620. See *D. C.* more at large upon this Head.

(9) *Tollet.*] *Peter Toll*, Physician at the Hospital of *Lyons*, He wrote upon the Gout. See more of him in *M. D. C.*

pertness of the Surgeon, the *Encyliglotte*, which she had under her Tongue, being cut, she spoke and spoke again ; yea, within few Hours she spoke so loud, so fiercely, and so long, that her poor Husband returned to the same Physician for a Recipe to make her hold her Peace ; there are, quoth the *Physician*, many proper Remedies in our Art, to make dumb Women speak, but there is none, that ever I could learn therein, to make them silent. The only Cure which I have found out, is their Husband's *Deafness*. (10). The Wretch became within few Weeks thereafter, by Virtue of some Drugs, Charms or Enchantments, which the *Physician* had prescribed unto him, so *deaf* that he could not have heard the Thundering of Nineteen Hundred Cannons at a *Salvo*. His Wife perceiving, that indeed he was as *deaf* as a Door-nail, and that her Scolding was but in vain, sith that he heard her not, she grew stark mad.

Some Time after, the Doctor asked for his Fee of the Husband ; who answered, That truly he was *deaf*, and so was not able to understand what the Tenour of his Demand might be. Whereupon the Leech bedusted him with a little, I know not what, sort of Powder ; which rendered him a Fool immediately : So great was the stultifying Virtue of that strange kind of pulverized Dose. Then did this Fool of a Husband, and his mad Wife joyn together, and falling on the Doctor and the Surgeon, did so scratch, bethwack, and bang them, that they were left half dead upon the Place, so furious were the Blows which they received : I never in my Life-time laughed so much, as at the acting of that Buffoonry.

Let us come to where we left off, quoth *Panurge*, your Words being translated from the Clapper-dudgions (*Gypsy-language*) to plain *English*, do signify, that it is not very inexpedient that I marry, and that I should not care for being a *Cuckold*. You have hit the Nail on the Head. Rarely well ! o' my Word. I believe Master Doctor, that on the Day of my Marriage you

(10) *Husband's Deafness.*] *Utinam aut hic surdus aut bæc muta facta*, says *Davus* in *Terence's Andria*,

will be so much taken up with your Patients, or otherwise so seriously employed, that we shall not enjoy your Company: Sir, I will heartily excuse your absence.

*Stercus & urina Medici sunt prandia prima.
Ex aliis paleas, ex istis collige grana.*

You are mistaken, quoth *Rondibilis*, in the second Verse of our Distich; for it ought to Run thus:

Nobis sunt signa, vobis sunt prandia digna.

If my Wife at any time prove to be unwell, and ill at ease (11), ——— I will look upon the Water which she shall have made in a Urinal-glass, quoth *Rondibilis*, grope her Pulse, and see the Disposition of her *Hypogaster*, together with here Umbilicary Parts, according to the Prescript Rule of *Hippocrates*, 2 *Apb.* 35. before I proceed any further in the Cure of her Distemper. No, no, quoth *Panurge*, that will be but to little Purpose; such a Feat is for the Practice of us that are Lawyers, who have the Rubric, *De Ventre inspiciendo*. Do not therefore trouble yourself about it; (Master *Doctor*) I will provide for her (12) a Plaister of warm Guts. Do not neglect your more urgent occasions other-where, for coming to my Wedding. I will send you some supply of Victuals to your own House, without putting you to the trouble of coming abroad, and you shall always be my special Friend. With this approaching somewhat nearer to him, he clapp'd into his Hand, without the speaking of so much as one Word, four *Rose-Nobles* (13), *Rondibilis* did shut his Fist upon them right kindly (14); yet as if it had displeased him to

(11) *I will look upon her Water.*] *Rondelet* wrote *de Urinis*, and is mightily for the Physicians seeing People's Water.

(12) *A Plaister of warm Guts.*] So *Cotgrave* interprets *Rabelais's Clystere barbarin*. Clyster, both in Greek and Latin, signifies as well the Pipe as the Potion. Potion one may call it. For what else is a Clyster, I think, *Tom Brown* says, but an Arse-Vomit, as a Vomit is a Mouth-Clyster?

(13) *Four Rose-Nobles.*] Twenty Livres *Tournois*, at the Rate of a hundred *Sous* each of those Nobles, as they were valu'd by the Ordinance of 1532.

(14) *Right kindly.*] It should be *Right basily*, for that's what *Rabelais* means by, *les print tres-bien*, for, as *L. Foubert*, quoted by *Tessier* says, *Rondelet* used to do every thing in a hurry.

make

make acceptance of such Golden Presents, he in a start, as if he had been worth, said, He, he, he, he, he, there was no need of any Thing, I thank you nevertheless; *From wicked Folks, I never get enough*; and *from honest People I refuse nothing*. I shall be always, Sir, at your Command. Provided that I pay you well, quoth *Panurge*. That, quoth *Rondibilis*, is to be understood.

C H A P. XXXV.

How the Philosopher Trouillogan handleth the difficulty of Marriage.

WHEN this Discourse was ended, *Pantagruel* said to the Philosopher (1); *Trouillogan*, Our loyal, honest, true and trusty Friend, the Lamp from hand to hand is come to you; it falleth to your turn to give an Answer: Should *Panurge*; pray you, marry, yea or no? He should do both, quoth *Trouillogan*. What say you, asked *Panurge*? That which you have heard, answered *Trouillogan*. What have I heard? replied *Panurge*. That which I have said, replied *Trouillogan*. Ha, ha, ha, are we come to that pass, quoth *Panurge*? Let it go nevertheless, I do not value it at a rush, seeing we can make no better of the Game. But howsoever tell me, Should I marry or no? Neither the one nor the other, answered *Trouillogan*. The Devil take me, quoth *Panurge*, if these odd Answers do not make me

(1) *Trouillogan*.] The ancient Dutch Scholiast says, This Word is composed of a (vulgar) French Word, and a Greek one. For, adds he, *trouil* in *Poitevin* and *Tourangeau*, (i. e.) among the People of *Poitou* and *Touraine*) means, what is elsewhere called *un Devidoire* (a Reel or Yarn - Windle), made use of by the good Spinsters to wind off their Work from the Spindle, and which they incessantly keep turning, so long as there's any Thread or Yarn in the Spindle: the Greek Word is *ἀγαν*, which signifies *excessive* (or rather *excessively*, for 'tis an Adverb), *without Measure*. He goes on, by a *Synalæpha*, these two Words make *Trouillogan* (rather, I should think, *Trouillagan*) and it signifies a Man who is continually turning and whiffing about to all the Points of the Compass like this *Pyrrhonian* Philosopher,

dote, and may he snatch me presently away, if I do understand you. Stay awhile until I fasten these Spectacles of mine on this left Ear, that I may hear you better. With this *Pantagruel* perceived at the Door of the great Hall, (which was that Day their Dining Room) *Gargantua's* little Dog, whose Name was *Kyne*; for so was *Toby's* Dog called, as is recorded. Then did he say to these who were there present, Our King is not far off, let us all rise. That Word was scarcely sooner uttered, than that (2) *Gargantua* with his Royal Presence graced that banqueting and stately Hall. Each of their Guests arose to do their King that Reverence and Duty which became them. After that *Gargantua* had most affably saluted all the Gentlemen there present, he said, Good Friends, I beg this Favour of you, and therein you will very much oblige me, that you leave not the Places where you sate, nor quit the Discourse you were upon.

Let a Chair be brought hither unto this end of the Table and reach me a Cup full of the strongest and best Wine you have, that I may drink to all the Company. You are in Faith, all welcome, [well-met] Gentlemen. Now let me know what talk you were about. To this *Pantagruel* answered, That at the beginning of the Second Service *Panurge* had proposed a Problematic Theme, to wit, *Whether he should marry, or not marry?* That Father *Hippothadeus* and Doctor *Rondibilis* has already dispatched their Resolutions thereupon; and that just as his Majesty was coming in, the faithful *Trouillogan*, in the Delivery of his Opinion, hath thus far proceeded, that when *Panurge* asked whether he ought to marry, yea or no. At first he made this Answer, *Both together*. When this same Question was again propounded, the second Answer was, *Neither one nor the other*. *Panurge* exclaimeth, that those Answers are full of Repugnances and Contradictions, protesting that he understands them not, nor what it is that can be meant by them. If I be not mistaken, quoth *Gargantua*, I un-

(2) *Gargantua*.] This Prince appears now upon the Stage for the first Time, since his being conveyed to the Land of the *Fairies*, i. e. Enchanted, as is mentioned in p. 23. of l. ii.

derstand it very well : The Answer is not unlike to that which was once made by- (3) a Philosopher in ancient Times, who being interrogated, if he had a Woman whom they named him, to his Wife ; *I have her*, quoth he, *but she hath not me ; possessing her, by her I am not possess'd*. Such another Answer quoth *Pantagruel*, was once made by a certain bouncing Wench of (4) *Sparta*, who being asked, if at any Time she had had to do with a Man ? No, quoth she, *but sometimes Men have had to do with me*. Well then, quoth *Rondibilis*, let it be a *Neuter* in Physic ; as when we say a Body is *Neuter*, when it is neither sick nor healthful ; and a *Mean* in Philosophy ; *that* by an Abnegation of both Extremes, and *this* by the Participation of the one and the other : Even as when luke-warm Water is said to be both hot and cold : Or rather as when time makes the Partition, and equally divides betwixt the Two, a while in the one, another while as long in the other opposite Extremity. The holy Apostle, quoth *Hippothadeus*, seemeth, as I conceive, to have more clearly explained this Point, when he said, *Those that are married, let them be as if they were not married ; and those that have Wives, let them be as if they had no Wives at all*. I thus interpret, quoth *Pantagruel*, the having and not having of a Wife. To have a Wife, is to have the Use of her in such a Way as Nature hath ordained, which is for the Aid, Society and Solace of Man, and propagating of his Race : To have no Wife is not to be uxorious, play the Coward, and be lazy about her, and not for her Sake to disdain the Lustre of that Affection which Man owes to God ; Nor yet for her to leave those Offices and Duties which he owes unto his Country, unto his Friends and Kindred ; nor on her Account to abandon and forsake his precious Studies, and other Businessses, to wait still on her Will, her Beck and her Buttocks. If we be pleased in this Sense to take the Having and not Having of a Wife, we shall indeed

(3) *A Philosopher.*] *Aristippus*. He said this of *Thais* the famous Curtizan whom he used to visit.

(4) *Sparta.*] See *Plutarch* in his Precepts about Matrimony.

find no Repugnancy nor Contradiction in the Terms at all.

CHAP. XXXVI.

A Continuation of the Answers of the Ephectic and Pyrrhonian Philosopher Trouillogan.

YOU speak wisely quoth *Panurge*, if the Moon were green Cheese; such a Tale once piss'd my Goose: I do not think but that I am let down into that dark Pit, in the lowermost Bottom whereof the Truth was hid, according to the saying of (1) *Heraclitus*. I see no whit at all, I hear nothing, understand as little, my Senses are altogether dull'd and blunted; truly I do very shrewdly suspect that I am enchanted. I will now alter the former Style of my Discourse, and talk to him in another Strain. Our trusty Friend, stir not, nor imburse any; but let us vary the Chance, and speak without Disjunctives: I see already that these loose and ill-joined Members of an Enunciation do vex, trouble and perplex you.

Now go on, in the Name of God, *Should I marry?* *Trouillogan*. There is somelikelihood therein.

Panurge. But if I do not marry?

Trouil. I see in that no Inconvenience.

Pan. You do not?

Trouil. None, truly if my Eyes deceive me not.

Pan. Yea, but I find more than five hundred.

Trouil. Reckon them.

Pan. This is an Impropriety of Speech, I confess; for I do no more thereby, but take a certain for an uncertain Number, and posite the determinate Term for what is indeterminate. When I say therefore Five Hundred, my Meaning is many.

(1) *Heraclitus*.] This is one of *Rabelais's* affected Negligences; so familiar to him. He very well knew that this Sentence was ascribed to *Democritus*. Nay, he says so somewhere, but he does not vouchsafe to remember it here,

Trouil,

Trouil. I hear you.

Pan. Is it possible for me to live without a Wife, in the Name of all the Subterranean Devils?

Trouil. Away with these filthy Beasts.

Pan. Let it be then in the Name of God; for my *Salmigondinish* People use to say, *To lie alone, or without a Wife, is certainly a brutish Life.* And such a Life also was it assevered to be by *Dido* in her Lamentations.

Trouil. At your Command.

Pan. By the Pody Cody, I have fished fair; where are we now? But will you tell me? Shall I marry?

Trouil. Perhaps.

Pan. Shall I thrive or speed well with it?

Trouil. According to the Encounter.

Pan. But if in my Adventure I encounter aright, as I hope to do, shall I be fortunate?

Trouil. Enough.

Pan. Let us turn the clean contrary Way, and brush our former Words against the Hair; what if I encounter ill?

Trouil. Then blame not me.

Pan. But, of Courtesy, be pleased to give me some Advice: I heartily beseech you, what must I do?

Trouil. Even what thou wilt.

Pan. Wisly, washy; Trolly, lolly.

Trouil. Do not Invoke the Name of any Thing, I pray you.

Pan. In the Name of God, let it be so: My Actions shall be regulated by the Rule and Square of your Counsel: What is it that you advise and counsel me to do?

Trouil. Nothing.

Pan. Shall I marry?

Trouil. I have no Hand in it.

Pan. Then shall I not marry?

Trouil. I cannot help it.

Pan. If I never marry, I shall never be a Cuckold?

Trouil. I thought so.

Pan. But put the Case that I be married.

Trouil. Where shall we put it?

Pan. Admit it be so then, and take my meaning in that Sense.

Trouil.

Trouil. I am otherways employed.

Pan. By the Death of a Hog, and Mother of a Toad, O Lord, if I durst hazard upon a little Fling at the swearing Game, though privily and under Thumb, it would lighten the Burthen of my Heart, and ease my Lights and Reins exceedingly ; a little Patience nevertheless is requisite. Well then, if I marry, I shall be a Cuckold ?

Trouil. One would say so.

Pan. Yet if my Wife prove a virtuous, wise, discreet and chaste Woman, I shall never be Cuckolded.

Trouil. I think you speak congruously.

Pan. Hearken.

Trouil. As much as you will.

Pan. Will she be discreet and chaste ? This is the only Point I would be resolved in ?

Trouil. I question it.

Pan. You never saw her ?

Trouil. Not that I know of.

Pan. Why do you then doubt of that which you know not ?

Trouil. For a Cause.

Pan. And if you should know her.

Trouil. Yet more.

Pan. Page, my pretty little Darling, take here my Cap, I give it thee : Have a care you do not break the Spectacles that are in it ; go down to the lower Court : Swear there half an Hour for me, and I shall in compensation of that Favour swear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt. But who shall Cuckold me ?

Trouil. Some Body.

Pan. By the Belly of the wooden Horse at Troy, Master Somebody, I shall bang, belam thee, and claw thee well for thy Labour.

Trouil. You say so.

Pan. Nay, nay, that Nick in the dark Cellar, who hath no white in his Eye, carry me quite away with him, if, in that Case, whensoever I go abroad from the Palace of my Domestic Residence, I do not with as much Circumspection, as they use to ring Mares in our Country

Country to keep them from being fallied by stoned Horses, clap (2) a *Bergamasco* Lock upon my Wife.

Trouillogan. Talk better.

Panurge. It is *Bien chien chié chanté*, well cacked, and cackled; shitten, and sung in matter of Talk: Let us resolve on somewhat.

Trouillogan. I do not gainfay it.

Panurge. Have a little Patience. Seeing I cannot on this Side draw any Blood of you, I will try, if with the Lancet of my Judgment, I be able to bleed you in another Vein. Are you married, or are you not?

Trouillogan. Neither the one nor the other, and both together.

Panurge. O the good God help us! By the Death of a Buffle-ox, I sweat with the toyl and travel that I am put to, and find my Digestion broke off, disturbed, and interrupted. For all my *Pbrenes*, *Metaphrenes*, and *Diaphragmes*, Back, Belly, Midriff, Muscles, Veins and Sinews are held in a suspence, and for a while discharged from their proper Offices, to stretch forth their several Powers and Abilities, for (3) *Incornifstibulating*, and laying up into the Hamper of my Understanding, your various Sayings and Answers.

Trouillogan. I shall be no hinderer thereof.

Panurge. Tush, for shame: our Faithful Friend, speak, Are you married?

(2) *A Bergamasco Lock*.] This Precaution which some *Italians* have thought proper to take with their Wives, had like to have been introduced into *France* also, in the Reign of *Hen. II.* But several Galants of the Court could not without great Dissatisfaction behold the vast Trade that was driven in these (*ferrature*) Padlocks by an *Italian* Merchant who had open'd Shop for that Sort of Ware at the Fair of *St. Germain*. Being threatned to be flung into the Rivers if he continued that Traffic, he was forced to pack up his Merchandize, and vend no more of his *Italian* Contrivances, and since that Time, no Body has dealt in that Commodity in *France*.

(3) *Incornifstibulating*.] By *cornifstibular*, the People in and about *Toulouse* mean troubled, afflicted, with an uneasiness of Mind: But here we have the proper Signification of this Word, and *Rabelais* seems to derive it from *Cornu*, (a Horn) *Fistula* (a Whistle) and *Stipula*, (a Stubble-Pipe used by Shepherds.) (I suppose our *English* Words for those three Things come from those *Latin* ones.) So *Rabelais* uses that made up Word (*Incornifstibulate*) to signify the beating any Thing into one's Memory, or Head, as if it were done by a Horn, a Whistle, and a Pipe.

Trouillogan. I think so.

Panurge. You were also married before you had this Wife.

Trouillogan. It is possible.

Panurge. Had you good Luck in your first Marriage.

Trouillogan. It is not impossible.

Panurge. How thrive you with this Second Wife of yours ?

Trouillogan. Even as it pleaseth my Fatal Destiny.

Panurge. But what in good earnest ? tell me : Do you prosper well with her ?

Trouillogan. It is likely.

Panurge. Come on, in the Name of God : I vow, by the Burthen of St. *Christopher*, that I had rather undertake the fetching of a Fart forth of the Belly of a dead Ass, than to draw out of you a positive and determinate Resolution : yet shall I be sure at this Time to have a snatch at you, and get my Claws over you. Our trusty Friend, let us shame the Devil of Hell, and confess the Verity : Were you ever a Cuckold ? I say, you who are here, and not that other you who playeth below in the Tennis-Court ?

Trouillogan. No, if it was not predestinated.

Panurge. By the Flesh, Blood, and Body, I swear, reswear, forswear, abjure, and renounce, he evades, and avoids, shifts, and (4) escapes me, and quite slips and winds himself out of my Gripes and Clutches.

At these Words *Gargantua* arose, and said, Praised be the good God in all Things, but especially for bringing the World unto that Height of Refinedness, beyond what it was when I first came to be acquainted therewith, that now the Learnedest and most Prudent Philosophers are not ashamed to be seen entring in at the Porches and Frontispieces of the Schools of the *Pyrrhonian*, *Aporrhetic*, *Sceptic*, and *Ephetic* Sects : Blessed be the Holy Name of God ! Verily it is like henceforth to be found an Enterprize of much more easy undertaking, to catch Lyons by the Neck, Horses by the Main, Oxen by the Horns, Bulls by the Muzzle, Wolves by the Tail, Goats by the Beard, and flying Birds by the Feet,

(4) *Escapes me.*] *Il m'eschappe.*] *Anguilla ꝑ, elabitur, Plantis in Pseudolo.*

than

than to entrap such Philosophers in their Words. Farewel, my worthy, dear, and honest Friends.

When he had done thus speaking, he withdrew himself from the Company; *Pantagruel*, and others with him would have followed and accompanied him, but he would not permit them so to do. No sooner was *Gargantua* departed out of the Banquetting-Hall, than that *Pantagruel* said to the invited Guests. *Plato's Timæus*, at the *Beginning* always of a solemn Festival Convention, was wont to count those that were called thereto; we on the contrary, shall at the *Closure* and *End* of this Treatment, reckon up our Number, One, Two, Three; Where is the Fourth? I miss my Friend *Bridlegoose*: Was not he sent for? *Epistemon* answered, That he had been at his House to bid and invite him; but could not meet with him: for that a Messenger from the Parliament of *Myrlingois*, in *Myrlingues* (5) was come from him, with a Writ of Summons, to cite and warn him personally to appear before the Reverend *Senators* of the High Court there, to vindicate and justify himself at the Bar, of the Crime of *Prevarication* laid to his Charge, and to be peremptorily instanced against

(5) *Was come from him.*] It should be, *was come to him*, not *from him*. There's no end of these *Qui pro Quo's*. I shall give this Period a literal and exact Translation for the Sake of a Note of *M. d' Chat's* upon this Place. 'An Usher or Tipstaff from the Parliament of *Myrelingois* in *Myrelingues* was come to summon him personally to appear, and, before the Senators, to render the Reason of a certain Sentence by him pronounc'd.' This is all our Author says: Not a Word of *Prevarication*, &c. Now *M. du Chat* observes, from *Innocent Gentiler's Anti-Machiavel. Part iii. Max. xxxv.* 'In, and before, the Reign of *Louis XIIth*, the Magistrates (*non-souverains*) from whom there lay appeal were not many in one and the same Seat and Degree of Justice, nay there was no more than one in each Tribunal to administer Justice: Namely a Provost or Ordinary Judge in the first Degree, and a Lieutenant-General de Pa'ly or Senéchal in the second Degree. But in the supreme Courts of the Parliaments and Grand Council there were several, not however in so great Number as now.' Thus, adds *M. du C.* our Judge *Bridlegoose*, (*Bridoise*) was alone responsible for a Sentence, which he alone had passed: And thence it comes, that in *France*, at this Time, by the Sentence of such and such a Judge, is understood a certain Sentence pass'd by the Judge and Counsellors of such a subaltern Jurisdiction.

him in a certain Decree, Judgment, or Sentence lately awarded, given and pronounced by him. That therefore he had taken Horse, and departed in great haste from his own House; to the End, that without peril or danger of falling into a Default, or Contumacy, he might be the better able to keep the prefixed and appointed Time.

I will (quoth *Pantagruel*) understand how that Matter goeth; it is now above Forty Years, that he hath been constantly the Judge of *Fonsbeton*: during which space of Time, he had given upwards of Four thousand Definitive Sentences; Two thousand three hundred and nine whereof, although Appeal was made by the Parties whom he had judicially condemned, from his inferior Judicatory, to the Supream Court of the Parliament of *Myrlingois*, in *Myrlingues*, they were all of them nevertheless confirmed, ratified and approved of by an Order, Decree, and final Sentence of the said Sovereign Court, to the casting of the *Appellants*, and utter overthrow of the Suits wherein they had been foiled at Law, for ever and a Day: That now in his old Age he should be personally summoned, who in all the foregoing Time of his Life, hath demeaned himself so unblameably in the Discharge of the Office and Vocation he had been called unto; it cannot assuredly be, that such a change hath happened without some notorious Misfortune and Disaster: I am resolved to help and assist him in Equity and Justice to the uttermost Extent of my Power and Ability. I know the Malice, Despight, and Wickedness of the World to be so much more now-a-days exasperated, increased, and aggravated to what it was, not long since, that the best Cause that is, how just and equitable soever it be, standeth in great need to be succoured, aided and supported. Therefore presently, from this very instant, do I propose, 'till I see the Event and Closure thereof, most heedfully to attend and wait upon it, for fear of some under hand tricky Surprizal, Cavilling, Pettifoggery, or falacious Quirks in Law, to his Detriment, Hurt, or Disadvantage.

Then Dinner being done, and the Tables drawn and removed, when *Pantagruel* had very cordially and affectionately thanked his invited Guests, for the Favour
which

which he had enjoyed of their Company, he presented them with several rich and costly Gifts, such as Jewels, Rings set with precious Stones, Gold and Silver Vessels, with a great deal of other Sort of Plate besides; and lastly, taking of them all his Leave, retired himself into an inner Chamber.

C H A P. XXXVII.

How Pantagruel persuaded Panurge to take Counsel of a Fool.

W H E N *Pantagruel* had withdrawn himself, he by a little sloping Window in one of the Galleries, perceived *Panurge* in a Lobby not far from thence, walking alone, with the Gesture, Carriage, and Garb of a fond Dotard, raving, wagging, and shaking his Hands, dandling, lolling, and nodding with his Head, like a Cow bellowing for her Calf; and having then called him nearer, spoke unto him thus: You are at this present (as I think) not unlike to a Mouse entangled in a Snare, who the more that she goeth about to rid and unwind herself out of the Gin wherein she is caught, by endeavouring to clear and deliver her Feet from the Pitch, whereto they stick, the foulier she is bewrayed with it, and the more strongly pestered therein; even so is it with you; for the more that you labour, strive, and inforce yourself to disincumber, and extricate your Thoughts out of the implicating Involutions and Fetterings of the grievous and lamentable Gins and Springs of Anguish and Perplexity; the greater Difficulty there is in the relieving of you, and you remain faster bound than ever: nor do I know for the Removal of this Inconveniency, any Remedy but one.

Take heed; I have often heard it said in a Vulgar Proverb, *The Wise may be instructed by a Fool*. Seeing the Answers and Responses of sage and judicious Men, have in no manner of Way satisfied you, take Advice of some Fool; and possibly by so doing, you may come to get that Counsel which will be agreeable to your own

Heart's Desire and Contentment. You know how by the Advice and Counsel and Prediction of *Fools*, many Kings, Princes, States and Commonwealths have been preserved, several Battles gained, and divers Doubts of a most perplexed Intricacy resolved: I am not so diffident of your Memory, as to hold it needful to refresh it with a Quotation of Examples; nor do I so far undervalue your Judgment, but that I think it will acquiesce in the Reason of this my subsequent Discourse.

As he who narrowly takes heed to what concerns the dextrous Management of his private Affairs, domestic Businesses, and those Matters which are confined within the strait-laced Compass of one Family: Who is attentive, vigilant, and active in the economic Rule of his own House; whose frugal Spirit never strays from Home; who loseth no Occasion, whereby he may purchase to himself more Riches, and build up new Heaps of Treasure on his former Wealth; and who knows warily how to prevent the Inconveniences of Poverty, is called a wordly wise Man, tho' perhaps in the Judgment of the Intelligences which are above, he be esteemed a *Fool*. So on the contrary, is he most like (even in the Thoughts of all celestial Spirits) to be not only *sage*, but to *presage* Events to come by divine Inspiration, who laying quite aside those Cares which are conducive to his Body, or his Fortunes, and as it were departing from himself, rids all his Senses of terrene Affections, and clears his Fancies of all those plodding Studies, which harbour in the Minds of thriving Men: all which Neglects of sublunary Things are vulgarly imputed to *Folly*.

After this manner, the Son of *Picus*, King of the *Latins*, that great Soothsayer *Faunus*, was called *Fatuus*, by the witless Rabble of the common People. The like we daily see practised amongst the comic Players, whose dramatic Rolls, in Distribution of the Personages, appoint the Acting of the *Fool* to him who is the wisest of the Troop. In Approbation also of this Fashion, the *Mathematicians* allow the very same *Horoscope* to Princes, and to Sots. Whereof a right pregnant Instance by them is given in the Nativities of *Eneas* and *Choræbus*; the latter of which two is by *Euphorion* said

said to have been a *Fool* : and yet had with the former the same *Aspects*, and heavenly *Genethliac Influences* (1)

I shall not, I suppose, swerve much from the Purpose in Hand, if I relate unto you, what *John Andrew* said upon the Return of a *Papal Writ*, which was directed to the Mayor of *Rochel* and Burgessees : after him by *Panormitanus* upon the same pontifical Canon ; *Barbatias* (2) on the *Pandeets* and recently by *Jason* (3) in his Councils, concerning *Seyny John* (4) the noted Fool of *Paris*, and fore Great Grandfather to *Caillete*. The Case is this :

At *Paris*, in the Roast-meat Cookery of the *Petit Chastelet*, before the Cook-Shop of one of the Roast-meat Sellers of that Lane, a certain hungry Porter was eating his Bread, after he had by Parcels kept it a while above the Reek and Steam of a fat Goose on the Spit, turning at a great Fire, and found it so besmoaked with the Vapour, to be savoury ; which the Cook observing, took no Notice, 'till after having ravined his penny Loaf whereof no Morfel had been unsmoakified, he was about

(1) *Genethliac Influences*.] I am ignorant in what Astrologers, unless perhaps in *Cardan*, *Rabelais* has found that *Aeneas* and *Chorabus* had one and the same Horoscope, and that Fools and Kings are born under the same Constellation. For want of Proofs to verify these two Articles. I shall only say that the Second has a great Resemblance with the Proverb *aut Regem, aut fatuum nasci oportere*. See *Erasmus's Adages*.

(2) *Barbatias*.] *Andrew Barbatias* was a *Sicilian*, his Works were printed at *Bolonia* in 1472. See *Naudæus*.

(3) *Jason*.] *Bartolus* likewise has quoted this Sentence of *Seyny, John*, in confirmation of the Proverb *Sæpè etiam Stultus fuit opportunè locutus*.

(4) *Seyny John*.] This *Seyny John* (or as *Rabelais* has it, *Seigni Joan*) Great-Grand-father (*Bisaycul*) to *Caillete*, was in his Time known by the Name of *John the Fool*, and is here called by *Rabelais*, *Seigni Joan* or *Johan* from *Senex Joannes*, to distinguish him from *Johan fol de Madame*, of whom *Marot* speaks in his Epitaphs. Our Author makes this *Seigni-Joan* Great Grand-father to the Fool *Caillete*, because he was prior to him about a Century : *Caillete* flourishing or rather driv'ling about the Year 1494. In the Frontispiece of the *Ship of Fools*, printed in 1497, there's the Picture of *Seigni-Joan*, and that of *Caillete* ; the latter as the Patron of the New Mode, and the former as Head of those who still retain the Old Mode.

discamping and going away ; but by your Leave, as the Fellow thought to have departed thence Shot-free, the Master-Cook laid hold upon him by the Gorget, demanded Payment for the Smoak of his Roast-meat. The Porter answered, that he had sustained no Loss at all ; that by what he had done there was no Dimunition of the Flesh ; that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in any Thing : as for the Smoak in Question, that, although he had not been there, it would howsoever have been evaporated : besides that, before that Time it had never been seen nor heard, that Roast-meat Smoak was sold upon the Streets of *Paris*. The Cook hereto replied, That he was not obliged nor any way bound to feed and nourish for nought a Porter whom he had never seen before, with the Smoak of his Roast-meat ; and thereupon swore, that if he would not forthwith content and satisfy him with present Payment for the Repast which he had thereby got, that he would take his crooked Staves from off his Back ; which instead of having Loads thereafter laid upon them, should serve for Fuel to his Kitchen Fires. Whilst he was going about so to do, and to have pulled them to him by one of the bottom Rings, which he had caught in his Hand, the sturdy Porter got out of his Gripes, drew forth the knotty Cudgel, and stood to his own Defence. The Altercation waxed hot in Words, which moved the gaping Hoydons of the sottish *Parisians* to run from all Parts thereabouts, to see what the Issue would be of that babling Strife and Contention. In the Interim of this Dispute, to very good good Purpose *Seyny John*, the Fool and Citizen of *Paris*, happened to be there, whom the Cook perceiving, said to the Porter, Wilt thou refer and submit unto the noble *Seyny John*, the Decision of the Difference and Controversy which is betwixt us ? Yes, by the Blood of a Goose, answered the Porter, I am content. *Seyny John* the Fool, finding that the Cook and Porter had compromised the Determination of their Variance and Debate to the Discretion of his Award and Arbitriment ; after that the Reasons on either Side, whereupon was grounded the mutual Fierceness of their brawling Jar, had been to the full displayed and laid open before him, commanded the Porter

ter to draw out of the Fob of his Belt, a Piece of Money, if he had it. Whereupon the Porter immediately without delay, in Reverence to the Authority of such a judicious Umpire, put the tenth Part of a Silver *Phillip* into his Hand. This little *Phillip*, *Seyny John* took, then set it on his left Shoulder, to try by feeling if it was of a sufficient Weight; after that, laying it on the Palm of his Hand, he made it ring and tingle, to understand by the Ear if it was of a good Alloy in the Metal whereof it was composed: thereafter he put it to the Ball or Apple of his left Eye, to explore by the Sight if it was well stamped and marked; all which being done, in a profound Silence of the whole doltish People, who were there Spectators of this Pageantry, to the great Hope of the Cook's, and Despair of the Porter's Prevalency in the Suit that was in Agitation, he finally caused the Porter to make it sound several times upon the Stall of the Cook's Shop. Then with a *Presidential Majesty* holding his Bable (Scepter-like) in his Hand, muffling his Head with a Hood of martern Skins, each Side whereof had the Resemblance of an Ape's Face, spruced up with Ears of pasted Paper, and having about his Neck a bucked Ruff, raised, furrowed, and ridged, with Ponting Sticks, of the Shape and Fashion of small Organ Pipes; he first with all the Force of his Lungs, Coughed two or three Times, and then with an audible Voice pronounced the following Sentence. The Court declared, that *the Porter, who ate his Bread at the Smoak of the Roast, hath civilly paid the Cook with the Sound of his Money*: And the said Court Ordaineth, that every one return to his own Home, and attend his proper Business, without Cost and Charges, and for a Cause. This Verdict, Award and Arbitriment of the *Parisian Fool*, did appear so equitable, yea, so admirable to the aforesaid *Doctors*, that they very much doubted, if the Matter had been brought before the *Sessions for Justice* of the said Place, or that the Judges of the *Rota* at *Rome* had been Umpires therein; or yet that the *Areopagites* themselves had been the Deciders thereof, if by any one Part, or all of them together, it had been so judicially sententiated and awarded. Therefore consider if you will be counselled by a *Fool*.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

*How Triboulet is set forth and blazoned by
Pantagruel and Panurge.*

BY my Soul, quoth *Panurge*, that Overture pleaseth me exceedingly well; I will therefore lay hold thereon, and embrace it. At the very motioning thereof my very *Right Entrail* seemeth to be widened and enlarged, which was but just now hard bound, contracted, and coſtive: but as we have hitherto made Choice of the pureſt and moſt refined Cream of Wiſdom and Sapience for our Council, ſo would I now have to preſide and bear the prime Sway in our Conſultation, as very a *Fool* in the ſupreme Degree. *Triboulet*, (1) (quoth *Pantagruel*) is compleatly *fooliſh*, as I conceive. Yes truly, answered *Panurge*, he is properly and totally a *Fool*, a
Pantagruel. *Panurge.*

Fatal f.

Natural f.

Cœleſtial f.

Erratic f.

Excentric f.

Ætherial and Junonian f.

Arctic f.

Heroic f.

Genial f.

Inconſtant f.

Earthly f.

(1) *Triboulet*.] A *Buffoon* whom *Epistemon* ſaw in Hell, had before been called by this Name, and is the ſame that *Francis Hotman* in his *Matag. de Matagonibus*, ſays that the King *Louis XIIth* had in his Retinue. Here an arrant Fool is called *Triboulet*, from whence it is plain that this Word is properly applicable to any poor Wretch that has a troubled Spirit. *Froiffart* Vol. III. c. cxviii. *En Angleterre pour cette ſaiſon, ils etoyent tous triboulez & en Mauvais arroy*, And *Alain Chartier* in his Book of the four Ladies.

Et ſont foulez,

Et par fortune triboulez.

At *Toulouſe*, a Man troubled with Affliction, is ſaid to be *treboulat*: and when *Marot* in one of his Poems, ſays that *Triboulet* has Brothers and Sisters; he does not mean that that *Buffoon* of *Louis the XIIth* was ſtill alive, or that he had Brothers and Sisters, but only that after *Triboulet's* Death, there were ſtill left in France Fools and People with troubled Brains. *Oudin* renders *Triboulet*, *buomo groſſo e corto*, and then *Triboulet* comes from *Tripe* and means *Fat-belly'd*.

Solacious

Chap. XXXVIII. W O R K S.

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Pantagruel.

Solacious and sporting f.
 Jocund and wanton f.
 Pimpled f. Freckled f.
 Jovial f.
 Mercurial f.
 Lunatic f.
 Ducal f.
 Common f.
 Lordly f.
 Palatin f.
 Principal f.
 Pretorian f.
 Elected f.
 Courtly f.
 Primipilary f.
 Triumphant f.
 Vulgar f.
 Domestic f.
 Bell-tinging f.
 Laughing and lecherous f.
 Nimming and filching f.
 Unpressed f.
 First broached f.
 Augustal f.
 Celarine f.
 Imperial f.
 Royal f.
 Patriarchal f.
 Original f.
 Loyal f.
 Episcopal f.
 Doctoral f.
 Monachal f.
 Fiscal f.
 Extravagant f.
 Writhed f.
 Canonical f.
 Such another f.
 Graduated f.
 Commensal f.
 Primolicensed f.

Panurge.

Trainbearing f.
 Supererogating f.
 Collateral f.
 Haunch and Side f.
 Nestling, ninny and young-
 ling f.
 Exemplary f.
 Rare outlandish f.
 Satrepal f.
 Predicamental and Cata-
 goric f.
 Civil f.
 Popular f.
 Familiar f.
 Notable f.
 Favourized f.
 Latinized f.
 Ordinary f.
 Transcendant f.
 Raifing f.
 Papal f.
 Consistorian f.
 Conclavist f.
 Bullist f.
 Synodal f.
 Theatrical f.
 Flitting, giddy and un-
 steady f.
 Brancher, Novice and
 Cockney f.
 Hagord, cross and for-
 ward f.
 Gentle, mild and tracta-
 ble f.
 Mail coated f.
 Pilfring and purloining f.
 Tail-growing f.
 Gray-peckled f.
 Crimson or in-Grain f.
 Doting and raving f.
 Singular and surpassing f.
 Special

Pantagruel.

Special and excelling f.
 Metaphysical f.
 Extatical f.
 Predicable and enunci-
 atory f.
 Decumane and Superla-
 tive f.
 Algebraical f.
 Talmudical f.
 Compendious f.
 Hyperbolical f.
 Allegorical f.
 Solemn f.
 Capital f.
 Cordial f.
 Hepatic f.
 Splenetic f.
 Windy f.
 Almicantarized f.
 Chinnified f.
 Overcockrilifiedlid. and
 fied f.
 Sublime f.
 Ingrained f.
 Basely accoutred f.
 Modal f.
 Well-fed f.
 Heteroclit f.
 Abridging f.
 Leaden-sealed f.
 Compassionate f.
 Crooching, showking, and
 ducking f.
 Well-hung and timbred f.
 Crabbed and displeasing f.
 Lofty and stately f.
 Dutiful and officious f.
 Optical and perspective f.
 Cabalistical and Massoreti-
 cal f.

Panurge.

Algalized f.
 Abbreviated f.
 Anatomostical f.
 Tropological f.
 Pleonasmical f.
 Hair-brained f.
 Intimate f.
 Cupshotten and swilling f.
 Legitimate f.
 Proportioned f.
 Swollen and puffed up f.
 Corallery f.
 Eastern f.
 Crimson f.
 City f.
 Mast-headed f.
 Second Notial f.
 Micher pinch-crust f.
 Summist f.
 Morish f.
 Mandatory f.
 Titulary f.
 Grim, stern, harsh, and
 wayward f.
 Ill-clawed, pounced and
 Azymathallel f.
 Winded and tainted f.
 Kitchin-haunting f.
 Spitrack f.
 Architrave f.
 Tetragonal f.
 Chearful and buxom f.
 Solemn f.
 Annual f.
 Festival f.
 Recreative f.
 Boorish and counterfeit f.
 Pleasant f.
 Priviledged f.
 Rustical f.

Chap. XXXVIII. WORKS:

61

Pantagruel.

Proper and peculiar f.
 Ever ready f.
 Diapasonal f.
 Resolute f.
 Hieroglyphical f.
 Authentic f.
 Worthy f.
 Precious f.
 Fanatic f.
 Fantastical f.
 Sympathic f.
 Panic f.
 Limbicked and distilled f.
 Comfortable f.
 Wretched and heartless f.
 Fooded f.
 Thick and threefold f.
 Damasked f.
 Fearnly f.
 Unleavened f.
 Barytonant f.
 Pink and spot-powdered f.
 Musket-proof f.
 Pedantic f.
 Strouting f.
 Pedestal f.
 Renowned f.
 Rheumatic f.
 Flaunting and braggado-
 chio f.
 Egregious f.
 Humorous and capricious f.
 Rude, gross and absurd f.
 Large measured f.
 Bable f.
 Down-right f.
 Broad-lifted f.
 Downfical-bearing f.
 Stale and over-worn f.
 Sawcy and swaggering f.

Panurge.

Full bulked f.
 Gallant and vain-glori-
 ous f.
 Gorgeous and gawdy f.
 Continual and intermit-
 ting f.
 Rebasing and roundling f.
 Prototypal and precedent-
 ing f.
 Prating f.
 Catechetic f.
 Cacodoxical f.
 Meridional f.
 Nocturnal f.
 Occidental f.
 Trifling f.
 Astrological and Figure-
 flinging f.
 Genethliac and Horosco-
 pal f.
 Wood f.
 Greedy f.
 Senseless f.
 Godderlich f.
 Obstinate f.
 Contradictory f.
 Pedagogical f.
 Dwast f.
 Drunken f.
 Peevish f.
 Prodigal f.
 Rash f.
 Plodding f.
 Knavish f.
 Idiot f.
 Blockish f.
 Beetle-headed f.
 Grotesk f.
 Impertinent f.
 Quarrelsome f.

Un

Pantagruel.

Panurge.

Unmannerly f.

Catholopreton f.

Captious and sophistical f.

Hoti and Dioti f.

Soritic f.

Alphos and Catatai f.

Pantagruel. If there was any Reason why at *Rome* the *Quirinal* Holidays of old, were called the Feast of *Fools*; I know not why we may not for the like Cause institute in *France* the *Triboletic* Festivals, to be Celebrated and Solemnized over all the Land.

Panurge. (2) If all *Fools* carried Cruppers.

Pantagruel. If he were the God (3) *Fatuus*, of whom we have already made mention, the Husband of the Goddess *Fatua*, his Father would be (4) *Good Day*, and his Grand-mother *Good Even*.

Panurge. If all *Fools* paced, albeit he be somewhat wry-legged, he would overlay at least a Fathom at every Rake. Let us go toward him without any further lingering or delay, we shall have, no doubt, some fine Resolution of him. I am ready to go, and long for the Issue of our Progress impatiently. I must needs, quoth *Pantagruel*, according to my former Resolution therein, be present at *Bridlegoose's* Tryal: Nevertheless, whilst I shall be upon my Journey towards (5) *Mirelingues*,

(2) *If all Fools carry'd Cruppers*] What then? — Add, *Triboulet wou'd have his Buttocks claw'd off.* Left out by Sir T. U. *Il auroit les fesses bien escourchées.* Thus the best Editions have it. In the rest it is *Il y auroit des fesses bien escourchée* which being downright Nonsense I don't wonder Sir T. U. did not understand it, and so left it out.

(3) *Fatuus.*] A Rural God: *Rabelais* calls him *Fatuel* from *Fatuellus* which likewise was the Name he sometimes went by. King *Oberon*, the *Camb. Dict.* calls him.

(4) *Good Day and Good Even.*] *Bonadies*, and *Bonedée.* Q. Whether this may not refer to the *Bona Dea* of the *Antients*.

(5) *Myrelingues*, which is on the other Side of the River *Loire.*] *Myrelingues qui est de là la Riviere de Loire*, conformable to the Three Editions of *Lyons*, which in this are right, and so is Sir T. U.'s Version.

The other Editions by omitting the Adverb *là* and only saying *Myrelingues qui est de la Riviere de Loire* would put one upon hunting for *Myrelingues* on the River *Loire*. Now it is plain this here means the Parliament of *Toulouse*, called *Mirelingues*, as if one should say, *Mil-languages* (on Account of the vast Diversity of Dialects or rather Jargon) *Pedlars French* which prevails throughout the Extent of its Whole Jurisdiction.)

which

which is on the other Side of the River of *Loire*, I will dispatch *Carpalim* to bring hither with him from *Blois* the *Fool Triboulet*. Then was *Carpalim* instantly sent away, and *Pantagruel* at the same Time, attended by his *Domestics*, *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, *Ponocrates*, *Friar John*, *Gymnast*, *Ryzotomus*, and others marched forward on the High Road to *Mirelingues*.

C H A P. XXXIX.

How Pantagruel was present at the Tryal of Judge Bridlegoose, who decided Causes and Controversies in Law, by the Chance and Fortune of the Dice.

ON the Day following, precisely at the Hour appointed, *Pantagruel* came to *Myrelingues*. At his Arrival the Presidents, Senators, and Counsellors prayed him to do them the Honour to enter in with them, to hear the Decision of all the Causes, Arguments, and Reasons, which *Bridlegoose* in his own Defence would produce, why he had pronounced a certain Sentence against the Subsidy. Assessor (1) *Toucheronde*; which did not seem very equitable to that (2) *Centumviral Court*. *Pantagruel* very willingly condescended to their Desire, and accordingly entering in, found *Bridlegoose* sitting within the middle of the Inclosure of the said Court of Justice; who immediately upon the coming of *Panta-*

(1) *Toucheronde*.] A Nickname at Pleasure, for a Tax-gatherer, who touches, i. e. receives the Tax, which those of his Parish, pay in Money round.

(2) *Centumviral Court*.] In the Edition of 1547, and in that of 1553, we read *bis-centumvirale*: Which supposes there was at that Time in France such a Parliament, as consisted of two hundred Judges. The new Editions, also the three of *Lyons*, that of 1596, and that of 1626, have *centumvirale*; which quadrates less ill with what is said in the *Anti-Machiavel*, Part iii. Max. 35. that anciently the Number of Counsellors of a Supreme Tribunal was not great in comparison of what has since been seen.

gruel, accompanied with the Senatorian Members of that worshipful Judicatory, arose, went to the Bar, had his Indictment read, and for all his Reasons, Defenses, and Excuses, answered nothing else, but that he was become Old, and that his Sight of late was very much failed, and become dimmer than it was wont to be; instancing therewithal many Miseries and Calamities, which Old Age bringeth along with it; and are concomitant to wrinkled Elders; which *not. per Archil. D. 86. C. tanta.* By Reason of which Infirmary he was not able so distinctly and clearly to discern the *Points* of the *Dice*, as formerly he had been accustomed to do: whence it might very well have happened, said he, as old dim-sighted *Isaac* took *Jacob* for *Esau*, that after the same Manner, at the Decision of Causes and Controversies in Law, he might have been mistaken in taking a *Quatre* for a *Cinque*, or *Tre* for a *Deuce*: This I beseech your Worship (quoth he) to take into your serious Consideration, and to have the more favourable Opinion of my Uprightness, (notwithstanding the *Prevarication* whereof I am accused, in the Matter of *Toucherond's* Sentence) that at the Time of that Decree's pronouncing, I only had made use of my small *Dice*; and your Worships (said he) know very well, how by the most Authentic Rules of the Law, it is provided, That *the Imperfections of Nature* should never be imputed unto any for Crimes and Transgressions; as appeareth, *ff. de re Milit. L. qui cum uno. ff. de Reg. Jur. L. fere. ff. de ædil. edict. per totum, ff. de term. Mod. L. Divus Adrianus*, resolved by *LUD. RO. in L. Si Vero. ff. Sol. Matr.* And who would offer to do otherways, should not thereby accuse the Man, but Nature, and the All-seeing Providence of God, as is evident in *L. Maximum Vitium. C. de Lib. præter.*

What kind of *Dice* (quoth *Trinquamelle*, grand President (3) of the said Court) do you mean my Friend
Bridlegoose?

(3) *Trinquamelle grand President.*] In old Time in France they used to say *Grand President* instead of *first President*. *Trine' amellos* in the *Toulousain* Language signifies a Bully, whose whole Courage lies in *backing* (*trancher*) boldly through the middle of the *Kernels* (*amandes*), of all Sorts of Nuts. Under this Name is here characterized a first President,

Bridlegoose? The *Dice*, quoth *Bridlegoose*, of Sentences at Law, Décrees, and peremptory Judgments, *Alea Judiciorum*, whereof is written, *Per Doct.* 26. qu. 2. *Cap. Sort. L. nec emptio. ff. de contrahend empt. L. quod debetur. ff. de pecul. Et ibi Bartol.* And which your Worships do, as well as I, use, in this glorious Sovereign Court of yours, so do all other righteous Judges in their Decision of Processes, and Final Determination of Legal Differences, observing that which hath been said thereof, by D. Henri. Ferrandat. *Et not. Gl. in m. G. fn. de sortil. Et L. sed cum ambo ff. de jud. ubi Doc.* Where mark, that Chance and Fortune, are good, honest, profitable and necessary for ending of, and putting a final closure to, Dissensions and Debates in Suits at Law. The same hath more clearly been declared by *Bald. Bartol. Et Alex. C. communia de Leg. Si duo.* But how is it that you do these Things? (asked *Trinquamelle*). I very briefly, quoth *Bridlegoose*, shall answer you according to the Doctrine and Instructions of *Leg. ampliore §. in refutatoriis. C. de Appell.* Which is conform to what is said in *Gloss. L. i. ff. quod met. caus. gaudent brevitare moderni.* My Practice is therein the same with that of your other Worships and as the Custom of the Judicatory requires, unto which our Law commandeth us to have regard, and by the Rule thereof still to direct and regulate our Actions and Procedures: *un. not. extra. de consuet. C. ex literis, Et ibi Innoc.* for having well and exactly seen, surveyed, overlooked, reviewed, recognised, read, and read over again, turned and tossed over, seriously perused and examined the Bills of Complaint, Accusations, Impeachments, Indictments, Warnings, Citations, Summonings, Comparitions, Appearances, Mandates, Commissions, Delegations, Instructions, Informations, Inquests, Preparatories, Productions, Evidences, Proofs, Allegations, Depositions, cross Speeches, Contradictions, Supplications, Requests, Petitions, Enquiries, Instruments of the Deposition of

President, in as much as the Fines (*amendes*) to be levy'd on the Effects of those condemned by Arrêt are by him adjudged one third Part to the public Treasure, another to the Poor, and the other Third to the Prosecutor.

Witnesses,

Witnesses, Rejoinders, Replies, Confirmations of former Assertions, Duplies, Triplies, Answers to Rejoinders, Writings, Deeds, Reproaches, disabling of Exceptions taken, Grievances, Salvation-Bills, Re-examination of Witnesses, Confronting of them together, Declarations, Denunciations, Libels, Certificates, Royal Missives, Letters of Appeal, Letters of Attorney, Instruments of Compulsion, Delinatories, Anticipatories, Evocations, Messages, Dimissions, Issues, Exceptions, dilatory Pleas, Demurs, Compositions, Injunctions, Reliefs, Reports, Returns, Confessions, Acknowledgments, Exploits, Executions, and other such-like Contexts and Spiceries, both at the one and the other Side; as a good Judge ought to do, conform to what has been noted thereupon. *Spec. de ordination. Paragr. 3. & Tit. de Off. omni. jud. Paragr. fin. & de rescriptis Præsent. Parag. 1.* I posite on the End of a Table, in my Closet, all the Poaks and Bags of the *Defendant*, and then allow unto him the first Hazard of the *Dice*; according to the usual Manner of your other Worships. And it is mentioned, *L. Favorabiliores ff. de Reg. Jur. & in cap. cum sunt eod. Tit. Lib. 6.* which saith, *Quum sunt partium Jura obscura, res potius favendum est quam actori.* That being done, I thereafter lay down upon the other End of the same Table, the Bags and Sachels of the *Plaintiff*, (as your Worships are accustomed to do) (4) *Visum Visu*, just over-against one another; for, *Opposita juxta se posita clarius elucescunt: ut not. in L. 1. Parag. Videamus. F. de his qui sunt sui vel alieni juris & in L. Munerum. § Mixta F. de muner, & honor.* Then do I likeways and seemably throw the *Dice* for him, and forthwith *livre* him his chance. But, quoth *Trinquamelle*, my Friend, how came you to know, understand, and resolve the Obscurity of these various and seeming contrary Passages in Law, which are laid claim to by the Suitors, and pleading Parties? Even just, quoth *Bridlegoose*, after the fashion of (5) your

(4) *Visum Visu.*] Thence the French Preposition *Vis-a-vis* I suppose. Over-against.

(5) *Your other Worships.*] *Vous autres Messieurs*; a Gallicism. It only means in English *Your Worships*. This Pronoun *autres* sounds oddly

your other Worships: To wit, when there are many Bags on the one Side, and on the other, I then use my little small *Dice* (after the customary Manner of your other Worships) in obedience to the Law, *Semper in stipulationibus F. de Regulis Juris*, and the Law *versale* (6) verifieth that, *Eod. tit. semper in obscuris quod minimum est sequimur*: Canonized in *C. in obscuris. eod. Tit. Lib. 6.* I have other large great *Dice*, fair and goodly ones, which I employ on the Fashion that your other Worships use to do, when the Matter is more plain, clear, and liquid: that is to say, when there are fewer Bags. But when you have done all these fine Things, quoth *Trinquamelle*, how do you my Friend, award your Decrees, and pronounce Judgment? Even as your other Worships, answered *Bridlegoose*, for I give out Sentence in his Favour, unto whom hath befallen the best (7) *Chance* by *Dice*: Judiciary, Tribunian, Pretorial, what comes first: So our Laws command. *F. qui pot. in Pign. L. Creditor C. de Consul. 1. Et de Regul. Juris in 6. (8) Qui prior est jure.*

oddly in *English*, but it is a beautiful Redundancy in *French* and in other Languages too; Thus, I remember, the Answer sent back by the *Spanish* Governor at Port St. Mary's to the late D. of Ormond's Summons to submit to Cha. III^d. was, *Nos otros Espanoles no mudamos el Rey. We (other) Spaniards don't use to change our Kings.*

(6) *Verifieth.*] Verifieth *Rabelais* says, for that Law is a perfect Pentameter *Semper in obscuris quod minimum est sequimur. Versale* means Royal, and sometimes Text Hand, *Cotgr.*

(7) *Chance by Dice, &c.*] Judiciary, Tribunian, Pretorial are Three Synonymous Expressions. Chance Judiciary, *alea judiciorum*, shews the uncertainty of Judgments. This very Chance is called *Tribunian* from the famous Jurisconsult who by Order of *Justinian* compil'd a Body of the *Roman* Law. *Rabelais* in imitation of the *Civilians* who preceded *Budæus* and *Alciatus*, writes *Tribunian* here, and elsewhere. *Suidas* writes *Τριβυνιανός* and *Τριβωνιανός*.

(8) *Qui prior est Jure.*] This is but half the Rule, and that unintelligibly quoted. The Rule in Law as *Rabelais* quotes it is, *Qui prior est tempore, potior est jure.*

C H A P. XL.

How Bridlegoose giveth Reasons, why he looked over those Law-Papers which he decided by the Chance of the Dice.

Y E A, but, quoth *Trinquamellé*, my Friend, seeing it is by the Lot, Chance, and Throw of the *Dice* that you award your Judgments and Sentence, why do not you livre up these fair Throws and Chances the very same Day and Hour, without any further Procrastination or Delay, that the controverting Party-pleaders appear before you? To what Use can those Writings serve you, those Papers, and other Procedures contained in the Bags and Poaks of the Law-Suitors? To the very same Use, quoth *Bridlegoose*, that they serve your other Worships. They are behooful unto me, and serve my Turn in Three Things very exquisite, requisite, and authentical. First, For *Formality* sake, the Omission whereof, that it maketh all whatever is done, to be of no Force nor Value, is excellently well proved, by *Spec. 1. tit. de instr. edit. & tit. de rescript. præsent.* Besides, that it is not unknown to you, who have had many more Experiments thereof than I, how oftentimes in Judicial Proceedings, the *Formalities* utterly destroy the *Materialities* and Substances of the Causes and Matters agitated; for *Forma, mutatur substantia.* *F. ad exhib. L. Julianus F. ad Leg. Fals. l. si is qui Quandraginta. Et extra. de decim. C. ad audientiam. Et de Cel. Miss. C. in quadam.*

Secondly, They are useful and steadable to me, (even as unto your other Worships) in lieu of some other honest and healthful Exercise. The late Master *Othoman Vadat* (1), a prime Physician, as you would say, *Cod.*

de

(1) *Othoman Vadat, a prime Physician.*] His Name in *Rabelais* is *Vadere*. First Physician, i. e. one of those Physicians (in Point of Rank) of whom the *Code* speaks l. xii. t. xiii. *de Comiti-
bus & Archiatris Sacri Palatii.* *Michael Karaize*, first Physician

de Comit. & Archi. Lib. xii. hath frequently told me, That the Lack and Default of Bodily Exercise, is the chief, if not the sole and only Cause of the little Health, and short Lives of all Officers of Justice, such as your Worships and I am. Which Observation was singularly well, before him, noted and remarked by *Bartholus in Lib. 1. C. de Sent. quæ pro eo quod*: therefore is it, that the Practice of such like Exercitations is appointed to be laid hold on by your other Worships, and consequently not to be denied unto me, who am of the same Profession: *Quia accessorium naturam sequitur principalis, de Regul. Jur. L. 6. & L. cum principalis, & L. nihil dolo. F. eod. tit. ff. de fide juss. L. fide juss. & extra. de Officio. del. Cap. i.* Let certain honest, and recreative Sports and Plays of Corporeal Exercises be allowed and approved of; and so (2) far, *Ut omnes obed. in princ. Coll. 7. & F. de præscript. verò. L. si. gratuitam & L. 1. Cod. de Spect. L. 11.* Such also is the Opinion of *D. Thom. in Secunda, Secundæ 2. 168.* Quoted to very good Purpose, by *D. Albert de Rosa*, who, *Fuit Magnus Practicus*, and a solemn Doctor, as *Barbaria (3)* attesteth in *Principiis Consil.* Wherefore the Reason is evidently and clearly deduced, and set down before us, in *Gloss. in præmio F. ne autem tertii. Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.* In very deed, once, in the Year a Thousand four Hundred Fourscore and nine, having a Business concerning the Portion and Inheritance of a younger Brother, depending in the Court and Chamber of the High Treasurers of *France*, whereinto as soon as ever I got Leave to enter by a Pecuniary Permission of the Usher thereof, as your other Worships know very well, that (4) *Pecunia obediunt omnia*; and there says, *Baldus*, in *L. Sin-* to the Duke of *Alençon* in 1574. was in all likelihood the Son of this *Otoman*. See the Duke de *Newer's* Memoirs: *Ambrose Paré (Paræus, alias Cheek)* Introd. to *Chirurgery*, and *Simon Golar's* admirable and memorable History.

(2) *And so far.*] Instead of these Words, read *ff. d allus. & a leat. l. solent. & authent. Ut omnes, &c.*

(3) *Barbaria.*] It should be *Barbatias*. Almost all these Citations being wrong, I have alter'd them.

(4) *Pecunia, &c.*] It should be *Pecuniæ*. Sir *T. U.* makes old *Bridlegoose* speak worse *Latin* quite throughout than *Rabelais* has done.

gularia.

gularia. F. si cert. pet. & Salic. in L. receptitia. Cod. de constit. pecuni. & card. in Clem. 1. de Baptism: I found them all recreating and diverting themselves at the Play called Musse, either before or after Dinner; to me, truly, it is a Thing altogether indifferent, whether of the two it was, provided that Hic not. that the Game of the Musse is honest, healthful, ancient, and lawful, A Muscho inventore, de quo Cod. de petit. hæred L. si post motam (5): & Muscarii, Such as play and sport it at the Musse, are excusable in and by Law, Lib. 1. C. de excus. artific. lib. x. And at the very same Time was Master Tielman Picquet (6), one of the Players of that Game of Musse: there is nothing that I do better remember; for he laughed heartily, when his Fellow-Members of the aforesaid Judicial Chamber, spoiled their Caps in swindging of his Shoulders; he, nevertheless, did even then say unto them, that the banging and flapping of him to the Waste, and Havock of their Caps, should not at their Return from the Palace to their own Houses, excuse them from their Wives: Per c. extra de præsum. & ibi gloss. Now resoltoriè loquendo, I should say, according to the Style and Phrase of your other Worships, that there is no Exercise, Sport, Game, Play, nor Recreation in all this Palatine, Palacial, or Parliamentary World, more aromatizing (7) and fragrant, than to empty and void Bags and Purfes: turn over Papers and Writings: quote Margins and Backs of Scrolls and Rolls; fill Panniers, and take Inspection of Causes: Ex Bart. & Joan. de prag. in L. falsa de condit. & Demost. F.

Thirdly, I consider as your own Worships use to do, that Time repineth and bringeth all Things to Maturity, that by Time every Thing cometh to be made manifest and patent, and that Time is the Father of Truth and Virtue. Gloss. in l. cod. de Servit. authent. de ressit. &

(5) *Motam.*] *Mortem.*

(6) *Tielman Picquet.*] A Family of *Montpellier*, of which in 1490, was *Honorius Picquet*, one of the Four Physic-Professors then established by *Charles VIII.* in the University of *Montpellier*. See *Job. Stepb. Strobelberger, Hist. Monspel.*

(7) *Aromatizing.*] These dustry Papers in the End being good *Spices (Fees)* to those who turn them over.

ea quæ pa. & spectat. de requis. conf. Therefore is it, that after the Manner and Fashion of your other Worships, I defer, protract, delay, prolong, intermit, surcease, pause, linger, suspend, prorogate, drive out, wire-draw, and shift off the *Time* of giving a Definitive Sentence to the End that the Suit or Procel, being well vanned and winnowed, tost and canvassed to and fro ; narrowly, precisely, and nearly garbelled, sifted, searched and examined : and on all Hands exactly argued, disputed and debated, may, by Success of *Time* come at last to it's full Ripeness and Maturity : by Means whereof, when the fatal Hazard of the *Dice* ensueth thereupon, the Parties cast or condemned by the said *Aleatory Chance*, will with much greater Patience, and more mildly and gently endure, and bear up the disastrous Load of their Misfortune, than if they had been sentenced at their first arrival unto the Court : as *Not. gl. F. de excus. tut. L. tria onera.*

Portatur leuiter quod portat quisque libenter.

On the other Part, to pass a Decree or Sentence, when the Action is raw, crude, green, unripe, and unprepared, as at the Beginning, a Danger would ensue of a no less Inconueniency, than that which the Physicians have been wont to say, befalleth to him in whom an *Impostume* is pierced before it be ripe ; or unto any other whose Body is purged of a strong predominating Humour, before it's Digestion : for as it is written, *In Authent. hæc consist. in Innoc. de consist. princip.* So is the same repeated, *In gloss. in C. cæterum extr. de juram. calum. quod medicamenta morbis exhibent, hoc jura negotiis.* Nature furthermore admonisheth and teacheth us, to gather and reap, eat and feed on Fruits when they are ripe, and not before. *Instit. de rer. di. paragr. is ad quem & F. de action. empt. L. Julianus.* To marry likewise our Daughters when they are ripe, and no sooner, *F. de donation. inter vir. & uxor. L. cum hic status paragr. si quis sponsam & 27. q. C. sicut dicit. gl.*

*Jam matura thoro plenis adoleuerat annis
Virginitas.*

And

And in a Word, she instructeth us to do nothing of any considerable Importance, but in a full Maturity and Ripeness 23. q. 2. paragr. ult. & 23. de. C. ultimo.

CHAP. XLI.

How Bridlegoose relateth the History of the Reconcilers of Parties at variance in Matters of Law.

I Remember to the same Purpose, quoth *Bridlegoose*, in continuing his Discourse, that in the Time when at *Poitiers* I was a Student of Law under *Crocadium* (1) *Juris*, there was at *Semerus* one *Peter* (2) *Dendin*, a very honest Man, careful Labourer of the Ground, fine Singer in a Church Desk, of good Repute and Credit, and older than the most aged of all your Worships; who was wont to say, that he had seen the great Good Man the *Council of Lateran*, with his wide and broad Brimmed

(1) *Crocadium Juris*.] Read *Brocardium Juris*. In the Reign of *Louis XII.* *John Petit*, Bookseller of *Paris*, printed in 16mo in *Gothic* Characters, a small Volume intituled: *Brocardia Juris*. This Book, whose very Title *Bridlegoose* corrupts, the good Man makes to be the Name of the Professor under whom he study'd Law at *Poitiers*. And if we were to believe *Perrin Dandin*, another ingenious and learned Man, co-temporary with *Bridlegoose*, the *Council of Lateran* and the *Pragmatic Sanction*, were likewise two Persons he had seen in his Youthful Days. So that if we may give Credit to *Rabelais*, before the Restoration of Learning, the *French* Lawyers were in Point of Knowledge, much upon a Level with a certain *Venetian* Potestat (Chief Magistrate) of whom *Poggio* relates, that a Priest who was pleading before that Judge, having alledged the Authority of a certain *Clementine*, and I know not what *Novella*; the Potestat who took that Papal Constitution and that Imperial Law for two Young Wenches of the Priest's Acquaintance, reproved him severely for daring to produce in so grave a Court, the Evidence of five of his Concubines.

(2) *Peter Dendin*.] *Rabelais* here lashes a certain Judge sitting upon a Stone (*Pierre*) instead of a Bench, and dangling his Legs just as the

Brimmed red Hat: as also, that he had beheld and looked upon the fair goodly and gracious Lady *Pragmatical* (3) *Sanction*, his Wife, with her huge Rosary or paternotrian Chapelet of Jeat-beads, hanging at a large Sky-coloured Ribbond. This honest Man compounded, attoned and agreed more Differences, Controversies and Variances at Law than had been determined, voided and finished during his Time in the whole Palace of *Poitiers*, in the Auditory of *Montmorillon* (4), and in the Town-house of the old *Partenay*. This amicable Disposition of his rendered him Venerable, and of great Estimation, Sway, Power and Authority throughout all the neighbouring Places of *Chauvinie*, *Nouaille*, *Legugé*, *Vivonne*, *Mezeaux*, *Etables*, and other bordering and circumjacent Towns, Villages and Hamlets: all their Debates were pacified by him; he put an End to their brabbling Suits at Law, and wrangling Differences. By his Advice and Counsels were Accords and Reconcilements no less firmly made, than if the Verdict of a Sovereign Judge had been interposed therein, although, in very deed, he was no Judge at all, but a right honest Man, as you may well conceive. *Arg. in L. si Unius F. de Jure jur. & de verbis obligator. l. continuus.*

There was not a Hog killed within three Parishes of him, whereof he had not some Part of the Haslet and Puddings. He was almost every Day invited either to a Marriage, Banquet, Christning-Feast, an Uprising, or Women Churching Treatment, a Birth-day's Anniversary Solemnity, a merry Frolic Gossiping, or otherways to some delicious Entertainment in a Tavern, to make some Accord and Agreement between Persons at

the Sound of the Bells seemed to go, *din, dan, din*. On one of these Seats, without any Foot-stool, still to be seen at *Metz* in the Place d' Armes, the High Sheriff formerly gave Audience like *Dandin*.

(3) *Good and gracious Lady Pragmatical Sanction.*] She very well deserves these Epithets, being the best Bulwark that could ever be raised to oppose the Encroachment which the Court of Rome was continually making upon the Liberties of the Gallican Church. See *Mezeray* on the Year 1439.

(4) *Montmorillon.*] A small Town on the Frontiers of *Poitou* and the *Limosin*, where *Francis I.* afterwards established a Prosidial. See *Beza's Eccl. Hist.*

odds, and in Debate with one another. Remark what I say; for he never yet settled and compounded a Difference betwixt any two at Variance, but he strait made the Parties agreed and pacified, to drink together, as a sure and infallible Token and Symbol of a perfect and compleatly-well-cemented Reconciliation, Sign of a sound and sincere Amity and proper Mark of a new Joy and Gladness to follow thereupon. *Ut Not. per Doct. F. de Peric. & com. rei. ven. L. i.* He had a Son whose Name was *Tenot Dandin*, a lusty young sturdy frisking Royster, so help me God, who likewise (in Imitation of his Peace-making Father) would have undertaken and medled with the taking up of Variances, and deciding Controversies betwixt disagreeing and contentious Parties, Pleaders as you know,

*Sæpe solet similis filius esse patri;
Et sequitur levitèr filia matris iter.*

Ut ait gloss. vi. quæst. I. C. si quis g. de cons. dist. v. C. 2. fin. & est not. per doct. cod. de impub. & aliis sub. sit. L. ult. & L. Legitimæ. F. de stat. hom. gloss. in L. quod si nolit. de edil. edict. l. quisquis C. ad leg. Jul. Majest. excipio filios à Moniali susceptos ex Monacho. per gloss. in C. impudicas 27 quæstione. And such was his Confidence to have no worse Success than his Father, he assumed unto himself the Title of *Law-strife-settler*. He was likewise in these pacificatory Negotiations so active and vigilant; for *Vigilantibus Jura subveniunt, ex L. pupillus F. quæ in fraud. cred. & ibid L. non enim & instit. in proem.* That when he had smelt, heard and understood; *ut F. si quando paup. fec. L. Agaso gloss. in verbo (5) olfecit, id est, nasum ad culum posuit.* and found, That there was any where in the Country a debatable Matter at Law, he would incontinently thrust in his Advice, and so forwardly intrude his Opinion in the Business, that he made no Bones of making Offer, and taking upon him to decide it, how difficult soever it

(5) *Olfecit, &c.*] This Law speaks of such Creatures as by smelling at the Vent of their Females, judge whether they want to be *Serv'd* or no.

might

Chap. XLI. WORKS.

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might happen to be, to the full Contentment and Satisfaction of both Parties: it is written, *Qui non laborat* (6) *non manducat*. And the said *Gl. F. de damn. infect.* *L. quamvis*: And *Currere* (7) plus que la pas *vetulam compellit egestas*. *Gloss. F. de lib. agnosco. L. si quis pro qua facit. L. si. plures C. de Codd. incert.* But so huge great was his Misfortune in this his Undertaking, that he never composed any Difference, how little soever you may imagine it might have been, but that instead of reconciling the Parties at odds, he did incense, irritate and exasperate them to a higher Point of Dissention and Enmity than ever they were at before. Your Worships know, I doubt not, that,

Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.

Gl. F. de alien. in mun. caus. fa. lib. ii. This administered unto the Tavern-keepers, Wine-drawers and Vintners of *Semerua* an Occasion to say, that under him they had not in the Space of a whole Year so much *Reconciliation-Wine* (for so were they pleased to call the good Wine of *Legugé*) as under his Father they had done in one half Hours time. It happened a little while there-

(6) *Non manducat.*] *Rabelais* has it, *Qui non laborat, non manducat*. That is, in *Languedocian* jargon, *He who works not, does not feel (handle) the Ducats*: i. e. *does not grow rich; get nothing.* *Rabelais*, who lov'd Allusions, here makes one, from the *Languedocian Manige Ducat* to the *Latin Manducat*. Thus instead of *Qui non laborat, non Manducat*, he has said, with as good Sense tho' in two Languages, *Qui non laborat, non Manige Ducat*. The *Languedocian Maniger* from *Manier*, comes from the *Italian Maneggiare*; and from *Maniger*, tho' obsolete, comes the Word *Manigance*, *Covert-dealing, Private shuffling, Secret practising, Closeting, packing, &c.* alluding to *Handling, Fingering, Feeling*: but enough of this, tho' not too much for those who are possessors of *Rabelais* in *French*, and are willing to understand what he means by his odd and seemingly unaccountable Language.

(7) *Currere* plus que la pas *vetulam compellit egestas.*] Thus both *Sir T. U.* and *M . . . x* have it. When I have altered *la* to *le*, I know not well what *plus que le pas* means, unless it is *pacing* (or else trotting.) Then the whole Sentence will bear this Translation, which, by the bye, is not translated at all, either by *Sir T. U.* or *Mr. M---x*. *Need makes the Old Wife gallop, instead of trotting or pacing. (Plus que le pas.)* It is an Hexameter, half *French*, half *Latin*.

after, that he made a most heavy Lamentation to his Father, attributing the Causes of his bad Success in pacificatory Enterprizes to the Perversity, Stubbornness, froward, cross and backward Inclinations of the People of his Time, roundly, boldly and irreverently upbraiding, that if but a Score of Years before the World had been so wayward, obstinate, pervicacious, implacable, and out of all Square, Frame and Order as it was then, his Father had never attained to, and acquired the Honour and Title of *Strife-appeaser*, so irrefragably, inviolably, and irrevocably as he hath done; in doing whereof *Tenot* did heinously transgress against the Law which prohibited Children to reproach the Actions of their Parents, *Per gl. & Barth. L. iii. paragr. si quis F. de cond. ob caus. & authent. de Nupt. sed quod sancitum Col. iv.* To this the honest old Father answered thus: My Son *Dandin*, when *Don Oportet* (8) taketh Place, this is the Course which we must trace. *Gl. C. de Appel. L. eos etiam*: for the Road that you went upon was not the Way to the Fuller's Mill, nor in any Part thereof was the Form to be found wherein the Hare did fit. Thou hast not the Skill and Dexterity of settling and composing Differences. Why? Because thou takest them at the Beginning, in the very Infancy and Bud as it were, when they are green, raw, and indigestible; yet I know handsomly and featly how to compose and settle them all. Why? Because I take them at their Decadence, in their Waining, and when they are pretty well digested. So saith *Gloss*.

Dulcior est fructus post multa pericula ductus.

L. non moriturus C. de contrahend. & comit. stip. Didst thou ever hear the vulgar Proverb, *Happy is the Physician whose coming is desired at the Declension of a Disease?* For the Sickness being come to a Crisis, is then upon the decreasing Hand, and drawing towards an End, although the Physician should not repair thither

(8) *When Don oportet, &c.] A Rhiming Law-Proverb,
Quand Oportet vient en Place :
Il convient qu'ainsi se face,*

for the Cure thereof; whereby though Nature wholly do the Work, he bears away the Palm and Praise thereof. My Pleaders (Clients) after the same Manner thereof, before I did interpose my Judgment in the reconciling of them, were waxing faint in their Contestations; their Altercation Heat was much abated, and in declining from their former Strife, they of themselves inclined to a firm Accommodation of their Differences; because there wanted Fuel to that Fire of burning, Rancour and despicable Wrangling, whereof the lower Sort of Lawyers were the Kindlers: that is to say, their Purfes were emptied of Coin, they had not a Win in their Fab, nor Penny in their Bag, wherewith to solicit and present their Actions.

Deficienti pecu, deficit omne nia.

There wanted then nothing but some Brother to supply the Place of a Paranymp, Brawl-broker, Proxenetes, or Mediator, who acting his Part dextrously, should be the first Broacher of the Motion of an Agreement, for saving both the one and the other Party from that hurtful and pernicious Shame, whereof he could not have avoided the Imputation, when it should have been said, that he was the first who yielded and spoke of a Reconcilement; and that therefore his Cause not being good, and being sensible where his Shoe did pinch him, was willing to break the Ice, and make the greater haste to prepare the Way for a Condescendment to an amicable and friendly Treaty. Then was it that I came in Pudding-time, (*Dandin* my Son, nor is the Fat of Bacon more relishing to boiled Pease, than was my Verdict then agreeable to them: this was my Luck, my Profit and good Fortune. I tell thee, my jolly Son *Dandin*, that by this Rule and Method I could settle a firm Peace, or at least clap up a Cessation of Arms and Truce for many Years to come betwixt the Great (9) King and the Venetian State; the Emperor, and the

D 3

Cantons

(9) *The Great King and the Venetians.*] *Louis XII.* when he took from the *Venetians* almost all their *Terra Firma*. It is related of Innocent

Cantons of Swisserland, the *English* and the *Scots*; and betwixt the *Pope* and the *Ferrarians*. Shall I go yet further: Yea, as I would have God to help me, betwixt the *Turk* and the *Sophy*, the *Tartars* and the *Muscovites*. Remark well what I am to say unto thee, I would take them at that very instant nick of Time, when both those of the one and the other Side should be weary and tired of making War, when they had voided and emptied their own *Cashes* and *Coffers* of all *Treasure* and *Coin*, drained and exhausted the *Purses* and *Bags* of their *Subjects*, sold and mortgaged their *Domains* and proper *Inheritances*, and totally wasted, spent and consumed the *Munition*, *Furniture*, *Provision* and *Victuals* that were necessary for the Continuance of a military Expedition. There I am sure, by God, or by his Mother, that (10) would they, would they, in Spite of all their *Teeths*, they should be forced to take a little *Respite* and *Breathing-time*, to moderate the *Fury* and *cruel Rage* of their ambitious *Aims*. This is the Doctrine in *Gl. 37. d. c. si quando*.

Odero, si potero; si non, invitus amabo.

novent X. that one Day as he was looking down from his Window to see two Fellows fighting, Cardinal *Pancirola* asked his Holiness if he would not please to have some body go and part them: *No, no*, said the *Pope*, let them alone. Soon after, these two Combatants gave over, shook Hands and went and drank together. Then said his Holiness to the Cardinal; *Cosi fararo gli Spagnoli e Francesi dopo che faranno stracchi di batterfi, do per loro s'accorderanno senza che aclump impieghi la sua opera.*---Just so will it be with the *Spaniards* and *French*: when they are weary of fighting, they will agree of themselves, without any Body's needing to interpose their Mediation. See Tom. II. of the *Miscellanies* published by *Don Bonaventure d'Argonne*. Prior of the *Chartreuse de Gaillon* under the Name of *Vigneul Marville*. Here and before, the King of *France* is styled the *Great King*, after the Example of the *Asiatick Greeks*, who, by way of Excellence, used to call the King of *Persia* the *Great King*.

(10) *Wou'd they, wou'd they.*] I suppose it shou'd be, *wou'd they, wou'd they not*. As *M. M...* did not think fit to alter Sir *T. U's* Translation, so neither have I every where, tho' in many Places I have.

CHAP. XLII.

How Suits of Law are bred at first, and how they come afterwards to their perfect Growth.

FOR this Cause, quoth *Bridlegoose*, going on in his Discourse, I temporise and apply myself to the Times, as your other Worships use to do, waiting patiently for the Maturity of the Process, full Growth and Perfection thereof in all it's Members; to wit, the Writings and Bags. *Arg. in L. si Major. C. commun. divid. & de conf. de i. c. solemnitates, & ibi gloss.* A Suit in Law at it's Production, Birth and first Beginning, seemeth to me as unto your other Worships, shapeless, without Form or Fashion, incompleat, ugly and imperfect, even as a *Bear* (1), at his first coming into the World, hath neither Hands, Skin, Hair nor Head, but is merely an inform, rude and ill-favoured Piece and Lump of Flesh; and would remain still so, if his Dam out of the Abundance of her Affection to her hopeful Cub, did not with much liking put his Members into that Figure and Shape which Nature had provided for those of an *Arctic* and *Ursinal* kind. *Ut Not. Doct. F. ad L. Aquil. ii. in l. ii. fin.* Just so when I see, as your other Worships do, Processes and Suits in Law at their first bringing forth, to be (2) numberless, without Shape, deformed and disfigured; for that then they consist only of one or two Writings,

(1) *A Bear*——— *bath neither Hands, &c.*] *Rabelais's* Words are, hath neither Feet, Hands, &c. *n'ba pieds, ne mains, peau, poil, ne teste.* Sir T. U. has left out *Feet*, and so he might all the rest, for 'tis all a *Fib.* *Aristotle* and *Pliny* after him (*lib. viii. cap. xxxvi.*) are the Persons that tell us this fine Story. *Une Main*, by the Way, signifies in *French* and *Spanish* not only a human *Hand*, but the *Fore-foot* of a *Quadruped* likewise; Sir T. U's Translation has, instead of *Bear*, *Bare*: a Fault of Mr. *Typographe's*, as there are Hundreds besides which I have altered.

(2) *Numberless, &c.*] This *Numberless* murders the whole Thought, being the very reverse of it. It should be *Shapeless, In-formes*, not a Word of *Numberless*.

or Copies of Instruments, through which Defect they appear unto me as to your other Worshipps, foul (3), loathsome, filthy and mis-shapen Beasts. But when there are Heaps of these Legiformal Papers packed, piled, laid up together, impoaked, infatcheled, and put up in Bags, then is it that with a good Reason we may term that Suit, to which, as Pieces, Parcels, Parts, Portions and Members thereof, they do pertain and belong, well-formed and fashioned, big-limmed, strong set, and in all and each of it's Dimensions most compleatly membred: Because (4) *forma dat. esse: rei. L. si is qui F. ad leg. falcid. in C. cum delicta de rescript. Barbaria* (5) *consil. Lib. ii.* And before him, *Balsus* (6) *in C. ult. extra de cons. & L. Julianus exhib. & F. ad L. quæsitum F. de lege. 3.* The Manner is such as is set down in *gloss. p. quæst. i. C. Paulus.*

Debile principium melior fortuna sequitur.

Like your other Worshipps, also the Sergeants, Catchpoles, Pursevants, Messengers, Summoners, Apparitors, Ushers, Door-keepers, Pettifoggers, Attorneys, Proctors, Commissioners, Justices of the Peace, Judge Delegates, Arbitrators, Overseers, Sequestrators, Advocates, Inquisitors, Jurors, Searchers, Examiners, Notaries, Tabellions, Scribes, Scriveners, Clerks, Pregnotaries, Secondaries, and *Expedanean* (7) Judges, *de quibus tit.*

(3) *Foul*———*Beast.*] According to the Proverb.

*C'est une laide Bête.
Qui n'a queue ni teste.*

That's an ugly Beast indeed
Which has neither Tail nor Head.

(4) *Forma dat. esse: rei.*] Rabelais does not abbreviate the Words, for indeed, how could he? He wrote it, *Forma dat Esse rei*, and so should have done Sir T. U. and Mr. M——x.

(5) *Barbaria.*] Read *Barbatias*.

(6) *Balsus.*] Read *Baldus*.

(7) *Expedanean Judges.*] It is in Rabelais, *Judges pedanées*, i. e. Country Judges, Judges of Villages, Inferior Judges. I never heard

est L. 3. C. by sucking very much, and that exceeding forcibly and licking at the Purfes of the pleading Parties, they, to the Suits already begot and engendered, form, fashion and frame Head, Feet, Claws (8), Talons, Beaks, Bills, Teeth, Hands, Veins, Sinews, Arteries, Muscles, Humours, and so forth, through all the similiary and dissimiliary Parts of the Whole ; which Parts, Particles, Pendicles and Appurtenances, are the Law-poaks and Bags, *Gloss. de Conf. d. 3. C. accipisti.*

Qualis vestis erit, talia corda gerit.

Hic notandum est. That in this respect the Pleaders, Litigants and Law-Suiters are happier than the Officers, Ministers and Administrators of Justice : For *beatus* (9) *est dare quam accipere.* F. Com. L. 3. *extra de celeb. Miss. cum Marthæ* & 24. *Quest. 1 Cap. Od. Gloss.*

Affectum dantis pensat censura tonantis.

Thus becometh the Action or Process, by their Care and Industry, to be of a compleat and goodly Bulk, well shaped, framed, formed, and fashioned according to the *Canonical Gloss.*

Accipe, sume, cape, sunt verba placentia Papæ.

heard of *Expedanean Judges.* These *Pedanean Judges* (or rather *Pedarian.* See *Camb. Dict.*) were so called because they went not in their Chariots to Courts, but trudged it on foot, *pedibus.*

(8) *Claws, Talons, Beak, Teeth.*] *Marot*, in that Place of his Hell where the Poet is setting forth his Law-suits under the Representation of so many Serpents.

*Celuy, qui siffle, & ba les dents si drües,
Mordra quelc'un qui en courra les rües.*

That hissing Serpent there with thick-set Teeth,
Will bite one into *Madness* (if not *Death*).

(9) *Beatus.*] These Typographs make our Saviour speak as bad *Latin* as the Lawyer. *Beatus* should be *Beatius* as *Rabelais* has it: *Beatus est dare quam accipere.* *Acts* xx. 35. It is a Saying of our Saviour's (on what occasion is not known) quoted by *St Paul*, though none of the Evangelists mention it. Our Saviour, who was and is God, tells us, *It is more Godlike to give than to receive.* I am sure it is more delightful,

Which Speech hath been more clearly explained by
Alb. de Ros. in verbo Roma.

Roma manus rodit ; quas rodere non valet, odit.

Dantes custodit ; non dantes spernit, & odit.

The Reason whereof is thought to be this :

Ad presens ova, cras pullis sunt meliora.

Ut est Gl. in L. quum. H. F. de Transact. Non is this all, for the Inconvenience of the contrary is set down in
Gloss. C. de Allu. L. Fin.

Quum labor in damno est, crescit mortalis egestas.

In confirmation whereof we find, that the true Etymology and Exposition of the Word *Process* is *Purchase*, viz. of good Store of Money to the Lawyers, and of many Poaks, *id est*, *Prou-Sacks*, to the Pleaders, upon which Subject we have most Cœlestial Quips, Gybes, and, Girds.

(10) *Litiganda jura crescunt, litigando jus acquiritur.*

Item Gl. in Cap. illud extrem. de præsumpt. & C. de prob. L. instrum. L. non Epistolis L. non nudis.

Et si non prosunt singula, multa juvant.

Yea, but (asked *Trinquamelle*) how do you proceed, (my Friend) in Criminal Causes, the culpable and guilty Party being taken and seized upon, *Flagrante Crimine*? Even as your other Worships use to do (answered *Bridlegoose* :) *First*, I permit the Plaintiff to depart from the Court, enjoying him not to presume to return thither, till previously he should have taken a good sound and profound Sleep which is to serve for the prime Entry and Introduction to the legal carrying on of the Business. In the next place, a formal Report is to be made to me of his having slept. *Thirdly*, I issue forth a Warrant to convent him before me. *Fourthly*, He is to produce a sufficient and authentic Attestation, of his having

(10) *Litigando, &c.* This being no Verse, *Rabelais*, as correct an Author as *M. du Chât* is an Annotator, does not make a separate Line of it.

thoroughly

thoroughly and entirely slept, conform to the *Gloss*.
 37. *Quest. 7. Siquis cum.*

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

Being thus far advanced in the Formality of the Process, I find that this Consoiating Act engendereth another Act, whence ariseth the articulating of a Member; that again produceth a Third Act, fashionative of another Member; which Third bringing forth a Fourth, Procreative of another Act: New Members in a fewer Number are shaped and framed, one still breeding and begetting another (as Link after Link, the Coat of Mail at length is made) till thus, Piece after Piece, by little and little, like Information upon Information, the Process be compleatly well formed, and perfect in all his Members. Finally, having proceeded this Length, I have recourse to my *Dice*, nor is it to be thought, that this Interruption, Respit, or Interpellation, is by me occasioned without very good Reason inducing me thereunto, and a notable Experience of a most convincing and irrefragable Force.

I remember, on a Time, that (11) in the Camp at *Stockholm*, there was a certain *Gascon* named *Gratianauld*, Native of the Town of *Saint Sever*, who having lost all his Money at Play, and consecutively being very angry thereat, as you know, *Pecunia, est alter sanguis ut ait Anto. de Burtio, in accedens 2. extra ut lit, non contest & Bald. in L. si tuis C. de op. Lib. per not. in L. advocati. C. de advoc. div. Jud. Pecunia est vita hominis & optimus fidejussor in necessitatibus*: Did, at his coming forth of the Gaming-House, in the Presence of the whole Company that was there, with a very loud Voice, speak in his own Language

(11) In the Camp at *Stockholm*] *Christiern* the Second King of *Denmark* inherited from his Father a Sort of Right to the Crown of *Sweden*. And when he saw that in Contempt of his Claim the *Swedes* had chosen a Protector of the Kingdom, he had laid Siege to *Stockholm*, in the Year 1518, with an Army made up of Saxons, Friscons, Scotch and French. (See de Thoul. 1. in the Year 1518) This is the Siege spoken of by *Bridlegoose* who was present at it.

these

these following Words: (12) *Pap. cap. de bious nillots que maux depipes rous tresire: arefque de pergudes sont les mires bingt, & quovatre bagnelles, ta pla donne rien pies trues & Patacts, Scy de gur de bons aulx, qui boille tre-quar ambe Fou à Belsambiz.* Finding that none would make him any Answer, he passed from thence to that Part of the Leaguer, where the huff-snuff, (13) *honder sponder, swash-buckling High Germans* were, to whom he renewed these very Terms, provoking them to fight with him; but all the Return he had from them to his stout Challenge, was only, (14) *Der Gasconner thut schich, usz. mitt. cim. iedem vesclage aberer ist genegrer au stacleu darum liebem fram ve hend serg au in-vern haufraut.* Finding also, that none of that Band of Teutonic Soldiers offered himself to the Combat, he passed to that Quarter of the Leaguer where the French

(12) *Pap. cap. &c.]* Read *Pao cap de bious billots, que mau de pippe bous tresire: arefque pergudes sont les mies binge & quovatre baquettes, &c.* This Gascon Gibberish may be soon understood with the Help of Cotgrave. *Pao* is *By*, *Cap* the *Head*, *de bious* of *God*, *billots* you *Fellows*, *que mau (mal)* may the *Evil de pippe* of a *Pipe of Wine bous tresire (biver for vire)* whirl you to the *Ground, (i. e.)* may you fall down dead drunk, a *Gascon Imprecation.* *Arès que sont pergudes (perdues)* since I have lost *les mies bingt & quovatre baquettes* all my 24. Half-pence, &c. (*A great Cry and little Wool, as the Devil said when he sheard his Hogs.*) Now for *M. du Chat: Baquette à la Gasconne* for *Vachette*, or *Vakette* (a diminutive of *Vacca*, a *Cow*), a small *Coin of Bearne*, so called from it's being mark'd with the Arms of that Country, a *Cow*. The *Venetians* in all likelihood took their *Bagattino* (a very small *Coin*) from *baquette*; tho' *Robert Cenault* calls this *Venetian Coin Barquetin* in *French*, because he found it to be the *Coin* commonly paid the *Bark* for carrying People cross the *Canals at Venice*; *Barchatinus, vulgè barquetin*, says he in his *de mensur. & ponder. puto esse precium trajeetus aquæ ter barcham. Tres nostrum denarium. reddunt duodecim soldum Venerum.*

(13) *Honder-sponder.]* A coined Word, like *Lifre-lofres* elsewhere, to abuse the *Germans* as if they only spoke those Words and no other.

(14) *Der Gasconner, &c.]* In this whole *German Sentence*, there's none but the two first Words right in *Sir T. U's Edition.* Read *Der Gasconner thut sich aux mit ein jedin zu schlagen, aber er ist geneigter zu sieblen; darumb liebe frauwen habt sorg zu everm haufzracht.* The Sense of which is in *English*, 'This Gascooning Fellow here, who is quarrelling with every Body, is more likely to steal than to fight; So pray good Women, take care of your Household-Goods.'

Free-booting Adventurers were encamped, and reiterating unto them, what he had before repeated to the Dutch Warriours, challenged them likewise to fight him and therewithal made pretty little *Gasconado* frisking *Gambols*, to oblige them the more cheerfully and gallantly to cope with him in the Lists of a Duellizing Engagement; but no Answer at all was made unto him. Whereupon the *Gascon* despairing of meeting with any Antagonists, departed from thence, and laying himself down, not far from the Pavilions of the grand *Christian* Cavalier (15) *Cressie* fell fast asleep. When he had thoroughly slept an Hour or Two, another adventurous and all hazarding Blade of the Forlorn Hope of the lavishly wasting Gamsters, having also lost all his Monies, sallied forth with a Sword in his Hand, of a firm Resolution to fight with the aforesaid *Gascon*, seeing he had lost as well as he.

Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris.

Saith the *Gl. de penitent. distinct. 2. C. sunt plures*. To this Effect having made Enquiry and Search for him throughout the whole Camp, and in sequel thereof found him asleep, he said unto him, Up, ho, good Fellow, in the Name of all the Devils of Hell rise up, rise up, get up; I have lost my Money as well as thou hast done, let us therefore go fight lustily together, grapple and scuffle it to some Purpose: Thou may'st look and see my Tuck is no longer than thy Rapier. The *Gascon* altogether astonished at his unexpected Provocation, without altering his former Dialect, spoke thus: *Cap de Saint Arnault qu'au fegs tu qui me rebeillez? Que man de ta berne te gire;* (16) *San Soibe Cap de Gascoigne*
tapla

(15) *Cressie*.] Perhaps *James Turpin* 11d of that Name, Lord of *Cressé* in *Anjou*. See the Genealogies of *St. Martbe* l. xxx.

(16) *San Siobé, cap de Gascoigne*.] The *Gascon* who was of *S. Sever*, swears by the Gibberish-name of the Patron of his Town, which had been many Ages called *S. Sever cap de Gascoigne*. See *Mexeray* on the Year 992. The Inhabitants of this Town were always notorious for wrong headedness. And therefore *Rabelais* here makes *Gratianaud* take upon him the most ridiculous Quarrel that could be imagined. The Town of *S. Sever* is denominated from an Abby of *Benedictines* of the same Name, which stands in it, and it is
sur-

tapla dormy Jou, quand à quest taquain me bingut este.
 The ventrous Royster inviteth him again to the Duel;
 but the Gascon without condescending to his Desire, said
 only this: *Hepauvret jou squinerie ares que son pla re-*
posat: Vanne un panque te posar comme Jou, peussetruque-
ren. Thus in forgetting his Loss, he forgot the Eager-
 ness which he had to fight. In Conclusion, after that
 the other had likewise slept a little, they instead of
 fighting, and possibly killing one another, went jointly
 to a Sutler's Tent, where they drank together very ami-
 cably, each upon the pawn of his Sword. Thus by a
 little Sleep was pacified the ardent Fury of two warlike
 Champions. There, Gossip, comes the Golden Word
 of *John Andrew in Cap. ult. de Sent. & redudic. L.*
Sexto. SEDENDO, ET DORMIENDO FIT ANIMA
PRUDENS.

C H A P. XLIII.

*How Pantagruel excuseth Bridlegoose, in the
 Matter of Sentencing Actions at Law, by
 the Chance of the Dice.*

WITH this *Bridlegoose* held his Peace: Where-
 upon *Trinquamelle* bid them (1) withdraw from
 the Court; which accordingly was done: and then di-
 rected his Discourse to *Pantagruel*, after this Manner,
 It is fitting (most illustrious Prince) not only by Reason
 of the deep Obligations, wherein this present *Parlia-*
ment, together with the whole Marquise of *Mirlin-*
gues, stand bound to your Royal Highness, for the in-
 numerable Benefits, which as Effects of *meer Grace*,

surnamed *Cap de Gascoigne* (Head of *Gascony*) probably because there
 it was the States of the Country held their Sessions of which the Ab-
 bot *St. Sever* was Viguer. *Illud autem* (See *S. Sever*) *Caput Gasco-*
miae indigitant, says the *Gall. Christiana*, T. IV. p. 823. *Virismi-*
liter quod apud S. Severum, Curiae Gasconia procerum comita celebra-
ventur, etiam ætate Regum Angliæ, cujus indicendi conventus Abbas erat
Viguerius.

(1) Them Read Him.

they

they have received from your Incomparable Bounty ; but for that excellent Wit also, prime Judgment, and admirable Learning wherewith Almighty God, the Giver of all Good Things, hath most richly qualified and endowed you, we tender and present unto you the Decision of this new, strange, and paradoxical Case of *Bridlegoose* ; who in your Presence, to your both hearing and seeing, hath plainly confessed his final judging and determinating of Suits of Law, by the meer Chance and Fortune of the *Dice* : therefore do we beseech you, that you would be pleased to give Sentence therein, as unto you shall seem most just and equitable. To this *Pan- tagruel* answered : *Gentlemen*, It is not unknown to you, how my Condition is somewhat remote from the Profession of deciding Law Controversies ; yet seeing you are pleased to do me the Honour to put that Task upon me, instead of undergoing the Office of a *Judge*, I will become your humble *Suppliant*. I observe, *Gentlemen*, in this *Bridlegoose*, several Things, which induce me to represent before you, that it is my Opinion he should be pardoned. In the *First Place*, his *Old Age*. *Secondly*, His *Simplicity* : To both which Qualities our Statute and Common Laws, Civil and Municipal together, allow many Excuses for any Slips or Escapes, which through the invincible Imperfection of either, have been inconsiderately stumbled upon by a Person so qualified. *Thirdly, Gentlemen*, I must needs display before you another Case, which in Equity and Justice maketh much for the Advantage of *Bridlegoose* ; to wit, that this one, sole and single Fault of his, ought to be (2) quite forgotten, abolished and swallowed up, by that immense and vast Ocean of Just Awards and Sentences, which heretofore he hath given and pronounced : His Demeanours for these Forty Years and upwards, that he hath been a Judge, having been so evenly balanced in the Scales of Uprightness, that Envy itself till now,

(2) *Quite forgotten, &c.*] *Herodotus*, l. vii. tells us that *Darius*, Son of *Hystaspes*, one Day going to send to Execution one of his Officers for some Act of great Injustice, upon second Thoughts pardoned him, on account of the many Instances of Equity and Justice he was informed that Offender had given in time past when he was in Power,

could not have been so impudent as to accuse and twit him with any Act worthy of a Check or Reprehension : As if a Drop of the Sea were thrown into the *Loire*, none could perceive, or say, that by this single Drop, the whole River should be salt and brackish.

Truly, it seemeth unto me, that in the whole Series of *Bridlegoose's* Juridicial Decrees, there hath been, I know not what, of extraordinary favouring of the unspeakable Benignity of God, that all those his preceding Sentences, Awards and Judgments, have been confirmed and approved of by yourselves, in this your own Venerable and *Sovereign Court* : for it is usual (as you know well) with him whose Ways are inscrutable, to manifest his own ineffable Glory, in blunting the Perspicacy of the Eyes of the Wise, in weak'ning the Strength of potent Oppressors, in depressing the Pride of rich Extortioners, and in erecting, comforting, protecting, supporting, upholding, and shoaring up the poor, feeble, humble, silly, and foolish Ones of the Earth. But waving all these Matters, I shall only beseech you, not by the Obligations which you pretend to owe to my Family, for which I thank you ; but for that constant and unfeigned Love and Affection which you have always found in me, both on this and on the other side of *Loire*, for the Maintenance and Establishment of your Places, Offices, and Dignities, that for this one time, you would pardon and forgive him, upon these two Conditions : *First*, That he satisfy, or put a sufficient Surety for the Satisfaction of the party wronged by the Injustice of the Sentence in Question : for the Fulfilment of this Article, I will provide sufficiently. And *Secondly*, That for his subsidiary Aid in the weighty Charge of Administrating Justice, you would be pleased to appoint, and assign unto him (3) some pretty, little, virtuous Counsellor, younger, learneded, and wiser than he, by the Square and Rule

(3) *Some pretty little Counsellor.*] It shou'd be some *experienc'd* Counsellor : In *French* *Perit*, from *Peritus*. Both Sir *T. U.* and *M. M.--x*, took *Perit* for *Petit*. Thus, is *Pantagruel's* Grave Advice turn'd unto Ridicule for want of due Care in the Translators. *Pretty little Lawyer*, for *Council learned in the Law*.

of whose Advice he may regulate, guide, temper and moderate in times coming all his Judiciary Procedures, or otherways, if you intend totally to depose him from his Office, and to deprive him altogether of the State and Dignity of a Judge, I shall cordially intreat you to make a Present and free Gift of him to me, who shall find in my Kingdoms Charges and Employments enough wherewith to imbuse him, for the bettering of his own Fortunes, and furtherance of my Service. In the mean time, I implore the Creator, Saviour and Sanctifier of all good Things, in their Grace, Mercy and Kindness to preserve you all now and evermore, World without end.

These Words thus spoken, *Pantagruel* vayingling his Cap, and making a Leg with such Majestic Grace as became a Person of his paramount Degree and Eminency, farewell'd *Trinquamelle* the President, and Master Speaker of that *Mirlinguesian* Parliament, took his Leave of the whole Court, and went out of the Chamber; at the Door whereof finding *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, Friar *John*, and others, he forthwith attended by them, walked to the outer Gate, where all of them immediately took Horse to return towards *Gargantua*. *Pantagruel* by the Way related to them from point to point, the Manner of *Bridlegoose's* sententiating Differences of Law. Friar *John* said, that he had seen *Peter Dandin*, and was acquainted with him at that Time when he sojourned in the Monastery of *Fontaine le Conte*, under the Noble Abbot *Ardillon*. *Gymnast* likeways affirmed, that he was in the Tent of the Grand *Christian* Cavallier de *Cressie*, when the *Gascon*, after his Sleep, made answer to the Adventurer. *Panurge* was somewhat incredulous in the matter of believing, that it was morally possible, *Bridlegoose* should have been for such a long space of Time so continually fortunate in that (4) *Aleatory* way of deciding Law Debates. *Epistemon* said to *Pantagruel*, Such another Story, not much unlike to that, in all the Circumstances thereof, is vulgarly reported of the *Provest* of *Montlebery*. In good sooth, such a Perpetuity

(4) *Aleatory*, &c.] He had not found his Account in the *Virgilian* Lots.

of good Luck is to be wondered at. To have hit right twice or thrice in a judgment so given by Hap-hazard, might have fallen out well enough, especially in Controversies that were ambiguous, intricate, abstruse, perplexed and obscure.

C H A P. XLIV.

How Pantagruel relateth a strange History of the Perplexity of humane Judgment.

(1) **S**EEING you talk, quoth *Pantagruel*, of dark, difficult, hard and knotty Debates, I will tell you of one controverted before *Cneius* (2) *Dolabella*, Proconsul in *Asia*. The Case was this.

A Wife in *Smyrna* had of her Husband a Child named *Abece*; he dying, she after the Expiring of a Year and a Day, married again, and to her second Husband bore a Boy called (3) *Edege*.: A pretty long time thereafter it happened (as you know the Affection of Step-fathers and Step-dames is very rare, towards the Children of the first Fathers and Mothers deceased) that this Husband, with the help of his Son *Effegée*, secretly, wittingly, willingly and treacherously murdered *Abece*. The Woman came no sooner to get Information of the Fact, but that it might not go unpunished, she had them both kill'd, to revenge the Death of her first Son: She was apprehended and carried before *Cneius Dolabella*, in whose Presence, she, without dissembling any Thing, confessed all that was laid to her Charge; yet alledged that she had both Right and Reason on her side for the

(1) *Seeing you talk, quoth Pantagruel, &c.*] *M. du Chat*, says this Parenthesis is not in the Editions of 1547 and 1553. He adds that this whole Chapter is part of the foregoing, and likewise that it is *Epistemon*, who still continues to speak and not *Pantagruel*.

(2) *Dolabella, &c.*] See *Val. Max.* l. 8. c. 4. and *A. Gell.* l. 12. c. 7.

(3) *Edege.*] *Effegée.*

Killing of them. Thus was the State of the Question. He found the Business so dubious and intricate, that he knew not what to determine therein, nor which of the Parties to incline to. On the one Hand, it was an execrable Crime to cut off at once both her second Husband and her Son. On the other Hand, the Cause of the Murder seemed to be so natural, as to be grounded upon the Law of Nations, and the rational Instinct of all the People of the World; seeing they two together had feloniously and murderously destroyed her first Son. Not that they had been in any manner of way wronged, outraged or injured by him, but out of an avaricious Intent to possess his Inheritance. In this doubtful Quandary and Uncertainty what to pitch upon, he sent to the *Areopagites*, then sitting at *Athens*, to learn and to obtain their Advice and Judgment. That judicious Senate very sagely perpending the Reasons of his Perplexity, sent him word, to summon her personally to appear before him, a precise hundred Years thereafter, to answer to some Interrogatories touching certain Points, which were not contained in the Verbal Defence: Which Resolution of theirs did import, that it was in their Opinion so difficult and inextricable a Matter, that they knew not what to say or judge therein. Who had decided that Plea by the Chance and Fortune of the *Dice*, could not have erred nor awarded amiss on which side soever he had past his casting and condemnatory Sentence: If against the Woman, she deserved Punishment for usurping Sovereign Authority, by taking that Vengeance at her own Hand, the inflicting whereof was only competent to the supream Power, to administer Justice in Criminal Cases: If for her, the just Resentment of so atrocious an Injury done unto her, in murdering her innocent Son, did fully excuse and vindicate her of any Trespas or Offence about that particular committed by her. But this Continuation of *Bridlegoose* for so many Years, still hitting the Nail on the Head, never missing the Mark, and always judging aright, by the meer throwing the *Dice*, and the Chance thereof, is that which most astonisheth and amazeth me.

To answer (4), quoth *Epistemon*, categorically to that which you wonder at, I must ingenuously confess and avow that I cannot; yet conjecturally to guess at the Reason of it, I would refer the Cause of that marvelously long continued happy Success in the Judiciary Results of his Definitive Sentences to the favourable *Aspect* of the Heavens and Benignity of the *Intelligences*; who out of their Love to Goodness, after having contemplated the pure Simplicity and sincere Unfeignedness of Judge *Bridlegoose* in the Acknowledgment of his Inabilities, did regulate that for him by Chance, which by the profoundest Act of his maturest Deliberation he was not able to reach unto. That likewise which possibly made him to diffide in his own Skill and Capacity, notwithstanding his being an expert and understanding Lawyer, for any thing that I know to the contrary, was the Knowledge and Experience which he had of the Antinomies, Contrarieties, Antilogies, Contradictions, Traversings and Thwartings of Laws, Customs, Edicts, Statutes, Orders, and Ordinances, in which dangerous Opposition, Equity and Justice being structured and founded on either of the opposite Terms, and a Gap being thereby opened for the ushering in of Injustice and Iniquity, through the various Interpretations of Self-ended Lawyers, being assuredly perswaded that the Infernal Calumniator, who frequently transformeth himself into the Likeness of a Messenger or Angel of Light, maketh use of these cross Glosses and Expositions in the Mouths and Pens of his Ministers and Servants, the perverse Advocates, bribing Judges, Law-monging Attorneys, prevaricating Counsellors, and other such like Law-wrestling Members of a Court of Justice, to turn by those means Black to White, Green to Grey, and what is Streight to a Crooked Ply; for the more expedient doing whereof these *Diabolical* Ministers make both the pleading Parties believe that

(4) Quoth *Epistemon*] It is in the Original, quoth *Pantagruel*. Upon this *M du Chat* says, The new Editions, in this place, make *Epistemon* speak, which can't be, he having just been relating how perplext *Dolabella* was; it did not therefore belong to him to answer. Accordingly it is *Pantagruel* speaks in the Editions, of 1547 and 1553, and he speaks, as usual, like a Prince truly Devout and always Serious.

their

their Cause is just and righteous ; for it is well known that there is no cause how bad soever, which doth not find an Advocate to patrocinate and defend it, else would there be no Process in the World, no Suits at Law, no Pleadings at the Bar. He did in these Extremities, as I conceive, most humbly recommend the Direction of his judicial Proceedings to the upright Judge of Judges, God Almighty ; did submit himself to the Conduct and Guideship of the blessed Spirit, in the Hazard and Perplexity of the Definitive Sentence ; and by this *Aleatory* Lot, did as it were implore and explore the Divine Decree of his *Good Will* and Pleasure, instead of that which we call the *final Judgment of a Court*. To this effect, for the better attaining to his Purpose, which was to judge righteously, he did in my Opinion throw and turn the *Dice*, to the end, that by the Providence aforesaid, the best *Chance* might fall to him whose Action was uprightest, and backed with greatest Reason ; in doing whereof he did not stray from the Sense of *Talmudists*, who say that there is so little Harm in that Manner of searching the Truth, that in the Anxiety and Perplexedness of Humane Wits, God oftentimes manifesteth the Secret Pleasure of his (5) Divine Will.

Furthermore, I will neither think nor say, nor can I believe, that the Unstreightness is so irregular, or the Corruption so evident, of those of the Parliament of *Mirlingois* in *Mirlingues*, before whom *Bridlegoose* was arraigned for Prevarication, that they will maintain it to be a worse Practice to have the Decision of a Suit at Law referred to the Chance and Hazard of a Throw of the *Dice* hab-nab, or luck as it will, than to have it remitted to, and past by the Determination of those whose *Hands* are full of *Blood*, and Hearts of wry Affections. Besides that, their principal Direction in all Law-matters comes to their Hands from (6) one *Tribonian*

(5) *Divine Will*,] *Pantagruel* speaks after *Thomas Aquinas*, l. 2. c. 173, of the Original French of the *Gardiners's Dream*.

(6) *One Tribonian*.] This Portrait of *Tribonian*, which is drawn by *Suidas*, in his Article of that famous Lawyer has been copy'd by *Cælius Rhodiginus* l. 22, c. 20. of his *Ancient Lettions* ; by *Budæus*,
part

nian, a wicked, miscreant, barbarous, faithless and perfidious Knave, so pernicious, unjust, avaricious and perverse in his Ways, that it was his ordinary Custom to sell Laws, Edicts, Declarations, Constitutions and Ordinances, as at an Outroop (Public Auction) of Putsale, to him who offered most for them. Thus did he shape Measures for the Pleaders, and cut their Morsels to them by and out of these little Parcels, Fragments, Bits, Scantlings and Shreds of the Law now in use, altogether concealing, suppressing, disannulling and abolishing the Remainder, which did make for the total Law; fearing that if the whole Law were made manifest and laid open to the Knowledge of such as are interested in it, and the Learned Books of the Ancient *Doctors* of the Law, upon the Exposition of the *Twelve Tables* and *Prætorian* Edicts, his Villanous Pranks, Naughtiness and vile Impiety should come to the public Notice of the World. Therefore were it better in my Conceit, that is to say, less inconvenient, that the Parties at Variance in any Juridicial Case, should in the dark march upon Caltropes, than to submit the Determination of what is their Right to such unhallowed Sentences and horrible Decrees; As *Cato* in his time wished and advised, that every Judiciary Court should be paved with (7) Caltropes.

C H A P. XLV.

How Panurge taketh Advice of Triboulet.

ON the sixth Day thereafter *Pantagruel* was returned home, at the very same Hour that *Triboulet* was by Water come from *Blois*. *Panurge* at his Arrival gave him a Hog's Bladder, puffed with Wind, and re-founding, because of the hard Pease that were within it:

part I. of his Annot, on the Pandects, and by *Fr. Hotmar*, b. II of his *Anti-Tribonian*.

(7) *Caltropes*.] See *Pliny l. 19. c. 1*. This was done says *Bouchet*, that Litigious People might be kept from coming near so dangerous a Spot.

moreover

moreover he did present him with a gilt Wooden Sword, a small Budget made of a Tortoise-shell, an Osier Wattled Wicker-Bottle full of *Briton* Wine, and Five and Twenty Apples of the Orchard of *Blandureau*.

If he be such a Fool, quoth *Carpalim*, as to be won with Apples, there is no more Wit in his Pate than in the Head of an ordinary Cabbage. *Triboulet* girded the Sword and Scrip to his Side, took the Bladder in his Hand, ate some few of the Apples, and drunk up all the Wine. *Panurge*, very wistly and heedfully looking upon him, said I never yet saw a Fool, (and I have seen ten Thousand Franks worth of that Kind of Cattle) who did not love to drink heartily, and by good long Draughts. When *Triboulet* had done with his Drinking, *Panurge* laid out before him, and exposed the Sum of the Business, wherein he was to require his Advice in eloquent and choicely-forted Terms, adorned with Flourishes of Rhetoric. But before he had altogether done, *Triboulet* with his Fist gave him a bouncing Whirret between the Shoulders, rendered back into his Hand again the empty Bottle, slipped and flirited him on the Nose with the Hog's Bladder; and lastly, for a final Resolution, shaking and wagging his Head strongly and disorderly, he answered nothing else but this, *By God, God; mad Fool, beware the Monk: Buzansay, Hornpipe*. These Words thus finished, he slipped himself out of the Company, went aside, and rattling the Bladder, took a huge Delight in the Melody of the rickling, crackling Noise of the Pease; after which Time it lay not in the Power of them all to draw out of his Chaps the articulate Sound of one Syllable; insomuch, that when *Panurge* went about to interrogate him farther, *Triboulet* drew his Wooden Sword, and would have struck him therewith. I have fished fair now, quoth *Panurge*, and brought my Pigs to a fine Market. Have I not got a brave Determination of all my Doubts, and a Responce in all Things agreeable to the Oracle that gave it? He is a great Fool; that is not to be denied; yet is he a greater Fool who brought him hither to me; and myself the greatest of all for imparting my Thoughts to him. The second Bolt, quoth *Carpalim*, levels point blank at me.

Without

Without putting ourselves to any Stir or Trouble in the least, quoth *Pantagruel*, let us maturely and seriously consider and perpend the Gestures and Speech which he hath made and uttered : In them veritably, (quoth he) have I remarked and observed some excellent and notable Mysteries ; yea, of such Important Worth and Weight, that I shall never henceforth be astonished, nor think strange, why the *Turks* with a great deal of Worship and Reverence, honour and respect Natural Fools, equally with their primest Doctors, Mufties, Divines and Prophets. Did not you take heed (quoth he) a little before he opened his Mouth to speak, what a shogging, shaking and wagging his Head did keep ? By the approved Doctrine of the antient Philosophers, the Customary Ceremonies of the most expert Magi, and the received Opinions of the learnedest Lawyers, such a brangling Agitation and Moving should by us all be judged to proceed from, and be quick'ned and fuscitated by the Coming and Inspiration of the Prophetizing and Fatidical Spirit, which entring briskly, and on a Sudden, into a shallow Receptacle of a debil Substance (for as you know, and as the Proverb shews it, *a little Head containeth not much Brains*) was the Cause of that Commotion. This is conform to what is avouched by the most skilful Physicians, when they affirm, that Shakings and Tremblings fall upon the Members of a human Body, partly because of the Heaviness and violent Impetuosity of the Burthen and Load that is carried, and other Part, by reason of the Weakness and Imbecillity that is in the Virtue of the bearing Organ : a manifest Example whereof appeareth in those, who fasting, are not able to carry to their Head a Goblet full of Wine without a trembling and a Shaking in the Hand that holds it. This of old was accounted a Prefiguration and mystical Pointing out of the *Pythian* Diviners, who used always before the Uttering of a Response from the Oracle, to shake a Branch of her domestic Lawrel. *Lampridius* also testifieth, that the Emperor *Heliogabalus*, to acquire unto himself the Reputation of a Soothsayer, did, on several holy Days of prime Solemnity, in the Presence of the fanatic Rabble, make the Head of his *Idol*, by some Slight within the Body thereof, publicly

publickly to shake, *Plautus*, in his *Afferie* (1), declar-
eth likewise, that *Saurius* whithersoever he walked,
like one quite distracted of his Wits, keepeth such a
furious lolling and mad-like shaking of his Head, that
he commonly affrighted those who casually met with
him in his Way. The said Author in another Place
shewing a Reason why *Charmides* shook and brangled
his Head, assevered that he was transported, and in an
Extasy. *Catullus*, after the same Manner, maketh
mention in his *Berecynthia* and *Atys*, of the Place where
in the *Menades*, *Bacchical* Women, the-Priests of the
Lyæan God, and demented Prophetesses, carrying Ivy
Boughs in their Hands did shake their Heads. As (2)
in the like Case amongst the *Gauls*, the guelded Priests
of *Cybele* were wont to do in the celebrating of some
Festivals, which according the Sense of the antient
Theologues, have from thence had their Denominati-
on; for *κύβηται* signifies to *turn round*, whirl about,
shake the Head, and play the Part of one that is wry-
necked.

Likewise

(1) *Afferie*.] *Afinaria*.

(2) *As in the like Case, &c.*] This whole Period is so erroneous,
both as to *Cybele* and her Priests, that it will be necessary to give it in
Rabelais's own Words, *Comme en cas pareil faisoient les Gals escouil-
lez prebêtres de Cybele, celebrant leurs offices. Dondain si est dicté, se-
lon les anciens Theologians; Car κύβηται, signifie rouer, tordre, bran-
sler la tesse, & faire le lorticolli. In English, 'As in the like Case
' was done by *Cybele's* guelded Priests called *Galli*, when they perfor-
' med that Goddess's Religious Rites. From whence too, she herself
' (not her Priests) derives her Name, according to ancient Theologians:
' For κύβηται (not κύβηται) signifies to turn round like a Wheel,
' writhe the Body, shake the Head and mimick one that is wry-
necked." Here we see that the Word *Gals* was mistaken by the
Translator for *Gauls*: The *Gauls* had nothing to do either with *Cy-
bele* or her Priests. The *Gauls* were *Europeans*, the others *Asiatics*.
Cybele's Priests were called *Galli* from the River *Gallus* in *Pbrygia*;
the water whereof being drunk used to make Men mad. I have no-
thing more to add, but that *Rabelais* himself mistakes the Meaning
of the Greek Verb κύβηται (from whence *Cybele* has her Name).
It means to *dance upon one's Head*, in *caput salto*, from the old pri-
mitive Greek Word κύβη *Caput*. And this Way of *dancing upon their
Heads*, was peculiarly practised by the *Galli*, *Cybele's* Priests, (and
no other) in the solemnizing her Festivals.*

Likewise *Titus Livy* writeth, that in the Solemnization Time of the *Bacchanalian* Fobedays (3) at *Rome*, both Men and Women seemed to Prophetize and Vaticinate, because of an affected Kind of Wagging of the Head, Shrugging of the Shoulders, and Jectigation of the whole Body, which they used then punctually. For the common Voice of the Philosophers, together with the Opinion of the People, asserteth for an irrefragable Truth, that Vaticination is seldom by the Heavens bestowed on any, without the Concomitancy of a little Phrenzy, and a Head-shaking, not only when the said presaging Virtue is infused, but when the Person also therewith inspired declareth and manifesteth it unto others. The learned Lawyer *Julian*, being asked on a Time, if that Slave might be truly esteemed to be healthful and in a good plight, who had not only convers'd with some furious maniac and enraged People, but in their Company had also prophesied, yet without a Noddle-shaking Concussion, answered, That seeing there was no Head-wagging at the Time of his Predictions, he might be held for sound and competent enough. Is it not daily seen how School-masters, Teachers, Tutors and Instructors of Children, shake the Heads of their Disciples, (as one would do a Pot in holding it by the Lugs) that by this Erection, Vellication, stretching and pulling their Ears, (which according to the Doctrine of the sage *Egyptians*, is a Member consecrated to the Memory) they may stir them up to recollect their scatter'd Thoughts, bring home those Fancies of theirs, which perhaps have been extravagantly roaming abroad upon strange and uncouth Objects, and totally range their Judgments, which possibly by disordinate Affections have been made wild, to the Rule and Pattern of a wise, discreet, virtuous and philosophical Discipline : all

N. B. The Priests above-mentioned were *escouillé* i. e. unstoned, gelt, libb'd.

But *Rabelais* who has continually a Supperstition of Meanings alludes besides to the *Languedoc* Word of *Gal* a Cock, so *Gals escouillés* means *Capons* ; *Eunuchs*.

(3) *Fobedays*.] If this is a *Scotch* Word for Holydays, be it so.
which

(4)
Vellica

which *Virgil* acknowledgeth to be true, in the Branglement (4) of *Apollo Cynthius*.

C H A P. XLVI.

How Pantagruel and Panurge diversly interpret the Words of Triboulet.

HE says you are a *Fool*; and what Kind of *Fool*? a *mad* Fool, who in your old Age would enslave yourself to the Bondage of Matrimony, and shut your Pleasures up within a Wedlock, whose Key some Russian carries in his Codpiece. He says furthermore, *beware* of the *Monk*. Upon mine Honour it gives me in my Mind that you will be cuckolded by a *Monk*. Nay, I will engage mine Honour, which is the most precious Pawn I could have in my Possession, although I were sole and peaceable Dominiator over all *Europe, Asia, and Afric*, that if you marry, you will surely be one of the Horned Brotherhood of *Vulcan*. Hereby may you perceive how much I do attribute to the wise *Foolery* of our Morosoph *Triboulet*. The other Oracles and Responses did in the general prognosticate you a Cuckold, without descending so near to the Point of a particular Determination, as to pitch upon what Vocation, amongst the several Sorts of Men, he should profess who is to be the Copesmate of your Wife, and Hornifyer of your proper self. Thus noble *Triboulet* tells it us plainly, from whose Words we may gather with all Ease imaginable, that your Cuckoldry is to be infamous, and so much the more scandalous, that your Conjugal Bed will be incestuously contaminated with the Filthiness of *Monkery*. Moreover he says, that you will be the *Hornpipe* of *Buzansay*. That is to say, well horned, hornified and cornuted: and as *Triboulet's* Uncle asked from *Louis* the XIIth, for a Brother of his who lived at *Blois*, the *Hornpipes* of *Buzansay*, for the Organ Pipes, through the

(4) *Branglement*.] I suppose he means the *Pulling by the Ears*, the *Vellicat Aures* of that Poet *Ecl. 6*.

Mistake of one Word for another : even so, whilst you think to marry a wise, humble, calm, discreet and honest Wife, you shall unhappily stumble upon one witless, proud, loud, obstreperous, bawling, clamorous, and more unpleasant than any *Buzansay-hornpipe*. Consider withal, how he flirted you on the Nose with the *Bladder*, and gave you a sound thumping Blow with his Fist upon the Ridge of the Back. This denotes and presageth, that you shall be banged, beaten and flipped by her; and that also she will steal of your Goods from you, as you stole the Hog's Bladder from the little Boys of *Vaubretan*. Flat contrary, quoth *Panurge*, not that I would impudently exempt myself from being a Vassal in the Territory of *Folly*; I hold of that Jurisdiction, and am subject thereto, I confess it; and why should I not? for the whole World is *foolish*. In the old (1) *Lorrain Language* (*fou* for *ou*) *All* and *Fool* were the same Thing. Besides, it is avouched by *Solomon*, that infinite is the Number of *Fools*: from an Infinity nothing can be deducted or abated; nor yet by the Testimony of *Aristotle*, can any Thing thereto be added or subjoined. Therefore were I a *mad Fool*, if being a *Fool* I should not hold my self a Fool. After the same Manner of Speaking, we may aver the Number of the mad and enraged Folks to be infinite. *Avicenne* maketh no Bones to assert, that the several Kinds of *Madness* are infinite.

Though this much of *Triboulet's* Words tend little to my Advantage, howbeit the Prejudice which I sustain thereby be common with me to all other Men, yet the rest of his Talk and Gesture maketh altogether for me. He said to my Wife, *Be weary of the* (2) *Monkey*; that is

as

(1) *In the old Lorrain Language Fou for Oou; all and Fool were the same Thing.* It may be so: but *Rabelais's* Words are *En Lorraine Fou est prez Tou*, i. e. *In Lorrain* (to keep to the Pun in English) *Fool* is near *Tool*, &c. There is, says *M. du Chat*, a large Town in *Lorrain* called *Fou* (*Fool*) within three Leagues of *Toul*, another considerable Town in the same Duchy.

(2) *Be weary of the Monkey.* *Weary*, should be *Wary*, but that is only a Fault in the Press. The rest is all wrong translated. *Rabelais's* Words are, *Il di& à ma femme, guare Moyne. C'est ung moi-veau qu' elle aura en delices comme avoit la Lesbia de Catulle: lequel*

voelera

as much as if he should be cherry, and take as much Delight in a Monkey as ever did the *Lesbia* of *Catullus* in her Sparrow, who will for his Recreation pass his Time no less joyfully at the snatching of Flies, than heretofore did the merciless Fly-Catcher *Domitian*. Withal he meant by another Part of his Discourse, that she should be of a jovial Country-like Humour, as gay and pleasing as a harmonious *Hornpipe* of *Saulieu* or *Buzansay*. The veridical *Triboulet* did therein hint at what I liked well, as perfectly knowing the Inclinations and Propensions of my Mind, my natural Disposition, and the Bias of my Interior Passions and Affections: for you may be assured, that my Humour is much better satisfied and contented with the pretty Frolic rural and discheveled Shepherdesses, whose Bums through their coarse Canvass Smocks smell of the Claver-grass (3) of the Field, than with those great Ladies in magnificent Courts, with their Flandan, Top Knots and Sultana's, their Pulvil, Postillos (4) and Cosmetics. The homely Sound likewise of a rustical *Hornpipe*, is more agreeable to my Ears, than the curious Warbling and musical Quavering of Lutes, Teorbes, Viols, Rebeckes and Violins. He gave me a lusty rapping Thwack on my Back. What then? Let it pass in the Name and for the Love of God, as an Abatement of, and Deduction from so much of my future Pains in *Purgatory*. He did it not out of any evil Intent: he thought belike to have hit some of the Pages:

voelera pour mouches, &c. Now *Moine* in French was never known to signify Monkey, *Moineau* does indeed signify a Sparrow, as well as a Friar or Monk, and upon that Hinge the Equivoque turns thus. Thus it should run: *The Fool said to my Wife*, 'Ware Sparrow; that is as much as to say, 'beware your Sparrow come to no harm, meaning that she (not he as Sir T. U. has it) 'thou'd take as much delight in a Sparrow, (not a Monkey) as ever did *Catullus's Lesbia*: and that he will for his Recreation hunt Flies, &c.

(3) *Claver-grass*] Instead of *Clover-grass*: wrong printed I suppose for *Clover-grass*: it is in the Original *Wild Thyme* (*Serpolet*) on which *M. du Chat* quotes *la Bruïere* l. viii. c. xxxv. of his *de Re Cibararia*: *Rustici proverbium pervulgatum habent: Succosiores esse Virgines, quae Serpillum quam quae Mosabum olent.*

(4) *Postillos*.] I suppose it should be *Rastillos*. It is in the Original *Maujoin*, which according to *Champier* just quoted is to be understood in this Place to signify *Musk*.

he is an honest *Fool*, and an innocent Changeling. It is a Sin to harbour in the Heart any bad Conceit of him. As for my self, I heartily pardon him. He flirted me on the Nose: in that there is no Harm; for it importeth nothing else, but that betwixt my *Wife* and me there will occur some toyish wanton Tricks, which usually happen to all new married Folks.

C H A P. XLVII.

How Pantagruel and Panurge resolved to make a Visit to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.

There is as yet another Point, quoth *Panurge*, which you have not at all considered on, although it be the chief and principal Head of the Matter. He put the Bottle in my Hand, and restored it me again. How interpret you that Passage? What is the Meaning of that? He possibly, quoth *Pantagruel*, signifieth thereby, that your *Wife* will be such a Drunkard, as shall daily take in her Liquor kindly, and ply the Pots and Bottles apace. Quite otherways, quoth *Panurge*, for the Bottle was empty. I swear to you, by the prickling brambly Thorn of St. *Fiacre* in *Brie*, that our unique Morosoph, whom I formerly termed the Lunatic *Triboulet*, referreth me, for attaining to the final Resolution of my Scruple, to the Responsiving Bottle: therefore do I renew afresh the first Vow which I made, and here in your Presence protest and make Oath by *Styx* and *Acheron*, to carry still Spectacles in my Cap, and never to wear a Codpiece in my Breeches, until, upon the Enterprize in Hand of my Nuptial Undertaking, I shall have obtained an Answer from the *Holy Bottle*. I am acquainted with a prudent, understanding and discreet Gentleman, and besides a very good Friend of mine, who knoweth the Land, Country, and Place where it's Temple and Oracle is built and posited: he will guide and conduct us thither sure and safely. Let us go thither, I beseech you deny me not, and say

not.

not, nay; reject not the Suit I make unto you, I intreat you. I will be to you an *Acbates*, a *Damis*, [*Apollo-nius's* Companion] and heartily accompany you all along in the whole Voyage, both in your going forth and coming Back. I have of a long Time known you to be a great lover of Peregrination, desirous still to learn new Things, and still to see what you had never seen before. We shall see wonderful Things; take my Word for it.

Very willingly, quoth *Pantagruel*, I condescend to your Request. But before we enter in upon our Progress towards the Accomplishment of so far a Journey, replenished and fraught with eminent Perils, full of innumerable Hazards, and every Way stored with evident and manifest Dangers——What Dangers, quoth *Panurge*, interrupting him? Dangers fly back, run from, and shun me whither soever I go seven Leagues around: as in the Presence of the Sovereign, Sub-Magistracy ceases; [*See Bodin Rep.*] or as Clouds and Darkness quite vanish at the bright Coming of a radiant Sun; or as all Sores and Sickneses (1) did suddenly depart, at the Approach of the Body of St. *Martin à Quande*: nevertheless, quoth *Pantagruel*, before we adventure to set forwards on the Road of our projected and intended Voyage, some few Points are to be discussed, expedited and dispatched. *First*, Let us send back *Triboulet* to *Blois*, (which was instantly done, after that *Pantagruel* had given him a Frize Coat.) *Secondly*, Our Design must be backed with the Advice and Counsel of the King my Father. And *Lastly*, It is most needful and expedient for us, that we search for, and find out some *Sybille* to serve us for a Guide, Truchman and Interpreter. To this *Panurge* made answer, that his Friend

(1) *Sickneses, &c.*] A Cripple guided a blind-man that carry'd him, and so they begg'd together. Being told St. *Martin's* Body wou'd soon be there, and it wou'd cure them both: The Devil a bit would they stay for the Saint's Body: They did not want to be healed.

This Story is grounded on a Parable used by a *Jew* Doctor to the Emperor *Antonius Pius*, to make him understand that the Soul and Body would be punished conjointly for having join'd together in sinning. See *Basnage* l. vi. c. xi.

Xenomanes would abundantly suffice for the plenary Discharge and Performance of the *Sybil's* Office ; and that farthermore, in passing through the *Lanternatory* Country, they should take along with them a learned and profitable *Lanterness* who would be no less useful to them in their Voyage, than was the *Sybil* to *Æneas* in his Descent to the *Elysian* Fields. *Carpalim*, in the interim, as he was upon the conducting away of *Triboulet*, in his passing by, hearkened a little to the Discourse they were upon, then spoke out, saying, Ho, *Panurge*, Master Freeman, take my Lord *Debitis* (2) at *Calais* along with you, for he is *Goud-fallot*, a good Fellow : he will not forget those who are *Debitors* : These are *Lanternes* : thus shall you not lack for both *Fallot* and *Lanterne*. I may safely with the little Skill I have, quoth *Pantagrue*, prognosticate, that by the Way we shall engender no Melancholy ; I clearly perceive it already : the only Thing that vexeth me is, that I cannot speak the (3) *Lantern* Language. I shall, answered *Panurge*, speak for you all ; I understand it every whit as well as I do mine own Maternal Tongue : I have been no less used to it than to the Vulgar *French*.

(4) *Briz marg dalgotbric nubstnezos,*
Isqsez prusq albork, crings zabac.
Mizbe dilbarlkz morp nipp stanch bos,
Strombtz, Panurge, walmap quoft grufzbac.

Now guess, Friend *Epistemon*, what this is. They are, quoth *Epistemon*, Names of arrant Devils, passant Devils, and rampant Devils. These Words of thine, dear Friend of mine, are true, quoth *Panurge*, yet are they Terms used in the Language of the Court of the

(2) *My Lord Debitis.*] Corruptly for my Lord Deputy or Governor of *Calais* for *Hen. VIIIth* at that Time *Henry Fitz Allan* Earl of *Arundel*. See *D. C.*

(3) *Lantern Language.*] The Barbarous Language of the *Romish* School Divines in their different Councils of *Lateran*. See *D. C.*

(4) *Briz, &c.*] In these Verses which mostly consist of half words, *Rabelais* ridicules the frequent Abbreviations of the *Gothic* Characters which for 50 or 60 Years had been made use of in printing a World of School-Divinity Books, barbarous in themselves, and to the last Degree tiresome to read.

Lanternish

Lanternish People. By the Way as we go upon our Journey I will make to thee a pretty little Dictionary, which notwithstanding shall not (5) last you much longer than a Pair of new Shoes; thou shalt have learned it sooner than thou canst perceive the Dawning of the next subsequent Morning. What I have said in the foregoing *Tetrafic* is thus translated out of the *Lanternish* Tongue in our Vulgar Dialect:

*All Miseries attended me, whilst I
A Lover was, and had no Good thereby:
Of better Luck the married People tell:
Panurge is one of those, and knows it well.*

There is little more then, quoth *Pantagruel*, to be done, but that we understand what the Will of the King my Father will be therein, and purchase his Consent.

C H A P. XLVIII.

*How Gargantua sheweth that the Children
ought not to Marry without the special
Knowledge and Advice of their Fathers and
Mothers.*

NO sooner had *Pantagruel* entred in at the Door of the Great Hall of the Castle, than that he encountered full but with the good honest *Gargantua* coming forth from the Council Board, unto whom he made a succinct and summary Narrative of what had pass'd and occurred worthy of his Observation in his Travels abroad, since their last Interview: Then, acquainting him with the Design he had in Hand, besought him that it might stand with his good Will and Pleasure to grant him leave to prosecute and go thorough-flitch with the Enterprize which he had undertaken. The

(5) *Shall not last, &c.*] Barbarism will now soon be banished out of the Schools. Else it may mean, The Dictionary will serve for the little Time you shall be crossing the *Lantern* Country.

good Man *Gargantua* having in one Hand two great Bundles of Petitions, indorsed and answered ; in the other some remembrancing Notes and Bills, to put him in mind of such other Requests of Supplicants, which albeit presented, had nevertheless been neither read nor heard, he gave both to *Ulrich Gallet*, his Ancient and faithful Master of Requests ; then drew aside *Pantagruel*, and with a Countenance more serene and jovial than customary, spoke to him thus : I praise God, and have great Reason so to do, my most dear Son, that he hath been pleased to entertain in you a constant Inclination to virtuous Actions. I am well content that the Voyage which you have mentioned to me be by you accomplished, but withal, I could wish you would have a Mind and Desire to marry, for that I see you are of competent Years. *Panurge* in the mean while was in a readiness of preparing and providing for Remedies, Salves and Cures against all such Lets, Obstacles and Impediments as he could in the heighth of his Farcy conceive might by *Gargantua* be cast in the way of their Itinerary Design. Most dear Father, answered *Pantagruel*, I have not yet thought upon it. In all this Affair I wholly submit and rest in your good liking and Paternal Authority ; For I shall rather pray unto God that he would throw me down stark dead at your Feet, in your Pleasure, than that against your Pleasure I should be found married alive. I never yet heard that by any Law, whether Sacred or Profane, yea, amongst the rudest and most barbarous Nations in the World, it was allowed and approved of, that Children may be suffered and tolerated to marry at their own good Will and Pleasure, without the Knowledge, Advice or Consent asked and had thereto of their Fathers, Mothers, and nearest Kindred. All Legislators every where upon the Face of the whole Earth, have taken away and removed this Licentious Liberty from Children, and totally reserved it to the Discretion of the Parents.

My dearly beloved Son, quoth *Gargantua*, I believe you, and from my Heart thank God for having endowed you with the Grace of having both a perfect notice of, and entire liking to laudable and praise-worthy Things ; and that through the Windows of your exterior

exterior Senses he hath vouchsafed to transmit unto the interior Faculties of your Mind, nothing but what is good and virtuous. For in my time there hath been found on the Continent a certain Country, wherein are I know not what kind of *Pastophorian* Mole-catching Priests, who albeit averse from engaging their proper Persons into a Matrimonial Duty, (1) like the Pontifical Flamens of *Cybele* in *Phrygia*, as if they were Capons and not Cocks; full of Lasciviousness, Salacity and Wantonness, who yet have nevertheless, in the matter of Conjugal Affairs, taken upon them to prescribe Laws and Ordinances to married Folks. I cannot goodly determine what I should most abhor, detest, loath, and abominate, whether the Tyrannical Presumption of those dreadful Sacerdotal *Molecatchers*, who not being willing to contain and coop up themselves within (2) the Grates and Treillices of their own mysterious Temples, do deal in, meddle with, obtrude upon, and thrust their Sickles into Harvests of Secular Business quite contrary, and diametrically opposite to the Quality, State and Condition of their Calling, Professions and Vocations; or the superstitious Stupidity and senseless Scrupulousness of married Folks, who have yielded Obedience, and submitted their Bodies, Fortunes and Estates to the Discretion and Authority of such odious, perverse, barbarous,

(1) *Like the Pontifical Flamens of Cybele in Phrygia.*] *Rabelais* says only the Priests of *Cybele* in *Phrygia*: Not a Word of *Flamens*: These were peculiar to the *Romans*. The *Phrygians* knew of no *Flamens*.

(2) *The Grates and Treillices of their own Mysterious Temples.*] By these *Molecatchers* and the *Lattices* (*Treillis*) of their Temples, *Rabelais* means the *Sorbonne* and it's Doctors, particularly certain Monks whom *Pâquier* calls *Patchers up and Vampers of old Glosses*, which *have*, says he, advanced, at least insinuated, this barbarous Opinion, that by the Canon Law the Consent of Fathers and Mothers was not requisite to the Marriage of their Children, but only for Decency sake and not out of any Necessity. On Occasion of this Chapter of *Rabelais*, the Reader may consult the Letter from whence this Passage of *Pâquier* is taken. It is the first of the 3d Book of his Letters, and he addresses it to a Friend on Occasion of an Article of the Ordinance of *Orleans* 1560, by which the States did, but in part, redress this Disorder, which he says is properly what the *French* Law calls *raptus in parentes*. This Letter lays down much the same Principles with these here employ'd by *Gargantua*.

and

and unreasonable Laws. Nor do they see that which is clearer than the Light and Splendour of the Morning Star, how all these Nuptial and Connubial Sanctions, Statutes and Ordinances have been decreed, made and instituted, for the sole Benefit, Profit and Advantage of the (3) *Flaminal Mists*, and mysterious *Flamens*, and nothing at all for the good Utility or Emolument of the silly hood-winked married People; which administreth unto others a sufficient Cause for rendring these Churchmen suspicious of Iniquity, and of an unjust and fraudulent manner of dealing, no more to be connived at nor countenanced, after that it be well weighed in the Scales of Reason, than if with a reciprocal Temerity the *Laicks* by way of Compensation would impose Laws to be followed and observed by those *Myfts* and *Flamens*; how they should behave themselves in the making and Performance of their Rites and Ceremonies, and after what manner they ought to proceed in the offering up, and immolating of their various Oblations, Victims and Sacrifices; seeing that besides the Edecimation and Tith-haling of their Goods, they cut off and take Parings, Shreddings and Clippings of the Gain proceeding from the Labour of their Hands, and Sweat of their Brows, therewith to entertain themselves the better. Upon which Consideration in my Opinion, their Injunctions and Commands would not prove so pernicious and impertinent as those of the Ecclesiastic Power, unto which they had tendered their blind Obedience.

For, as you have very well said, there is no place in the World where legally a Licence is granted to the Children to marry without the Advice and Consent of their Parents and Kindred. Nevertheless by those wicked Laws and *Mole-catching* Customs, whereat there is a little hinted in what I have already spoken to you, there is no scurvy, mezely, leprous or pocky Russian, Pander, Knave, Rogue, Skelm, Robber or Thiet, pilloried, whipped and burnt-marked in his own Country for his Crimes and Felonies, who may not violently snatch a-

(3) *Flaminal Mists, and Mysterious Flamens.*] No more than bare *Myfts* (not *Mists*) in the Original. *Myfte*, is a Sacrificing Priest. *Μυστήριον* a Mystery; sacred Thing.

way and ravish what Maid soever he had a Mind to pitch upon, how noble, how fair, how rich, honest and chaste soever she be, and that out of the House of her own Father, in his own Presence, from the Bosom of her Mother, and in the Sight and despiht of her Friends and Kindred looking on a so woful Spectacle, provided that the Rascal Villain be so cunning as to associate unto himself some *Mystical Flamen*, who according to the Covenant made betwixt them two, shall be in hope some day to participate of the Prey. Could the *Goths*, (4) the *Scyths*, or *Messagets* do a worse or more cruel Act to any of the Inhabitants of a Hostile City, when after the loss of many of their most considerable Commanders, the Expence of a great deal of Money, and a long Siege, they shall have stormed and taken it by a violent and impetuous Assault? May not these Fathers and Mothers (think you) be sorrowful and heavy-hearted, when they see an unknown Fellow, a Vagabond, Stranger, a barbarous Lowt, a rude Curr, rotten, fleshless, putrified, scraggy, boily, botchy, poor, a forlorn Caitif and miserable Snake, by an open Rapt, snatch away before their own Eyes their so fair, delicate, neat, well-behavioured, richly provided for, and healthful Daughters, on whose Breeding and Education they had spared no Cost nor Charges, by bringing them up in an honest Discipline to all the honourable and virtuous Employments becoming one of their Sex, descended of a noble Parentage hoping by those commendable and industrious Means in an opportune and convenient Time to bestow them on the worthy Sons of their well-deserving Neighbours, and ancient Friends, who had nourished, entertained, taught, instructed and schooled their Children with the same Care and Sollicitude, to make them Matches fit to attain to the Felicity of a so happy Marriage; that from them might issue an Offspring and Progeny no less Heirs to the laudable Endowments and exquisite Qualifications of their Parents whom they every way resemble, than to their personal and real Estates, Moveables and Inheritances?

(4) *The Scyths, or Messagets.* Read *Scythians, or Massagetae*. The proper Names of Nations, Places, and Persons, are very improperly spelt, (Pardon the Pun) throughout the whole Translation.

How

How doleful, trist and plangorous would such a Sight and Pageantry prove unto them? You shall not need to think that the Collachrymation of the *Romans*, and their Confederates, at the Decease of *Germanicus Drusus*, was comparable to this Lamentation of theirs? Neither would I have you to believe, that the Discomfort and Anxiety of the *Lacedemonians*, when the *Greek Helen*, by the Perfidiousness of the Adulterous *Trojan Paris* was privily stolen away out of their Country, was greater or more pitiful than this ruthful and deplorable Collugency of theirs? You may very well imagine that *Ceres*, at the Ravishment of her Daughter *Proserpina*, was not more attrited, sad, nor mournful than they. Trust me, and your own Reason, that the loss of *Osiris* was not so regrettable to *Isis*; nor did *Venus* so deplore the Death of *Adonis*; nor yet did *Hercules* so bewail the straying of *Hylas*; nor was the Rapt of *Polyxena* more throbbingly resented and condoled by *Priamus* and *Hecuba*, than this aforesaid Accident would be sympathetically bemoaned, grievous, ruthful and anxious to the wofully desolate and disconsolate Parents. Notwithstanding all this, the greater Part of so vilely abused Parents, are so timorous and afraid of Devils and Hobgoblins, and so deeply plunged in Superstition, that they dare not gainsay nor contradict, much less oppose and resist those unnatural and impious Actions, when the *Molecatcher* hath been present at the perpetrating of the Fact, and a Party Contracter and Covenantor in that detestable Bargain. What do they do then? They wretchedly stay at their own miserable Homes, destitute of their well-beloved Daughters; the Fathers cursing the Days and the Hours wherein they were married; and the Mothers howling and crying that it was not their Fortune to have brought forth abortive Issues, when they happened to be delivered of such unfortunate Girls, and in this pitiful Plight spend at best the remainder of their Time with Tears and Weeping for those their Children of, and from whom they expected (and with good reason should have obtained and reaped) in these latter Days of theirs, Joy and Comfort. Other Parents there have been, so impatient of that Affront and Indignity put upon them and their Families, that, transported with the Extremity of Passion, in a mad

mad and frantic Mood, through the Vehemency of a grievous Fury and raging Sorrow, have drowned, hanged, killed, and otherwise put violent Hands on themselves. Others again of that Parental Relation, have upon the Reception of that like Injury, been of a more magnanimous and heroic Spirit, who (in Imitation, and at the Example of the Children of *Jacob*, revenging upon the *Sichemites* the Rapt of their Sister *Dina*) having found the Rascally Ruffian in the Association of his mystical *Molecatcher* closely and in hugger-mugger, conferring, and parlying with their Daughters, for the suborning, corrupting, depraving, perverting and enticing these innocent, unexperienced Maids unto filthy Lewdnesses, have, without any further Advisement on the Matter, cut them instantly into Pieces, and thereupon forthwith thrown out upon the Fields their so dismembered Bodies, to serve for Food unto the Wolves and Ravens. Upon the chivalrous, bold and courageous Atchievement of a so valiant, stout and man-like Act, the other *Molecatching Symmists* have been so highly incensed, and have so chafed, fretted and fumed thereat, that Bills of Complaint and Accusations having been in a most odious and detestable Manner put in before the competent Judges, the *Arm of Secular Authority* hath with much Importunity and Impetuosity been by them implored and required, they proudly contending, that the *Servants of God* would become come contemptible, if exemplary Punishment were not speedily taken upon the Persons of the Perpetrators of such an enormous, horrid, sacrilegious, crying, heinous, and execrable Crime.

Yet neither by natural Equity, by the Law of Nations, nor by any Imperial Law whatsoever, hath there been found so much as one Rubrick, Paragraph, Point or Title, by the which any kind of Chastisement or Correction hath been adjudged due to be inflicted upon any for their Delinquency in that kind. (5) Reason opposeth, and Nature is repugnant; For there is no virtu-

(5) *Reason opposeth, and Nature is repugnant.*] So indeed it runs in the Original; but I can make no Sense of it, but by repeating the Word *Delinquency*, and saying, *Which Delinquency Reason opposeth, and Nature is repugnant to.*

ous Man in the World, who, both naturally and with good Reason, will not be more hugely troubled in Mind, hearing of the News of the Rapt, Disgrace, Ignominy and Dishonour of his Daughter, than of her Death. Now any Man finding in hot Blood, one who with a forethought Felony hath murthered his Daughter, may, without tying himself to the Formalities and Circumstances of a legal Proceeding, kill him on a sudden, and out of Hand, without incurring any hazard of being attainted and apprehended by the Officers of Justice for so doing. What Wonder is it then? or how little strange should it appear to any rational Man, if a Lecher-ing Rogue, together with his *Mole-catching* Abetter, be entrapped in the flagrant Act of suborning his Daughter, and stealing her out of his House, (though herself consent thereto) that the Father in such a case of Stain and Infamy by them brought upon his Family, should put them both to a shameful Death, and cast their Carcasses upon Dunghills to be devoured and eaten up by Dogs and Swine, or otherwise fling them a little further off to the Direption, tearing and rending asunder of their Joints and Members by the Wild Beasts of the (6) Field.

Dearly beloved Son, have an especial Care, that after my Decease none of these Laws be received in any of your Kingdoms; for whilst I breath, by the Grace and Assistance of God I shall give good Order.

Seeing therefore you have totally referred unto my Discretion the Disposure of you in Marriage, I am fully of an Opinion, that I shall provide sufficiently well for you in that Point. Make ready and prepare yourself for *Panurge's* Voyage: Take along with you *Epistemon*, Friar *John*, and such others as you will chuse. Do with my Treasures what unto yourself shall seem most expedient: None of your Actions, I promise you, can in any manner of way displease me. Take out of my Arcenal *Thalasse*, whatsoever Equipage, Furniture or Provision you please, together with such Pilots, Mariners

(6) Field.] Add, as unworthy to receive the kind, the desirable, the indulgent last Embraces of the Great Alma Mater, the Earth, commonly call'd Burial.

and Truchmen, as you have a mind to ; and with the first fair and favourable Wind set sail and make out to Sea in the Name of God our Saviour. In the mean while, during your Absence, I shall not be neglective of providing a Wife for you, nor of those Preparations, which are requisite to be made for the more sumptuous solemnizing of your Nuptial with a most splendid Feast, if ever there was any in the World, (7) since the Days of *Assuerus*.

C H A P. XLIX.

How Pantagruel did put himself in a readiness to go to Sea; and of the Herb named Pantagruelion.

W^Ithin very few Days after that *Pantagruel* had taken his Leave of the good *Gargantua*, who devoutly prayed for his Sons happy Voyage, he arrived at the Sea-port, near to *Sammalo*, accompanied with *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, *Friar John* of the *Funnels*, *Abbot* of *Theleme*, and others of the Royal House, especially with (1) *Xenomanes* the great Traveller, and Thwarter (Crosser) of dangerous ways, who was come at the bidding and appointment of *Panurge*, of whose *Castlewick* of *Salmigondin* he did hold some petty Inheritance by the Tenure of a *Mesnefee*. *Pantagruel* being come thither, prepared and made ready for launching a Fleet of Ships, to the number of those which *Ajax* of *Salamine* had of old equipped, in Convoy of the *Græcian* Soldiery against the *Trojan* State. He likewise picked

(7) *Since the Days of Assuerus.*] This is an Addition of the Translator's, as there are several others up and down.

(1) *Xenomanes the great Traveller, &c.*] See in *M. du Chat* variety of Opinions who this shou'd mean ; but upon the whole, he thinks No body is intended particularly by the Name of *Xenomanes*, but only in General one that's more than ordinary fond of Travelling, or Pilgrimaging, into Foreign Countries, from *Ξένος*, a *Stranger* *Pilgrim*; *μανία*, inordinate furious Fondness.

out

out for his use so many Mariners, Pilots, Sailors, Interpreters, Artificers, Officers and Soldiers, as he thought fitting; and therewithal made Provision of so much Victuals of all sorts, Artillery, Munition of divers kinds, Cloaths, Moneys, and other such Luggage, Stuff, Baggage, Chaffer and Furniture, as he deemed needful for carrying on the Design of a so tedious, long and perilous Voyage. Amongst other Things, it was observed how he caused some of the Vessels to be fraught and loaded with a great Quantity of an Herb of his called (2) *Pantagruelion*, not only of the green and raw sort of it, but of the confected also, and of that which was notably well besitted for present use after the Fashion of Conerves. The Herb *Pantagruelion* hath a little Root somewhat hard and rough, roundish, terminating in an obtuse and very blunt Point, and having some of it's Veins, Strings or Filaments coloured with some spots of White, never fixeth itself into the Ground above the profoundness almost of a Cubit, or Foot and a half; from the Root thereof proceedeth the only (one only) Stalk, Orbicular, Cane-like, Green without, Whitish within, and hollow like the Stem of *Smyrgium* (*Smyrnium*) *Olus Atrum*, Beans and Gentian, full of long Threads, streight, easy to be broken, jagged, snipped, nicked and notched a little after the manner of Pillars and Columns, slightly furrowed, chamfered, guttred and channel'd, and full of Fibres, or Hairs like Strings, in which consisteth the

(2) *Pantagruelion*.] Hemp: In as much as it is of that Plant the Cord is made which is used for the strangling those who are so unhappy to be Gibbeted. As the Punishment of the HAR (a Withy of green Sticks; the Band of a Faggot; See *Cotgrave*, who says, Malefactors in old time were, and at this Day in some barbarous Countries are, hang'd with Withies) As, I say, the Punishment of the HAR is much ancients in France than the Reign of Francis 1st. *Rabelais* must have given Hemp the name of *Pantagruelion* in regard it was in that Prince's time this Punishment began to be exercis'd on the *Lutherans* or French Protestants, who were hoisted up to the top of a Gibbet with a Pulley, and there left to hang till they were burnt or smother'd with the Fire that was kindled under them. *Rabelais*, who durst not speak out his Thoughts of such a piece of Inhumanity, says, that *Pantagrue* held these poor People by the Throat, and that in this Condition they woefully lamented the insupportable manner in which they were put to Death.

chief

chief Value and Dignity of the Herb, especially in that part thereof which is termed *Mesa*, as he would say the *Mean*; and in that other which hath got the Denomination of *Mylasea*. It's Height is commonly of five or six Foot; yet sometimes it is of such a tall Growth, as doth surpass the length of a Lance, but that is only when it meeteth with a sweet, easie, warm, wet and well-soaked Soil, (as is the Ground of the Territory of *Olone*, and that of *Rasea*, (*Rosea*) near to *Preneſte* in (3) *Sabinia*) and that it want not for Rain enough about the Season of the *Fishers Hollidays*, and the *Estival Solstice*. There are many Trees whose Height is by it very far exceeded, and you may call it *Dendromalache* by the Authority of *Theophrastus*. The Plant every Year perisheth; the Tree, neither in the Trunk, Root, Bark or Boughs, being durable. From the Stalk of this *Pantagruelion* Plant there issue forth several large and great Branches, whose Leaves have thrice as much length as breadth, always green, roughish and rugged like the *Alcanet* (*Orcanette*) or *Spaniſh Bugloſe*, hardish, flit round about like unto a Sickle, or as the *Saxifragum*, (4) as *Betony*, and finally ending as it were in the Points of a *Macedonian Spear*, or of such a Lancet as Surgeons commonly make use of in their Phlebotomizing Tiltings. The Figure and Shape of the Leaves thereof is not much different from that of those of the Ash-tree, or of (5) *Egrimony*; the Herb itself so being like the (6) *Eupatorian* Plant, that many skilful *Herbalists* have called it the *Dofstick* (7) *Eupator*, and the *Eupator* the wild *Pantagruelion*. These Leaves are in equal and parallel Distances spread around the Stalk, by the number in every Rank either of Five or Seven, Nature having so highly

(3) *Sabinia*] See Pliny l. 19. c. 9.

(4) Or as the *Saxifragum*.] This is added by the Translator. The Author only says, as *Betony*; he goes on, and ending in the Points of the *Macedonian Larix*, not as the Translator has it, in the points of a *Macedonian Spear*. He took *Larice* (*Larch-tree*) for *Lance* belike.

(5) *Egrimony*.] Read *Agrimony*.

(6) *Eupatorian Plant*.] Read *Eupatorium* or *Eupatoria*.

(7) *Eupator*.] Read *Eupatorium* or *Eupatoria*, as before, *Eupator* was not the Herb itself, but the King from whom it had it's Name.

favoured and cherish'd this Plant, that she hath adorned it with these two odd, (8) *Divine* and *Mysterious* Numbers. The Smell thereof is somewhat strong, and not very pleasing to nice, tender and delicate Noses : The Seed inclosed therein mounteth up (9) to the very top of its Stalk, and a little above it. This is a numerous Herb, for there is no less abundance of it than of any other whatsoever. Some of these Plants are Spherick ; some Rhomboid, and some of an oblong shape, and all of those either black, bright-coloured or tawny, rude to the touch, and mantled with a quickly-blasted-away Coat, yet such a one as is of a delicious Taste and Savour to all shrill and sweetly singing Birds, such as Linnets, Goldfinches, Larks, Canary Birds, Yellow-hammers, and others of that Airy chirping Quire ; but it would quite extinguish the Natural Heat and (10) Procreative Virtue of the Semence of any Man, who would eat much, and often of it. And although, that, of old, (11) amongst the *Greeks* there was certain kinds of Fritters and Pancakes, Buns and Tarts made thereof which commonly for a lickorish Daintiness were presented the Table after Supper, to delight the Palate, and make the Wine relish the better ; yet is it of a difficult Concoction, and offensive to the Stomach ; for it engendreth bad and unwholsom Blood, and with it's exorbitant Heat (12) woundeth them with grievous, hurtful, smart and noysom Vapours. And as in divers Plants and Trees there are two Sexes, Male and Female, which is perceptible in Laurels, Palms, Cypresses, Oaks, Holmes, The Daffadil, Mandrake, Fearn, the Agaric, Mushroom, Birthwort, Turpentine, Pen-

(8) *Divine and Mysterious.*] See *Macrobius*, on *Scipio's Dream*.

(9) *To the very top of the Stalk, and a little above it.*] *Vers le chef du tige, & peu au dessous.* The *English* whereof seems to me to be, *near the Top of the Stalk, and but a very little below it.*

(10) *Procreative, &c.*] See *Pliny* l. 20. c. 23.

(11) *Amongst the Greeks.*] *John de la Bruyere Champier* has the same Remark l. 7. c. 13 of his *de re Cibaria*.

(12) *Woundeth them, &c.*] What Them ? Read, *Woundeth the Brain, and filletb the Head with grievous, &c.*

ny-royal, Peony, Rose of the Mount, (13) and many other such like. Even so, in this Herb there is a *Male* which beareth no Flower at all, yet it is very copious of and abundant in Seed. There is likewise in it a *Female*, which hath great Store and plenty of whitish Flowers, serviceable to little or no purpose; nor doth it carry in it Seed of any worth at all, at least comparable to that of the *Male*. It hath also a larger Leaf, and much softer than the *Male*; nor doth it altogether grow to so great a height. This *Pantagruelion* is to be sown at the first coming of the Swallows, and is to be pluck'd out of the Ground when the Grasshoppers begin to be a little hoarse.

C H A P. L.

How the famous Pantagruelion ought to be prepar'd and wrought.

THE Herb *Pantagruelion* in September, under the Autumnal Equinox, is dressed and prepared several Ways, according to the various Fancies of the People, and Diversity of the Climates wherein it groweth. The first Instruction which *Pantagrue* gave concerning it, was, to divest and dispoil the Stalk and Stem thereof of all it's Flowers and Seeds, to macerate or mortifie it in Pond, Pool, or Lake-water, (1) which is to be made run a little for five Days together, if the Season be dry, and the Water hot; or for full nine or twelve Days, if the Weather be cloudish, and the Water cold: Then must it (2) be parched before the Sun, till it be drained of it's Moisture: After this it is in the

(13) *And many other such like*] *Et autres.* Among these unnam'd ones, may be intended *Mushrooms* and *Rose of the Mount*, but *Rabelais* has not specify'd either of them by Name.

(1) *Which is to be made run a little for five Days together.*] Quite wrong: the Water is to be Stagnant not Current for five Days together: *Stagnante non courante par cinq jours.*

(2) *Parched before the Sun.*] Read, Dry'd in the Sun, *Seicher au Soleil.*

Shadow, where the Sun shines not, to be peeled, and it's Rind pulled off: Then are the Fibres and Strings thereof to be parted, (wherein, as we have already said consisteth it's prime Virtue, Price, and Efficacy) and severed from the woody Part thereof which is unprofitable, and serveth hardly to any other Use, than to make a clear and glistering Blaze, to kindle the Fire, and for the Play, Pastime and Disport of little Children, to blow up Hoggs Bladders, and make them rattle. Many times some Use is made thereof by tipling, sweet-lipped Bibbers, who out of it frame Quills and Pipes, through which they with their Liquor-attractive Breath suck up the new dainty Wine from the Bung of the Barrel. Some modern *Pantagruelists*, to shun and avoid that manual Labour which such a separating and partional Work would of Necessity require, employ certain *Cataractic* Instruments, composed and formed after the same Manner that the froward, pettish and angry *Juno* did hold (3.) the Fingers of both her Hands interwovenly clenched together when she would have hindered the Child-birth Delivery of *Alcmena*, at the Nativity of *Hercules*; and athwart those Cataracts they break and bruise to very Trash the woody Parcels, thereby to preserve the better the Fibres, which are the precious and excellent Parts. In, and with this sole Operation (4) do these acquiesce and are contented, who, contrary to the received Opinion of the whole Earth, and in a Manner paradoxical to all Philosophers, gain their Livelihoods backwards, and by recoiling. But those that love to hold it at a higher Rate, and prize it according to it's Value, for their own greater Profit, (5) do the very same which is told us of the Recreation of the Three fatal Sisters *Parques* [*Parcæ*] or of the nocturnal Exercise of the noble *Circe*; or yet of the Excuse which *Penelope* made to her fond wooing Youngsters and effeminate Courtiers, during the long Absence of her Husband *Ulysses*.

(3) *The Fingers, &c.*] See *Pliny* l. 28. c. 6.

(4) *Do these acquiesce.*] Ropemakers, to whom the Hemp comes raw, and who in working it, go backwards.

(5) *Do the very same.*] Spin it and Weave it.

By these Means in this Herb put into a Way to display it's inestimable Virtues, whereof I will discover a Part: (for to relate all is a Thing impossible to do) I have already interpreted and exposed before you the Denomination thereof. I find that Plants have their Names given and bestowed upon them after several Ways: Some got the Name of him who first found them out, knew them, sowed them, improved them by Culture, qualified them to a tractability, and appropriated them to the Uses and Subserviencies they were fit for: As the (6) *Mercuriale* from *Mercury*, *Panacee* from (7) *Panace* the Daughter of *Esculapius*; (8) *Armois* from *Artemis*, who is *Diana*; *Eupatoria*, from the King *Eupator*; *Telephion* from *Telephus*; *Euphorbium* from *Euphorbus*, King *Juba's* Physician; *Climenus* from *Clymenus*; *Alcibiadum* from *Alcibiades*; *Gentian* from *Gentius* King of *Sclavonia*, and so forth, through a great many other Herbs and Plants. Truly, in ancient Times, this Prerogative of imposing the Inventor's Name upon an Herb found out by him, was held in a so great Account and Estimation, that as a Controversy arose between *Neptune* and *Pallas*, from which of them two that Land should receive it's Denomination, which had been equally found out by them both together, thereafter it was called and had the Appellation of *Athens* from *Athene*, which is *Minerva*: Just so would (9) *Lynceus* King of *Scythia* have treacherously slain the young *Trip- tolemus*, whom *Ceres* had sent to shew unto Mankind the Invention of Corn, which until then had been utterly unknown to the End, that after the murder of the Messenger (whose Death he made Account to have kept secret) he might by imposing with the less Suspicion of false dealing, his own Name upon the said found out Seed, acquire unto himself an immortal Honour and Glory, for having been the Inventor of a Grain so profitable and necessary to, and for the Use of Human Life.

(6) *Mercurial.*] *Mercurialis*.

(7) *Panace.*] *Panacea*.

(8) *Armois, &c.*] *Artemisia* (Mug-Wort, or Mother-wort) from Queen *Artemisia*, or from *Diana* who was likewise called *Artemis*.

(9) *Lynceus.*] Read *Lyncus*. *Lynceus* was another Person.

For the Wickedness of which Treasonable Attempt he was by *Ceres* transformed into that wild Beast, which by some is called a *Lynx*, and by others an *Oince*. [Ounce.] Such also was the Ambition of others upon the like Occasion, as it appeareth by that very sharp Wars, and of a long Continuance, have been made of old betwixt some Residentary Kings in *Cappadocia*, upon this only Debate, of whose Name a certain *Herb* should have the Appellation; by Reason of which difference, so troublesome and expensive to them all, it was by them called *Polemonion* [or *Polemonia*] and by us for the same Cause termed *Make-bate*. (10)

Other Herbs and Plants there are which retain the Names of the Countries from whence they were transported: as the (11) *Median Apples* from *Media*, where they first grew; (12) *Punick Apples* from *Punicia*, (that is to say, *Carthage*;) *Ligusticum* (which we call (13) *Louage* from *Liguria* the Coast of *Genoua* *Rubarb* (14) from a Flood in *Barbary* (as *Ammianus* attesteth) called (15) *Ru*; (16) *Sautonica* from a Region of that Name; *Fennugreek* from *Greece*; (17) *Gastanes* from a Country so called; (18) *Perficarie* from *Perfi*; *Sabine* from a Territory of that Appellation; *Stæchas* from the *Stæchad* Islands; *Spica Celtica* from the Land of the *Celtic Gauls*; and so throughout a great many other, which

(10) *Make-bate*.] *Guerroyere*, Warlike. All this and most that comes after is taken from *Pliny* l. xxv. c. vi. and vii. &c. &c. &c.

(11) *Median Apples*.] *Pomecitrons*.

(12) *Punick Apples*.] *Pomegranates*.

(13) *Louage*.] *Louage*. In the Original *Livesebe*, which *Cotgrave* interprets *Lovage* of *Lombardy*. *Cam Dict.* says the same of *Ligusticum*, and reason good.

(14) *Rubarb*.] Read *Rheubarb*.

(15) *Ru*.] Read *Rhua*.

(16) *Sautonica*.] Read *Santonica*, which *Cotgrave* interprets the Seed of Holy Worm-Wood. *Cambridge Dict.* says *French Worm-Wood*, and in that Case it may have it's Name from *Saintonge* in *France*.

(17) *Gastanes*.] Read *Castanes*. From *Castana*, a City of *Thessaly* which abounds with Chestnut-trees, or as *Cooper* writes it, Chesten-tree or Nut.

(18) *Perficarie*.] *Rabelais* says, *Perfique* (*Perfica*) a Peach-tree, not the Herb called *Perficaria*, i. e. *Arse smart* or *Cultage*.

were tedious to enumerate. Some others again have obtained their Denominations by way of Antiphrases, or Contrariety; as (19) *Abfinth*, because it is contrary to $\psi\upsilon\lambda\omicron\varsigma$; for it is bitter to the taste in drinking. *Holsteon* means all Bones, whilst on the Contrary there is no frailer, tenderer nor britler Herb in the whole Production of Nature than it.

There are some other Sorts of Herbs, which have got their Names from their Virtues and Operations; as *Aristolochia*, because it helpeth Women in Child-birth; *Lichen*, for that it cureth the Disease of that Name; *Mallozw*, because it mollifieth; *Callithricum*, because it maketh the Hair of a bright Colour; *Alyssum*, *Ephemerum*, *Bechium*, *Nasturtium*, *Aneban*, [*Hen bane*] and so forth through many more.

Other some there are which have obtained their Names from the admirable Qualities that are found to be in them; as *Heliotropium* (which is the Marigold) because it followeth the Sun; so that at the Sun rising it displayeth and spreads itself out, at his ascending it

(19) *Abfinth*.] *Abfynthium*, Wormwood. The Derivation of which Word according to the Authors of the Cambridge Dictionary is, $\alpha\psi\upsilon\theta\iota\omicron\nu$ (*Undrinkable*) quasi $\alpha\pi\iota\nu\theta\iota\omicron\nu$, *ab a privativâ & $\pi\iota\nu\alpha$ bibo, quod non sit potabile ob amarorem; vel ab a priv. & $\psi\upsilon\theta\omicron\varsigma$ i. e. $\tau\acute{\epsilon}\rho\psi\iota\varsigma$, delectatio*; Wormwood does indeed make none of the pleasantest Drinkables, but in a Fit of the Cholic, there's nothing so relieving as a Glas of Wormwood wine. *Experto crede Johanni*. My late very good Friends Justice N---ham and Justice B---t---y of *Westminster-Abby* had in their Family for above Fifty Years a Receipt to make this same Wormwood-wine; according to which they constantly made a good Quantity for themselves and for Presents to Friends. All that troubled them, was, they did not understand the Title of the Receipt and of the Labels they put to the Bottle, *viz.* **ALSEM WINE**. It was a hard Word, they could not set their Teeth in't (to use one of *Rabelais's* Expressions, *il n'y sauroient mordre*.) They had often consulted the Dignitaries of that Church and all the Schoolmasters there, who said, They were sure *Alsem* was no *Hebrew*, *Greek*, or *Latin* Word, nor *Spanish*, *Italian*, or *French*, and they said right. In short, the unfolding this mysterious traditional Family Word was reserv'd for one that had learnt *Low Dutch*. I told my inquisitive Friends, that, let the *Wine* be what it would, the Word *Alsem* was *Low-Dutch* and signified *Wormwood*. Upon which they said I had hit right, and for my Explanation, gave me half a Dozen Bottles. See what it is to have learnt *Dutch*!

mounteth, at his declining it waineth; and when he is set it is close shut. *Adianton*, because although it grow near unto watry Places, and albeit you should let it lie in Water a long Time, it will nevertheless retain no Moisture nor Humidity; *Hieracia*, *Eringium*, and so throughout a great many more. There are also a great many Herbs and Plants, which have retained the very same Names of the Men and Women who have been metamorphosed and transformed into them; as from *Daphne*, the Laurel is called also; *Myrrhe* from *Myrrha* the Daughter of *Cinarus*: [*Cynaras*.] *Pythis* from *Pythis*; *Cinara* (which is the Artichoak) from one of that Name; *Narcissus*, *Saffran*, *Similax* [*Smilax*] and divers others.

Many Herbs likewise have got their Names of those Things which they seem to have some Resemblance of; as *Hippuris*, because it hath the likeness of a Horse's Tail; *Alopecuris*, because it representeth in Similitude the Tail of a Fox; *Psyllion*, from a Flea which it resembleth *Delphinium*, for that it is like a *Dolphin* Fish; *Buglosse* is so called, because it is an Herb like an Oxes Tongue; *Iris*, so called, because in it's Flowers it hath some resemblance of the Rain-bow; *Myosata*, [*Myosota*] because it is the like the Ear of a Mouse; *Coronopus*, for that it is of the likeness of a Crow's Foot: A great many other such there are, which here to recite were needless. Furthermore, as there are Herbs and Plants which had their Names from those of Men, so by a reciprocal Denomination have the Surnames of many Families taken their Origin from them; as the *Fabii*, à *fabis*, Beans; the *Pisons* à *pisis*, Pease; the *Lentuli* from *Lentils*; the *Cicerons*, à *Ciceribus*, wel *Ciceris*, a Sort of Pulse called *Chichepeason*, [*Chick-pease*] and so forth. In some Plants or Herbs the Resemblance and Likeness hath been taken from a higher Mark or Object, as when we say *Venus' Navil*, *Venus' Hair*, *Tenus' Tub*, *Jupiter's Beard*, (20) *Jupiter's Eye*,

(20) *Jupiter's Eye*.] It is the Name which the *Latins* gave to the *sempervivum majus*. See *Salmasius*, who proves it by two Greek Authorities, ch. xix. of his *Homonymies*, byles *iátricæ*. *Folia pinguis*,

Eye, Mars's Blood, the *Hermodaetyl* or *Mercury's* Fingers, which are all of them Names of Herbs, as there are a great many more of the like Appellation. Others again have received their Denomination from their Forms; such as *Trefoil*, because it is three-leaved; *Pentaphylon*, for having five Leaves; *Serpolet*, because it creepeth along the Ground; (21) *Helixine*, *Petaft*, *Myrobalon*, which the *Arabians* call (22) *Been*, as if you would' say an *Ackorne*; for it hath a kind of Resemblance thereto, and withal is very oily.

C H A P. LI.

Why is it called Pantagruelion, and of the admirable Virtues thereof.

BY such like means of attaining to a Denomination (the fabulous Ways being only from thence excepted; for the Lord forbid that we should make use of any Fables in this a so venerable History) is this *Herb* called *Pantagruelion*; for *Pantagrue* was the Inventor thereof: I do not say of the Plant itself, but of a certain Use which it serves for, exceeding odious and hateful to Thieves and Robbers, unto whom it is more contrarious and hurtful than the *Strangle-weed* and *Choak-fitch* is to the Flax; the Cat's tail to Brakes, the Sheav-grass to the Mowers of Hay, the Fitches to the Chickney Pease, the Darnel to Barley, the Hatchet Fitch to the Lentil Purse, the *Antramium* to the Beans, Tares to

guia, says *Gesner* speaking of this Plant, *carnosa, longitudine pollicari, in cacumine linguæ similia, alia in terram convexa, alia in capite stantia invicem, ita ut ambitu effigiem imitentur oculi*. Doubtless it was on Account of this Affinity the *Latins* called *Jupiter's Eye* the *sempervivum majus* that just before for such another Affinity *Rabelais* with the *Greeks* uses the Word *Jupiter's Beard*.

(21) *Helixine*, *Petaft*, *Myrobalon*.] Read *Helixine*, *Petafites*, *Mirobalans*.

(22) *Been*.] See *Avicenna*, Canon ii. ch. lxxxv.

Wheat, Ivy to Walls, the Water Lilly (1) to lecherous Monks, the Birchen Rod to the Scholars of the College of *Navarre* in *Paris*, Colewort to the Vine-tree, Garlick to the Load-stone, Onions to the Sight, Fearn-seed to Women with Child, Willows Grain to vicious Nuns, the Yew-tree shade to those that sleep under it, Wolfsbane to Wolves and Libbards, the Smell of the Fig-tree to mad Bulls, Hemlock to Goslings, Purslane to the Teeth, or Oil to Trees: for we have seen many of those Rogues by Virtue and right Application of this Herb finish their Lives, *short* and *long*, after the Manner of *Philis* Queen of *Thracia*, of *Bonofus* Emperor of *Rome*, of *Amata* (2) King *Latinus's* Wife, of *Iphus* [*Iphis* (3)] *Autolicus*, *Lycambe* [*Lycambes*,] *Arachne*, *Phædra*, *Leda*, *Achius* King of *Lydia*, and many Thousands more; who were chiefly angry and vexed at this Disaster therein, that without being otherways sick, evil disposed in their Bodies, by a Touch only of the *Pantagruelion*, they came on a Sudden to have the Passage obstructed, and their Pipes (through which were wont to bolt so many jolly Sayings, and to enter so many luscious Morsels) stopped, more cleverly, than ever could have done the Squinancy.

Others have been heard most wofully to lament, at the very Instant when *Atrapos* was about to cut the Thread of their Life, that *Pantagrue* held them by the *George*. But (well-a-day) it was not *Pantagrue* he never was an Extortioner (4): It was the

(1) *Water Lilly to Lecherous Monks.*] It is in a most especial Manner prescrib'd to the Monks, against the Temptations of the Flesh. See *Bouchet*.

(2) *Amata.*] *Virgil* speaking of this Queen, *Æneid*. l. xii.

*Purpureos moritura manu discindit amictus,
Et nodum informis lethi trabe neçtit ab alta,*

(3) *Iphis.*] See *Ovid Metam.* l. xiv.

(4) *Executioner.*] *Roiart*, in *Rabelais*. This, *Cotgrave* says, signifies a Marshal, or Provost-Marshal, an Officer that breaks, or sees broken, Malefactors on the Wheel. Then *Roiart* must come from *rotare*, *rouer*, *rouë*, a *Wheel*. But *M. du Chat*, in the present Sense of the Executioners strangling the Offenders in question says *Roiart* comes from *raucus*, *hoarse*, because he by that Action makes them hoarse.

Par-

Pantagruelion, manufactured and fashioned into an Halter, and serving in the Place and Office of a Cravat. In that verily they *solæcized*, and spoke improperly, unless you would excuse them by a *Trope*, which alloweth us to posit the *Inventor* in the Place of the Thing *invented*; as when *Ceres* is taken for *Bread*, and *Bacchus* put instead of *Wine*. I swear to you here, by the good and frolic Words which are to issue out of that Wine-bottle which is a cooling below in the Copper Vessel full of Fountain Water, that the noble *Pantagruel* never snatched any Man by the Throat, unless it was such a one as was altogether careless and neglective of those obviating Remedies, which were preventive of the Thirst to come.

It is also termed *Pantagruelion* by Similitude: for *Pantagruel*, at the very first Minute of his Birth, was no less tall than this Herb is long, whereof I speak unto you, his Measure having been then taken the more easy, that he was born in the Season of the great Drowth, when they were busiest in the gathering the said *Herb*, to wit, at that Time when *Icarus's* Dog, with his fiery bawling and barking at the Sun, maketh the whole World *Troglodytic*, and enforceth People every where to hide themselves in the Dens and subterranean Caves. It is likewise called *Pantagruelion*, because of the notable and singular Qualities, Virtues and Properties thereof: for as *Pantagruel* hath been the *Idea*, Pattern, Prototype and Exemplar of all *Jovial* Perfection and Accomplishment (in the Truth whereof I believe there is none of you, Gentlemen Drinkers, that putteth any Question) so in this *Pantagruelion* have I found so much Efficacy and Energy, so much Compleatness and Excellency, so much Exquisiteness and Rarity, and so many admirable Effects and Operations of a transcendent Nature, that if the Worth and Virtue thereof had been known, when those *Trees*, by the Relation of the Prophet, made Election of a Wooden King, to rule and govern over them, it without all Doubt would have carried away from all the rest the Plurality of Votes and Suffrages.

Shall I yet say more? If *Oxylus* (5) the Son of *Orius* had begotten this Plant upon his Sister *Hamadryas*, he had taken more Delight in the Value and Perfection of it alone, than in all his eight Children, so highly renowned by our ablest *Mythologians*, that they have sedulously recommended their Names to the never failing Tuition of an eternal Remembrance. The eldest Child was a Daughter, whose Name was *Vine*; the next born was a Boy, and his Name was *Fig-tree*; the third was called *Walnut-tree*; the fourth *Oak*; the fifth *Sorbapple-tree*; the sixth *Ash* (6) the seventh *Poplar*; and the last had the Name of *Elm*, who was the greatest (7) *Surgeon* in his Time. I shall forbear to tell you, how the Juice or Sap thereof, being poured and distilled within the Ears, killeth every Kind of Vermin, that by any Manner of Putrefaction cometh to be bred and engendred there; and destroyeth also any whatsoever other Animal that shall have entred thereat. If likewise you put a little of the said Juice within a Pale or Bucket full of Water, you shall see the Water instantly turn and grow thick therewith, as if it were Milk Curds, whereof the Virtue is so great, that the Water thus curded is a present Remedy for Horses subject to the Cholic, and such (8) as strike at their own Flanks (Belly). The Root thereof well boiled, mollifieth the Joints, softneth the Hardness of shrunk Sinews, is every way comfortable to the Nerves, and good against all Cramps and Convulsions, as likewise all cold and knotty Gouts. If you will speedily heal a Burning, whether occasioned by Water or Fire, apply thereto a little raw *Pantagruelion*, that is to say,

(5) *Oxylus*, &c.] See *Athenæus*, I. iii. c. iii.

(6) *Ash*.] In the Original *Fenabregue*. *M. du Chat*, after he had sought a long while what this Word meant, at length found that at *Sommieres* in *Languedoc*, they called *Fenabregue* the Tree that's called in the other Parts of *France* *Alisier*, the Lute-tree, of which says *Cotgr.* there's the Grey, the Red and other Sorts, all Strangers in *England*.

(7) *The greatest Surgeons*.] See *Pliny*, I. xxiv. c. viii.

(8) *And such as strike at their own Belly*.] See *Pliny*, I. xx. last chap. but one, The same Remedy was successfully employ'd in *Alsace* in 1705 in the Cure of a kind of Cholic with which the Horses of the *French Army* were very much disordered,

take it so as it cometh out of the Ground, without bestowing any other Preparation or Composition upon it ; but have a special Care to change it for some Fresher, in lieu thereof, as soon as you shall find it waxing dry (9) upon the Sore.

Without this *Herb* Kitchens would be detested, the Tables of Dining-Rooms abhorred, although there were great Plenty and Variety of most dainty and sumptuous Dishes of Meat set down upon them ; and the choicest Beds also, how richly soever adorned with Gold, Silver, Amber, Ivory, Porphyry, and the Mixture of most precious Metals, would without it yield no Delight or Pleasure to the Reposers in them : Without it Millers could neither carry Wheat, nor any other Kind of Corn, to the Mill ; nor would they be able to bring back from thence Flour, or any other Sort of Meal whatsoever. Without it, how could the Papers and Writs of Lawyers Clients be brought to the Bar ? Seldom is the Mortar, Lime or Plaister brought to the Workhouse without it. Without it how should the Water be got out of a Draw-well ? In what Case would Tabellions, Notaries, Copists, makers of Counterparts, Writers, Clerks, Secretaries, Scriveners, and such like Persons be without it ? Were it not for it, what would become of the Toll rates and Rent-rolls ? Would not the noble Art of Printing perish without it ? Whereof could the Chassis or Paper Windows be made ? How should the Bells be rung ? The Altars of *Isis* are adorned therewith ; the *Pastophorian* Priests (10) are therewith clad and accoutred ; and whole human Nature covered and wrapped therein, at it's first Position and Production in, and into this World : All the Lunific (11) Trees of *Seres*, the

(9) Dry, &c.] See *Pliny*, *ibidem*.

(10) *Pastophorian Priests*,] Only *Pastophores* in French. They were the Pontiffs among the *Egyptians*, in the Temple of *Serapis*. *Πασις*, *pallium sacerdotale*, a cope. *Pallium Veneris quod ferebant in Egypto sacerdotes cæteris honoratiores*. The Place of their Abode was close to the Temple, and called *Pastophorium*. *Ruff. Eccles. Hist. l. i. c. xxiii. Hieron, in Esa. Pastopherium, inquit, est thalamus, in quo habitat præpositus templi*.

(11) *Lunific*.] Read *Lanific*.

Bumbast and Cotton Bushes in the Territories near the *Persian* Sea and Gulph of *Bengalla*; the *Arabian* Swans, together with the Plants of *Maltha*, do not all of them Cloath, Attire, and Apparel so many Persons as this one *Herb* alone. Soldiers are now-a-days much better sheltered under it, than they were in former Times, when they lay in Tents covered with Skins. It overshadows the Theatres and Amphitheatres from the Heat of a scorching Sun: it begirdeth and encompasseth Forests, Chases, Parks, Copses and Groves, for the Pleasure of Hunters: It descendeth into the Salt and Fresh of both Sea and River-Waters, for the Profit of Fishers: by it are Boots of all Sizes, Buskins, Gamashes, Brodskins, Gambados, Shooes, Pumps, Slippers, and every cobled Ware wrought and made steedable for the Use of Man: by it the Butt and Rover-bows are strung, the Cross-bows bended, and the Slings made fixed: and, as if it were an *Herb* every whit as *holy* as the *Kerveine*, and revered by Ghosts, Spirits, Hobgoblins, Fiends and Phantoms, the Bodies of deceased Men are never buried without it.

I will proceed yet further; by the Means of this fine *Herb*, the invisible Substances are visibly stopped, arrested, taken, detained, and Prisoner-like committed to their receptive Gaols. Heavy and ponderous Weights are by it heaved, lifted up, turned, veered, drawn, carried, and every Way moved quickly, nimbly and easily, to the great Profit and Emolument of human Kind. When I perpend with myself these and such like marvellous Effects of this wonderful *Herb*, it seemeth strange unto me, how the Invention of so useful a Practice did escape, through so many by-past Ages, the Knowledge of the ancient *Philosophers*, considering the inestimable Utility which from thence proceeded, and the immense Labour, which without it, they did undergo in their pristine Elucubrations. By virtue thereof, through the Retension of some aerial Gusts, are the huge Ram-barges, mighty Gallioons, the large Floyts, the *Chiliander*, the *Myriander* Ships launched from their Stations, and set a going at the Pleasure and Arbitriment of their Rulers.

Rulers, Condors and Steersmen. By (12) the Help thereof those remote Nations, whom Nature seemed so unwilling to have discovered to us, and so desirous to have kept them still in *abscondito*, and hidden from us, that the Ways through which their Countries were to be reached unto, were not totally unknown, but judged also to be altogether impermeable (13) and inaccessible, are now arrived to us, and we to them.

Those Voyages outreached Flights of Birds, and far surpassed the Scope of Feather'd Fowls, how swift soever they had been on the Wing, and notwithstanding that Advantage which they have of us in swimming through the Air. *Taproban* hath seen the Heaths of *Lapland*, and both the *Java's* the *Riphaean* Mountains, wide distant *Phebol* shall see *Theleme*, and the *Islanders* drink of the Flood *Euphrates*: By it the chili-mouthed *Boreas* hath surveyed the parched Mansions of the torrid *Auster*, and *Eurus* visited the Regions which *Zephrius* hath under his Command; yea, in such sort have Interviews been made, by the Assistance of this Sacred Herb, that maugre Longitudes and Latitudes, and all the Variations of the Zones, the *Periæcian* People, and *Antæcian*, *Amphisbian*, *Heterosbian*, and *Perisbian* had oft tendred and received mutual Visits to, and from other, upon all the Climates. These strange Exploits bred such Astonishment to the Cœlestial *Intelligences*, to all the *Marine* and *Terrestrial* Gods, that they were on a Sudden all afraid: from which Amazement, when they saw how, by means of this blest *Pantagruelion*, the *Arietic* People lookt upon the *Antarctic*, scowred the *Atlantic* Ocean, passed the *Tropics*, pushed through the *Torrid Zone*, measured all the *Zodiac*, sported un-

(12) *By the Help thereof.*] This is an imitation of *Agrippa*, ch. lxxviii. of his *de Vanitate Scientiarum*.

(13) *Impermeable.*] Impassable. I don't explain this as if I thought the Reader needed to be informed what *Impermeable* meant, but only for an Opportunity of letting such know as are possess'd of the Editions of 1553, 1596, and all the later Ones that instead of *Incomprehensibles* (*Incomprehensibles*) they must read it *Impermeables*, conformable to the Editions of 1547, the three Editions of *Lyons*, and that of 1626.

der the *Equinoctial* (14), having both *Poles* level with their *Horizon* ; they judged it high Time to call a Council, for their own Safety and Preservation.

The *Olympic* Gods being all and each of them affrighted at the Sight of such *Atchievements*, said, *Pan-tagruel* hath shapen Work enough for us, and put us more to a Plunge, and nearer our Wits End, by this sole *Herb* of his, than did of old the *Aloids* (*Alodæ*) by overturning Mountains. He very speedily is to be married, and shall have many Children by his Wife : it lies not in our Power to oppose this Destiny ; for it hath passed through the Hands and Spindles of the *Fatal Sisters*, Necessity's inexorable Daughters. Who knows but by his Sons may be found out an *Herb* of such another Virtue and prodigious Energy, as that by the Aid thereof, in using it aright according to their Father's Skill, they may contrive a Way for human Kind to pierce into the high *aërian* Clouds, get up into the Spring-head of the Hail, take an Inspection of the Snowy Sources and shut and open as they please the Sluices from whence proceed the Flood-Gates of the Rain ; then prosecuting their *Ætherial* Voyage, they may step in unto the Lightning Work-house and Shop, where all the Thunderbolts are forged, where seizing on the Magazine of Heaven, and Store-house of our Warlike Fire Munition, they may discharge a bouncing Peal or two of thundering Ordnance, for joy of their Arrival to these new supernal Places ; and charging those Toni-trual Guns afresh, turn the whole Force of that Artillery against ourselves, wherein we most confided : then it is like they will set forward to invade the Territories of the *Moon*, whence passing through both *Mercury* and *Venus*, the *Sun* will serve them for a *Torch*, to shew the Way from *Mars* to *Jupiter* and *Saturn* : we shall not then be able to resist the Impetuosity of their Intrusion, nor put a Stoppage to their entering in all at whatever Regions, Domicils or Mansions of the spangled Firmament they shall have any Mind to see, to stay in, or to

(14) Sported under the *Æquinoctial*.] Here Rabelais gilds the Pill, cutting the Lip has always been reported as a Thing far from being pleasant.

travel through for their Recreation : all the cœlestial Signs together, with the Constellations of the Fixed Stars, will jointly be at their Devotion then : some will take up their Lodging at the *Ram*, some at the *Bull*, and others at the *Twins* ; some at the *Crab*, some at the *Lion* Inn, and others at the Sign of the *Virgin* ; some at the *Balance*, others at the *Scorpion*, and others will be quartered at the *Archer* ; some will be harboured at the *Goat*, some at the *Water-pourer's* Sign, some at the *Fishes* ; some will lie at the *Crown*, some at the *Harp*, some at the *Golden Eagle* and the *Dolphin* ; some at the *Flying Horse*, some at the *Ship*, some at the great, some at the little *Bear* ; and so throughout the glistening Histories of the whole twinkling Asteric Welkin : there will be Sojourners come from the Earth, who longing after the Taste of the sweet Cream, of their own scumming off, from the best Milk of all the Dairy of the *Galaxy*, will set themselves at the Table down with us, drink of our *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, and take to their own Beds at Night for Wives and Concubines our fairest *Goddeffes*, the only Means whereby they can be *Deify'd*. A Junto hereupon being convocated, the better to consult upon the Manner of obviating so dreadful a Danger, *Jove*, sitting in the Presidential Throne, asked the Votes of all the other Gods, which, after a profound Deliberation amongst themselves on all Contingencies, they freely gave at last, and then resolved unanimously to withstand the Shock of all whatsoever sub-lunary Assaults.

C H A P. LII.

How a certain kind of Pantagruelion 'is of that Nature, that the Fire is not able to consume it.

I Have already related to you great and admirable Things : but if you might be induced to adventure upon the Hazard of believing some other Divinity of this Sacred *Pantegruelion*, I very willingly would tell it you.

you. Believe it if you will, or otherways believe it not, I care not which of them you do, they are both alike to me, it shall be sufficient for my Purpose to have told you the Truth, and the Truth I will tell you: But to enter in thereat, because it is of a knaggy, difficult and rugged Access, this is the Question which I ask of you, If I had put within this Bottle two Pints, the one of Wine and the other of Water, thoroughly and exactly mingled together, how would you unmix them? After what Manner would you go about to sever them, and separate the one Liquor from the other, in such Sort, that you render me the Water apart, free from the Wine and the Wine also pure, without the intermixture of one drop of Water; and both of them in the same Measure, Quantity, and Taste that I had embottled them? Or to state the Question otherways, If your Carr-men and Mariners, entrusted for the Provision of your Houses, with the bringing of a certain considerable number of Tuns, Punchions, Pipes, Barrels and Hogshheads of *Graves* Wine, or of the Wine of *Orleans*, *Beanne* [*Beaune*] and *Mirevaux*, (1) should drink out the

(1) *Should drink out.*] *Buffeter* in French, which signifies to give one a *Buffer*, or *Cuff*: hence metaphorically to marr a Vessel of Wine by often tasting it before it is broached; or, rather, ashore, to fill it up with Water, after much Wine hath been stole, or taken out of it. (which to prevent, in the Case of *Yorkshire* and *Burton Ale*, I have heard, the Sender puts the full Cask into an empty one.) *Oudin* in his *Fr. Ital.* Dictionary mistakes the meaning of this Word, when he says *Buffeter le Vin, assagiar il Vino, to taste Wine. Buffeteur de Vin, assagiator di Vino, Taster of Wine. Buffeter un tonneau* (in French) is not properly to taste the Wine contained in the Vessel, but to put fraudulently therein as much Water as hath been taken out of it in under pretence of tasting it. In this Sense the Verb *Buffeter* is synonymous to *souffleter*, to give one a box of the Ear, a Word borrow'd from the King's Mint, to express the Action of a false Coiner, who in forging the likeness of the Prince, does as it were give him a Box on the Ear, by the Affront he puts on him, and so is called *Souffleteur*.

To mix Water in the Wine, a Man is entertaining his Guests with, is for the same Reason called *Servir en buffet* (not to serve at the *Buffer*, (Side-board) as some would take it.) *Mat. Corderius*, ch. xxiv. n. 62. of his *de corrupti Sermonis emendatione*: *In eo convivio miscbatur nobis*; we were serv'd *en buffet*, or, as *Nicot* says, *à buffet*. And *Villon* likewise in this Sense calls *Vin de buffet*, the Wine which

the Half, and afterwards with Water fill up the other empty Halves of the Vessels as full as before; as the *Limosins* use to do in their Carriages by Wains and Carts of the Wines of *Argenton* and *Sangaultier*: After that, how would you part the Water from the Wine, and purify them both in such a Case. I understand you well enough; your meaning is, that I must do it with an *Ivy Funnel*: That is written, it is true, and the Verity thereof explored by a thousand Experiments; you have learned to do this Feat before, I see it: But those that have never known it, nor at any Time have seen the like, would hardly believe that it were possible. Let us nevertheless proceed.

But put the Case we were now living in the Age of *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Cæsar*, and other *Roman* Emperors; or that we were in the Time of our ancient *Druids*, whose Custom was to burn and calcine the dead Bodies of their Parents and Lords, and that you had a mind to drink the Ashes or Cinders of your Wives or Fathers in the infused Liquor of some good white Wine, as (2) *Artemisia* drunk the Dust and Ashes of her Husband *Mansolus* [*Mausolus*]; or otherways, that you did determine to have them reserved in some fine Urn or Reliquary Pot, how would you save the Ashes apart, and separate them from those other Cinders and Ashes into which the Fuel of the Funeral and bustuary Fire hath been converted? Answer if you can; by my Figgins, I believe it will trouble you so to do.

Well, I will dispatch and tell you, that if you take of this Celestial *Pantagruelion* so much as is needful to cover the Body of the Defunct, and after that you shall have inwrapped and bound therein as hard and closely as you can the Corps of the said deceased Persons, and sowed up the Folding sheet with Thread of the same Stuff, throw it into the Fire, how great or ardent soever it be, it matters not a Straw, the Fire through this *Pantagruelion* will burn the Body, and reduce to Ashes the Bones thereof, and the *Pantagruelion* shall be not only not consumed

he thought proper for the boiling Six Wolves Heads, which by his Will he bequeathed to the Captain of the Night Watch of *Paris*.

(2) *Artemisia*.] See *Aulus Gellius*, l. x. c. xviii.

not

nor burnt, but also shall neither lose one Atom of the Ashes inclos'd within it, nor receive one Atom of the huge bustuary heap of Ashes resulting from the blazing Conflagration of Things combustible laid round about it, but shall at last, when taken out of the Fire, be fairer, (3) whiter, and much cleaner than when you did put it in at first : Therefore it is called *Asbeston*, which is as much as to say *incombustible*. Great (4) Plenty is to be found thereof in *Carpasia*, as likewise in the Climate (5) *Diasienes*, at very easy Rates. O how rare and admirable a Thing it is, that the Fire which devoureth, consumeth and destroyeth all Things else, should cleanse, purge and whiten this sole *Pantagruelion Carpasian Asbeston* ? If you mistrust the Verity of this Relation, and demand for further Confirmation of my Assertion a visible Sign, as the *Jews*, and such incredulous Infidels use to do ; take a fresh Egg, and orbicular (or rather ovally) infold it within this Divine *Pantagruelion* ; when it is so wrapped up, put it in the hot Embers of a Fire, how great or ardent soever it be, and having left it there as long as you will, you shall at last, at your taking it out of the Fire, find the Egg roasted hard, and as it were burnt, without any Alteration, Change, Mutation, or so much as a Calefaction of the Sacred *Pantagruelion* : For less than a (6) Million Pounds *Sterling*, modified, taken down and amoderated to the twelfth Part of one four Pence Half-penny Farthing, you are able to put it to a Trial, and make Proof thereof.

Do not think to overmatch me here, by *paragoning* with it, in the Way of a more eminent Comparison, the *Salamander*. That is a Fib ; for albeit a little ordinary Fire, such as is used in Dining-Rooms and Chambers, gladden, chear up, exhilarate and quicken it, yet may I warrantably enough assure, that in the flaming

(3) *Whiter*, &c.] See *Plutarch*, in his Treatise of Oracles ceasing.

(4) *Plenty*----in *Carpasia*.] See *Pausanias's* Attics.

(5) *Diasienes*.] Read *Dya Syene*.

(6) *A Million*, &c.] In the Original, fifty Thousand *Fourdelois* Crowns.

Fire of a Furnace, it will, like any other animated Creature, be quickly suffocated, choaked, consumed and destroyed. We have seen the Experiment thereof, and *Galen* many Ages ago hath clearly demonstrated and confirmed it, *Lib. 3. De temporamentis* [*Temperamentis*.] And *Dioscorides* maintaineth the same Doctrine, *Lib. 2.* Do not here instance in competition with this Sacred Herb the Feather *Allum*, or the wooden Tower of *Pyrce*, [*Pireum*] which (7) *L. Sylla* was never able to get burnt; for that *Archelaus*, Governor of the Town for *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, had plaistered it all over on the out-side with the said *Allum*. Nor would I have you to compare therewith the Herb, which *Alexander Cornelius* called *Fonem*; and said that it had some Resemblance with that Oak which bears the *Misselto*; and that it could be neither consumed, nor receive any Manner of prejudice by Fire, nor Water, no more than the *Misselto*, of which was built (said he) the so renowned Ship *Argos*. Search where you please for those that will believe it, I in that Point desire to be excused. Neither would I wish you to parallel therewith (although I cannot deny but that it is of a very marvellous Nature) that Sort of Tree which groweth along the Mountains of *Brianfon* and *Ambrun*, which produceth out of his Root the good *Agaric*; from it's Body it yieldeth unto us a so excellent *Rosin*, that *Galen* hath been bold to equal it to the *Turpentine*: Upon the delicate Leaves thereof it retaineth for our Use that sweet Heavenly Honey, which is called the *Manna*: and altho' it be of a gummy, oily, fat, and greasy Substance, it is notwithstanding unconsumable by any Fire. It is in the *Greek* and *Latin* called *Larix*. The *Alpenise* name it *Melze*. The *Antonorides* and *Venetians* term it *Larege*; which gave occasion to that Castle in *Piedmont* to receive the Denomination of *Larignum*, by putting *Julius Cæsar* to a stand (8) at his return from amongst the *Gauls*.

(7) *L. Sylla.*] See *Aulus Gellius*, l. xv. c. i.

(8) *At his Return from amongst the Gauls.*] In the Original, it is at going to the Gauls.

(9) *Julius*

(9) *Julius Cæsar* had commanded all the Yeomens, Boors, Hinds, and other Inhabitants in, near unto, and about the *Alps* and *Piedmont*, to bring all manner of Victuals and Provision for an Army to those Places, which on the Military Road he had appointed to receive them for the Use of his marching Soldiery; to which Ordinance all of them were obedient, save only those as were within the Garrison of *Larignum*; who trusting in the natural Strength of the Place, would not pay their Contribution. The Emperor proposing to chastise them for their Refusal, caused his whole Army to march streight towards that Castle, before the Gate whereof was erected a *Tower*, built of huge big Sparrs and Rafter of the *Larch* Tree, fast bound together with Pins and Pegs of the same Wood, and interchangeably laid on one another, after the fashion of a Pile or Stack of Timber, set up in the Fabrick thereof to such an apt and convenient Heighth, that from the Parapet above the Portcullis they thought with Stones and Leavers to beat off and drive away such as should approach there-to.

When *Cæsar* had understood the chief Defence of those within the Castle did consist in Stones and Clubs, and that it was not an easy Matter to sling, hirl, dart, throw, or cast them so far as to hinder the Approaches, he forthwith commanded his Men to throw great Store of Bavins, Faggots, Fascines round about the Castle;

(9) *Julius Cæsar*, &c.] This is taken from *Vitruvius*, l. ii. c. ix. *Philander*, in his Remarks on this Passage of *Vitruvius*, Venice Edition 1557, says, that being at *Venice* he had a mind to try whether the *Meleze*, supposing it to be the *Larix* of *Vitruvius*, would withstand the Force of Fire, but found that this pretended *Larix*, was consumed by it, tho' at first this Word seemed to defy the Flame and make it keepit's distance. Upon which M. *le Clerc* who had some of the true incombustible *Larix*, avers, in Art. ii. of T. XII. of his *Bibliothèque Choïse*, that the *Meleze* of *Philander* was not the true *Larix*. I believe so too, but yet 'tis certain, by what goes before in *Rabelais* that our Author took the *Meleze* for the *Larix* or incombustible Word of *Vitruvius*. In short, the true *Larix* is not unknown to the Virtuosi of *Rome*, one of whom sent some of it, not long ago, to *Holland*, where it is still kept,

and

and when they had made the Heap of a competent Heighth to put them all in a fair Fire, which was thereupon incontinently done; the Fire was so great and so high, that it covered the whole Castle, that they might well imagine the Tower would thereby be altogether burnt to Dust, and demolished. Nevertheless contrary to all their Hopes and Expectations, when the Flame ceased, and that the Faggots were quite burnt and consumed, the Tower appeared as whole, sound and entire as ever. *Cæsar*, after a serious Consideration had thereof, commanded a Compass to be taken, without the Distance of a Stone Cast from the Castle round about it, there, with Ditches and Entrenchments, to form a Blockade; which when the (10) *Loringians* understood, they rendred themselves upon Terms: And then, by a Relation from them it was that *Cæsar* learned the admirable Nature and Virtue of this *Wood*; which, of itself, produceth neither Fire, Flame nor Coal; and would therefore in regard of that rare Quality of *Incombustibility*, have been admitted into this Rank and Degree of a true *Pantagrueional* Plant; and that so much the rather, for that *Pantagrue* directed that all the Gates, Doors, Angiports, Windows, Gutters, frettized and embowed Cielings, Cans, and other whatsoever wooden Furniture in the Abby of *Theleme* should be all materialed of this kind of Timber: He likewise caused to cover therewith the Sterns, Stems, Cook-rooms or Laps, Hatches, Decks, Courfies, Bends and Walls of his Carricks, Ships, Gallioons, Galleys, Brigantins, Foyfts, Frigates, Crears, Barks, Floyts, Pinks, Pinnances, Huys, Catches, Capers, and other Vessels, of his *Thalassian* Arcenal; were it not that the Wood or Timber of the *Larch-Tree* being put within a large and ample Furnace tull of huge vehemently flaming Fire, proceeding from the Fuel of other Sorts and Kinds of Wood, cometh at last to be corrupted, consumed, dissipated and destroyed, as are Stones in a Lime-kiln: But this *Pantagrueion Asbeston* is rather by the Fire renewed and

(10) *Loringians*.] Read *Larignans*. A very great Mistake.

cleansed, than by the Flames thereof consumed or
changed. Therefore,

Arabians, Indians, Sabæans,
Sing not in Hymns and Io Pæans,
Your Incense, Myrrh, or Ebony :
Come, here, a nobler Plant to see ;
And carry home, at any Rate,
Some Seed, that you may propagate.
If in your Soil it takes, to Heaven
A thousand thousand Thanks be given ;
And say, With France, it goodly goes
Where the Pantagruelion grows !

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

THE



T H E

Translator's PREFACE,

T O T H I S

F O U R T H B O O K.

READER,

I Don't know what kind of a Preface I must write to find thee Courteous, an Epithet too often bestowed without a Cause. The Author of this Work has been as sparing of what we call Good Nature, as most Readers are now a-days. So I am afraid his Translator and Commentator is not to expect much more than has been shewed them. What's worse, there are but two Sorts of taking Prefaces, as there are but two Kinds of Prologues to Plays; for, Mr. Bays was doubtless in the right, when he said, That if Thunder and Lightning could not fright an Audience into Complaisance, the Sight of the Poet with a Rope about his Neck, might work them into Pity. Some indeed have bullied many of you into Applause, and railed at your Faults, that you might think them without any; and others, more safely, have spoken kindly of you, that you might think, or at least speak as favourably of them, and be flattered into Patience. Now, I fancy there's nothing less difficult to attempt than the first Method; for, in this blessed Age, 'tis as easy to find a Bully without Courage, as a Whore without Beauty, or a Writer without Wit; though those Qualifications are so
necessary

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necessary in their respective Professions : The Mischief is, that you seldom allow any to rail besides yourselves, and cannot bear a Pride which shocks your own. As for wheedling you into a liking of a Work, I must confess it seems the safest Way ; but though Flattery pleases you well when 'tis particular, you hate it, as little concerning you, when 'tis general. Then we Knights of the Quill are a stiff-necked Generation, who as seldom care to seem to doubt the Worth of our Writings, and their being liked, as we love to flatter more than once at a Time ; and had rather draw our Pens, and stand up for the Beauty of our Works (as some arrant Fools used to do for that of their Mistresses) to the last Drop of our Ink. And truly this Submission which sometimes wheedles you into Pity, as seldom decoys you into Love, as the awkward Cringing of an antiquated Fop, as moneyless as he's ugly, affects an experienc'd Fair One. Now we as little value your Pity, as a Lover his Mistress's, well satisfied that 'tis only a less uncivil Way of dismissing us. But what if neither of these two Ways will work upon you, of which doleful Truth some of our Play-wrights stand so many living Monuments? Why, then truly I can think on no other Way at present, but blending the two into one ; and, from this Marriage of huffing and cringing, there will result a new Kind of careless Medley, which, perhaps will work upon both sorts of Readers, those who are to be hector'd, and those whom we must creep to. At least 'tis like to please by its Novelty, and 'twill not be the first Monster that has pleas'd you, when regular Nature could not do it.

If uncommon Mirth, lively Wit and deep Learning, wove into wholesome Satire, a bold, good and vast Design admirably pursued, Truth set out in its true Light, and a Method how to arrive to its Oracle, can recommend a Work, I am sure this has enough to please any reasonable Man. The three Books published some time since, which are in a manner an intire Work, were kindly received : Yet, in the French they come far short of these two, which are also intire Pieces ; for the Satire is all general here, much more obvious, and consequently more entertaining. Even my long explanatory Preface was not thought improper, though I was so far from being allow'd Time to make it methodical,
that

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that at first only a few Pages were intended; yet as fast as they were printed I wrote on, till it proved at last like one of those Towns built little at first, then enlarged, where you see promiscuously an odd Variety of all sorts of irregular Buildings. I hope the Remarks I give now will not please less; for, as I have translated the Work which they explain, I had more Time to make them, though as little to write them. It would be needless to give here a large Account of my Performance; for, after all, you Readers care no more for this or that Apology, or Pretence of Mr. Translator, if the Version does not please you, than we do for a blundering Cook's Excuse after he has spoilt a good Dish in the dressing. Nor can the First pretend to much Praise, besides that of giving his Author's Sense in its full Extent, and copying his Stile, if 'tis to be copied; since he has no Share in the Invention or Disposition of what he translates. Yet there was no small Difficulty in doing Rabelais Justice in that double Respect; the obsolete Words and turns of Phrase, and dark Subjects, often as darkly treated, make the Sense hard to be understood even by a Frenchman, and it cannot be easy to give it the free easy Air of an Original; for even what seems most common Talk in one Language, is what's often the most difficult to be made so in another; and Horace's Thoughts of Comedy may well be applied to this:

Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comœdia tantum
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.

Far be it from me for all this to value myself upon hitting the Words of Cant in which my drolling Author is so luxuriant; for though such Words have stood me in good stead, I scarce can forbear thinking myself unhappy in having insensibly hoarded up so much gibberish and Billingsgate Trash in my Memory; nor could I forbear asking of myself, as an Italian Cardinal said on another account, *D'onde hai tu pigliato tante Coglionerie?* Where Devil didst thou rake up all these Fripperies?

It was not less difficult to come up to the Author's sublime Expressions. Nor would I have attempted such a Task, but that I was ambitious of giving a View of the most valuable

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valuable Work of the greatest Genius of his Age, to the Mæcenas and best Genius of this. For I am not overfond of so ungrateful a Task as translating, and would rejoice to see less Versions, and more Originals, so the latter were not as bad as many of the first are, through want of Incouragement. Some indeed have deservedly gain'd Esteem by translating; yet not many condescend to translate, but such as cannot invent; though, to do the first well, requires often as much Genius as to do the latter.

I wish, Reader thou mayest be as willing to do my Author Justice, as I have strove to do him Right. Yet if thou art a Brother of the Quill, 'tis ten to one thou art too much in love with thy own dear Productions to admire those of one of thy Trade: However, I know three or four who have not such a mighty Opinion of themselves, but I'll not name them, lest I be obliged to place myself among them. If thou art one of those, who, though they never write, criticise every one that does; avaunt—Thou'rt a professed Enemy of Mankind and of thyself, who wilt never be pleased nor let any body be so, and knowest no better way to Fame, than by striving to lessen that of others; though, wouldst thou write, thou mightest be soon known, even by the Butter-women, and fly through the World in Band-boxes. If thou art of the dissembling Tribe, 'tis thy Office to rail at those Books which thou hugest in a Corner. If thou art one of those Eves-droppers, who would have their Moroseness be counted Gravity, thou'lt condemn a Mirth which thou'rt past relishing; and I know no other way to quit the Score, than by writing (as like enough I may) something as dull, or duller than thyself, if possible. If thou art one of those Criticks in dressing, those Extempore's of Fortune, who having lost a Relation, and got an Estate, in an Instant, set up for Wit and every Extravagance, thou'lt either praise or discommend this Book, according to the Dictates of some less foolish than thyself, perhaps of one of those, who being lodg'd at the Sign of the Box and Dice, will know better Things, than to recommend to thee a Work which bids thee beware of his Tricks. This Book might teach thee to leave thy Follies; but some will say, it does not signify much to some Fools whether they are so or not; for when

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was there ever a Fool that thought himself one? If thou art one of those who would put themselves upon us for learned Men in Greek and Hebrew, yet are meer Blockheads in English, and patch together old Pieces of the Ancients, to get themselves Cloathes out of them, thou art too severely maul'd in this Work to like it. Who then will, some will cry? Nay, besides these, many Societies that make a great Figure in the World are reflected on in this Book; which caused Rabelais to study to be dark, and even bedaub it with many loose Expressions, that he might not be thought to have any other Design than to droll; in a Manner bewraying his Book, that his Enemies might not bite it. Truly, though now the Riddle is expounded, I would advise those who read it, not to reflect on the Author, lest he be thought to have been beforehand with them, and they be ranked among those who have nothing to shew for their Honesty, but their Money; nothing for their Religion, but their Dissembling, or a fat Benefice; nothing for their Wit, but their Dressing; for their Nobility, but their Title; for their Gentility, but their Sword; for their Courage, but their Huffing; for their Preferment, but their Assurance; for their Learning, but their Degrees; or for their Gravity, but their Wrinkles or Dulness. They had better laugh at one another here, as 'tis the Custom of the World. Laughing is of all Professions; the Miser may board, the Spendthrift squander, the Politician Plot, the Lawyer wrangle, and the Gamester cheat; still their main Design is, to be able to laugh at one another; and here they may do it at a cheap and easy rate. After all, should this Work fail to please the greater Number of Readers, I am sure it cannot miss being liked by those who are for witty Mirth, and a chirping Bottle; though not by those solid Sots who seem to have drudged all their Youth long, only that they might enjoy the sweet Blessing of getting drunk every Night in their old Age. But those Men of Sense and Honour, who love Truth, and the good of Mankind in general above all other Things, will undoubtedly countenance this Work. I'll not gravely insist upon its Usefulness, having said enough of it in the Preface to the first Part. I'll only add, That as Homer in his *Odysses* makes his Hero wander ten Years through most Parts of the then known World, so Rabelais in a
three

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three Month's Voyage makes Pantagruel take a View of almost all sorts of People and Professions : With this Difference, however, between the ancient Mythologist and the modern, That while the *Odysses* has been compared to a setting Sun, in respect to the *Iliads*, Rabelais's last Work, which is this Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle (by which he means Truth) is justly thought his Master-piece ; being writ with more Spirit, Salt and Flame, than the First Part of his Works. At near seventy Years of Age, his Genius, far from being drained, seemed to have acquired fresh Vigour, and new Graces, the more it exerted itself ; like those Rivers which grew more deep, large, majestic and useful by their Course. Those, who accuse the French of being as sparing of their Wit, as lavish of their Words, will find an ENGLISHMAN in our Author. I must confess indeed, that my Countrymen, and other Southern Nations, temper the one with the other, in a manner, as they do their Wine with Water, often just dashing the latter with a little of the first. Now here Men love to drink their Wine pure ; nay, sometimes it will not satisfy, unless in its very Quintessence, as in Brandies ; though an Excess of this betrays want of Sobriety, as much as an Excess of Wit betrays a want of Judgment. But I must conclude, lest I be justly taxed with wanting both. I will only add, That as every Language has its peculiar Graces, seldom or never to be acquired by a Foreigner, I cannot think I have given my Author those of the English in every Place : But as none compelled me to write, I fear to ask a Pardon, which yet the generous Temper of this Nation makes me hope to obtain. Albinus, a Roman, who had written in Greek, desired in his Preface to be forgiven his Faults of Language ; but Cato asked in Derision, whether any had forced him to write in a Tongue of which he was not an absolute Master ? Lucullus wrote an History in the same Tongue, and said, He had scattered some false Greek in it, to let the World know it was the Work of a Roman. I'll not say as much of my Writings, in which I study to be as little incorrect as the Hurry of Business, and Shortness of Time will permit ; but I may better say, as Tully did of the History of his Consulship, which he also had written in Greek, that what Errors may be found in

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the Diction, are crept in against my Intent. Indeed Livius Andronicus, and Terence, the one a Greek, the other a Carthaginian, wrote successfully in Latin, and the latter is perhaps the most perfect Model of the Purity and Urbanity of that Tongue: But I ought not to hope for the Success of those great Men. Yet am I ambitious of being as subservient to the useful Diversion of the Ingenious of this Nation as I can, which I have endeavoured in this Work, with Hopes to attempt some greater Tasks, if ever I am happy enough to have more Leisure. In the mean Time it will not displease me, if 'tis known that this is given by one, who though born and educated in France, has the Love and Veneration of a Loyal Subject for this Nation; one who, by a Fatality, which with many more made him say:

Nos patriam fugimus & dulcia linquimus arva,

Is obliged to make the Language of these happy Regions, as natural to him as he can, and thankfully say with the rest, under this Protestant Government,

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

VOL. III.

G

Explanatory



Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

PROLOGUE to the FOURTH BOOK of *Rabelais*, being the first of the Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle.

THE main Design of this Prologue is to teach us to be moderate in our Wishes. The Author brings several Examples to prove what Advantages arise from it; particularly he makes use of a Fable, in which (after some long but most diverting Excursions) the Moderation of a poor Country Fellow, who had lost his Hatchet, and wish'd only to have it again, was largely rewarded; and others, who lost theirs on purpose, to be thus made rich, were undone. This is thought by some, to mean a Gentleman of *Poitou*, who came to *Paris* with his Wife about some Business, where *Francis* the First fell in love with her, and having bestow'd large Sums of Money on the Husband, who some Time after return'd into the Country; some of the neighbouring Gentlemen, who had handsome Wives or Daughters, made their Appearance with them at Court, in hopes of the like Fortune, but instead of it were forc'd to sneak into the Country, after they had spent their Estates, which was all they got for their Pains.

Jupiter is brought in complaining of *Ramus* and *Galiland*, who surrounded with a swarm of their Scullions, Ragamuffins, Sizars, Vouchers, &c. set together by the
Ears

Ears the whole University of *Paris*. *Petrus Ramus*, or *de la Ramee*, was Royal Philosophy and Oratory Professor at that time ; and *Petrus Gallandus*, or *Galland*, Royal Greek Professor ; both were Learned Men, and *Ramus* particularly famous for Rhetoric and Oratory ; he also wrote three Books of Dialectic Institutions. But what divided the University, was his Elegant, but too Passionate Animadversions on *Aristotle's* Physics and Metaphysics ; *Carpentarius*, *Scheckius* and *Riolanus*, answer'd him, and particularly the first. I cannot find that *Gallandus* wrote against *Ramus* ; yet, either he has done it, or oppos'd him *vivâ voce*. *Priapus* is of Opinion, they ought to be turned into Stone, and associated to their Name-sake, Master *Peter du Coignet*, formerly petrified for such a Reason. This *Du Coignet* can be no other than *Peter de Coigneres*, the King's Advocate in his Parliament, mentioned by * *Pasquier*. In 1329 he caused all the Prelates of *France* to be summon'd before King *Philip*, who sat in his Court of Parliament attended by several Princes and Lords. There the Advocate represented many Abuses committed by the Ecclesiastical Court, which had encroach'd upon the Parliament's Rights, and us'd to take Cognizance of all Civil Matters, under divers pretences of Conscience, and unjustly favour'd those that appeal'd or remov'd their Causes to the Spiritual Court. The Archbishop of *Sens*, and the Bishop of *Autun*, spoke in behalf of the Church's Right, grounded on Custom, Time out of Mind, and of equal Validity to the Law ; then proffer'd to rectify every Thing ; and in short, so cunningly work'd upon the King, that he told them he would make no Innovations, nor would shew his Successors a way to molest the Church. This made the Clergy triumph, as if they had gain'd their Point, and to be reveng'd on *Pierre de Coigneres*, they got a Monkey hew'd out of Stone, and had it set up in a Corner of *Notredame* at *Paris*, which Figure says *Pasquier*, by a kind of Pun, was call'd † *Maitre Pierre du Coignet*. So *Priapus* advises *Jupiter* to petrify *Ramus* and *Galland*, saying, That *Peter du Coignet* had been turn'd

* *Recherches de Pasquier*, Lib. III. chap. xxvii.

† That is, The chief Corner-stone.

into Stone for the same Cause, that is, for setting the Learned at variance. Though after all, *France* is much oblig'd to that Advocate, who seems to have laid the Foundation of the Liberties of the *Gallican Church*.

In the same Council of the Gods, *Jupiter* says, *Here are the Gascons cursing and damning, demanding the Restoration of their Bells*. I find in *du Tillet*, that they had been taken from them in 1548. This is the Sense of his Words, which I give at length, because they seem to give light into several Passages in the first three Books. There was a Tumult in *Guienne*, which began at *Angoulesme* by thirty Men, but soon great Numbers join'd them: and as many at least rose towards *Bordeaux*, in a rebellious Manner, upon account of the Tax on Salt, from which the said Country us'd to be exempted. To suppress this Rebellion, &c.—After the Ring-leaders had been punish'd with Death, the Citizens of *Bordeaux*, and other Places of the same Faction, were depriv'd of their Rights and Privileges, Bells, Arms, and Artillery; the Town-house was demolish'd, all the Bells, little or great, were thrown down from the Steeples, and laid by to be melted down and moulded into Cannons. He says afterwards, in *January* 1550. the Rights and Privileges of those of *Bordeaux* were restor'd, and they had leave to hang their Bells up again, paying a certain Sum of Money.

It appears by this, that this Prologue was written in 1548 or 1549, and I am apt to believe that these are the Bells for whose recovery Master *Janotus de Bragmarde*, made the comical Speech in the 19th Chapter of the first Book; the rather, because *Henry d' Albert*, King of *Navarre* (*Rabelais's Gargantua*) was then Governor of *Guienne*, and acted against the Rebels.

The 21st of *August*, says *Du Tillet*, in *Xaintonge* and *Angaumois*, the People took Arms on account of the said Tax on Salt, and were so numerous, that they kill'd some Collectors, and other Officers, plunder'd Houses, Towns, and Castles, and routed the Forces that were sent against them by the King of *Navarre*, Governor of *Guienne*.



Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

First CHAPTER of BOOK IV.

BY *Pantagruel* and his Attendants, who embark'd for the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, we may understand *Anthony Duke of Vendosme*, afterwards King of *Navarre*, setting out of the World of Error, to search after Truth ; which *Rabelais* places in the Bottle ; because, drinking its Wine, we are inspired with Spirit and Invention, and freely imparting our Sentiments, discover those of others.

*Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro : tu sapientium
Curas & arcanum jocosum
Consilium retegis Lyæo.*

Horat.

As much is imply'd by the *Greek Proverb*, *ἐν οἴκῳ ἀληθεύει* ; by the *Latin*, *In Vino veritas*, and as some have it among us, *True Philosophy lies in the Bottle*. Our Author, like skilful Dramatic Writers, gives us a Hint of his Design in the first Chapter, when just before *Pantagruel* set Sail, he makes him and his Men go to Prayers, and sing the 113th Psalm, *When Israel went out of Egypt* ; which Country all know is generally taken in a mystical Sense for Error, or being a Slave to it.

The chief Pilot and *Xenomanes*, an experienc'd Traveller (by whom we may understand that 'tis necessary to have good Guides and Counsellors to direct us in such a Search) steer a shorter Course than the *Portuguese*, by whom may be meant superstitious Papists.

Bacuc is a *Bottle* in *Hebrew*, and the Ships have all Bottles, Cups, or Wine Vessels on their Stern, to shew that the whole Fleet are for Wine; only one has a Lantern to confirm what is said, that the Guidance of good Lights, *i. e.* learned Men, is requisite in such an Attempt. If we had a Mind to say that our Author had a double Meaning all along, as he has in many Places, we might suppose one easily: For this was written at the Time of the *Council of Trent*, in which the Restitution of the Cup to the Laity, and of Marriage to the Clergy, were debated. *Panurge* goes to the Oracle of the Bottle near *Lanternland*, where the Lanterns, which may be the Clergy, who think themselves the Lights of the World, held then their provincial Chapter. His Business is with the Bottle, to know whether he should marry or no; All his Company there are made to drink Water, which had the Taste of Wine; the Word of the Bottle is *Trinch*, which is Drink in *High Dutch*; and *Panurge*, having drunk, foretels that he shall be married, as indeed *Montluc* Bishop of *Valence*, whom I take to be *Rabelais's Panurge*, is own'd by all the Historians of his Age to have been; the Application is easy.

On C H A P. II.

AS our Author satirizes all Conditions of Men in this Voyage, he thought he could not begin better than by reflecting on the Follies and Lies of Travellers; which he does in this Chapter. The first Place at which our travelling *Pantagruelists* touch, is the Island of *Medamothi*. All the Countries in this Voyage are Islands, and he stil'd himself *Caloier des Isles hieres*, in the Edition of 1553. *Caloier* from *καλός* and *ιερεὺς*, *probus Sacerdos*, a Name given by those of the Greek Church to Ecclesiasticks; and *des Isles hieres*, of the sacred, or great Islands; for *ιερός* stands often for *μέγας*. These great Islands may be the terraqueous Part of the Globe which is wholly furrounded with the Sea; thus every Island here means the whole World, or at least a considerable Part of it; few Places being wholly free from

from the Persons and Defects which are ridicul'd in this Work.

The Island *Medamothi*, *Μεδαμοθι* *nusquam*, *nullo in loco*, means an Island that is no where, and so cannot be found; and indeed most Travellers and sea-faring Men are for going where no other went before, still bent on Discoveries; and accordingly our *Pantagrue*lian Journalist tells us, That till they came to that Island, they saw nothing new. *Philophanes*, who is King of the Country, signifies *one who desires to be seen*: He is made absent from Home (as Travellers are) on account of his Brother *Philotheamon*'s Marriage with the *Infanta* of *Engys*; that is, *The Neighbourhood*: *Philotheamon* signifies *One who desires to see Things*: Thus many travel either to see, or be seen, or for both. Now as this Kingdom of *Medamothi* is no where, so those *Exotic Rarities* which our Travellers purchase there, are nothing but Fictions and Chimeras. As for Example; the Voice of a Man who brings in an Appeal; the Picture of a Servant who wants a Master; that of *Eccho* drawn to the Life; that of the Ideas of *Plato*, and the Atoms of *Epicurus*; that copied from *Philomela*'s Needle-work; *Achilles*'s Deeds in seventy eight Pieces of Tapistry, all of *Phrygian* Silk imboss'd with Gold and Silver, some 24 Foot long, and 20 broad: things which either are not, never were, or cannot be express'd with the Pencil; as for Example, the Voice of the Man who appeals, or who calls (for the *French* means both).

The three Unicorns were thought a Fiction by most of the Learned, as well as the *Chameleon-like Tarand* (which put me in mind of some Courtiers) till the Great *Bochartus*, of whom *Rouen* my native Town is so justly proud, had prov'd that the Unicorn is not a fabulous Animal. Thus this Island, and what is done there, are nothing but Fictions and Whimfies, with which Travellers, often much guilty of them, and the Learned, puzzle their Brains, and burthen their Memories; unsatisfied, like some of the Fair, with any thing that is not strange, far-fetch'd and dear-bought.

On C H A P. V. &c.

FROM *Panurge's* Quarrel with *Dindenaut* the Drover, whom I have call'd *Dingdong*, and that *Sheep-monger's* Misfortune, we may raise this Moral ; that the private Broils of Pastors prove often the Ruin of their Flocks ; foolish, headstrong, and ready, right or wrong, *one and all*, to raise and fall with the Bell-weather. *Dingdong's* quack-like canting Stuff does not hinder him from selling the Sheep by which he lives.

After all, this may be the Relation of some of the *Montluc's* Adventures, burlesqu'd after our Author's Way. For as we have observ'd in the Preface to the first three Books, that Bishop of *Valence* was a Protestant, at least in his Opinions ; every body knew it, and the *Mareschal de Montluc* his Brother made no Mystery of it in his *Memoirs* ; he was molested more than once about it, and particularly by the Dean of *Valence*, of whom we have spoke in the said Preface, and for whom the Bishop prov'd too hard, by his Subtilty and Credit, which inclined him to make use of all possible Means to be reveng'd on one who had plagu'd him so long. Thus we find *Panurge* saying to Friar *John*, after *Dingdong* and his Sheep were all drowned, " Harkee me, my Friend " *John*, never did Man do me a good turn, but I re- " turn'd it, or at least acknowledg'd it ; no, I scorn to be " ungrateful, I never was, nor ever will be : Never did " Man do me an ill one, without rueing the Day that " he did it, either in this World, or the next." I am not yet such an Ass as that comes to.

Our Author to ridicule a foolish Relique that was in great repute in *Poitou* in his time, makes *Dingdong* swear by it in the seventh Chapter ; 'twas call'd, *The Worthy Vow of Charroux*. The People gave that Name to a large wooden Statue, in the Shape of a Man, cover'd with Plates of Silver, which the Monks kept in a Corner of their Monastery. They us'd to shew it but every seventh Year, and then Shoals of People throng'd to see it ; but none of the Female Sex were suffer'd to come near to kiss it ; this mighty Blessing was wholly reserv'd

serv'd for Men or Boys : But the Women us'd to watch to catch the Men who had kiss'd it at unawares, and clipt them about the Neck and kiss'd them ; by which means they were perswaded they drew to themselves, and suck'd in, the virtuous Efficacy which they had got by touching the Shrine. A tall Lady was so very presumptuous as to dare kiss that blessed *Worthy Vow*, and, behold ! the angry wooden Saint in an Instant grew five Foot taller than he was before ; at least the People said so, and the Monks reported it for Gospel-truth. Yet all its Worth and Virtue could not protect it against the *Sieur Bouganet*, and other Protestant Gentlemen, who in the Year 1562, stripp'd it of it's Silver Robes, and since that they were call'd, *The Valets de Chambre of the Worthy Vow of Charroux*.

In the same Chapter we have another Instance of the strange Superstition of the Popish Vulgar, when *Dingdong* says, That Corn grows where-ever his Sheep piss, as if the Lord had piss'd there. That Expression is us'd throughout *France* by the Common People, who think all those Places thus particularly blest where our Saviour dropt his Urine, &c. As for Instance, his Spittle, it being said in the ninth Chapter of *St. John*, that *he spat on the Ground, and made Clay of his Spittle*.

I find that Matter crowds upon me, and I might be more Voluminous than a *Dutch Commentator*, should I undertake to explain every thing in this incomparable Work : but I have neither Room, Time, nor Inclination to enlarge much, and will leave the Reader to find out the Meaning of many Things that will easily be understood after the general Idea I have given of this Voyage, and the Sample in the foregoing Chapters. This made me say nothing of the Third and Fourth : nor will I speak of several others in the two Books, which want little or no Comment.

On C H A P. IX.

BY the Island of *Enafin*, where such strange Alliances are made, *Rabelais* at once exposes unequal Matches,

Matches, and the dull Jest and Stupidity of gross Clowns; which, as the *Latin* hath it, *have no Nose*, that is, no Wit. Thus he tells us, That all the Men, Women, and Children of the *Enas'd*, or *Noseless* Island, are like your carrot-pated *Poitevins*, who are a boorish Sort of People. I must own that the Comments which *Pantagruel's* Companions make on their ridiculous Manner of being akin, are little better than the Text. Yet those wretched Quibbles and Conundrums, are what your Country-Fellows admire mightily, and all this Chapter would be read (or to speak more properly) be heard read by such People, with as much Pleasure, as I translated most of it with Pain. But in the main, the Meaning is admirable; for what more deserves a Reproof, than the foolish unequal Marriages made every Day, which are as odd Jest, and as improper as some of those in that Chapter? The Match struck up between the Pair (which seem'd right and firm, but was known by some to be flabby) and the soft Cheese is more natural, and made very often in our World; and bating its Emblem, which is of the Nature of the Island, there is Salt and *Nose* in that Conjunction; nor is there less in that of the old greasy Boot, and the young pliable Buskin; and the Brogue and the Slipper, which are in a manner a Key to the rest.

On C H A P. X. and XI.

TH E Island of *Cheli*, which comes after that of the *Enas'd Alliancers*, is as it were its Antipodes, and the one is as courtly, as the other is clownish. The word *Cheli* is *Greek*, and signifies *the Lips*, *χείλεα χείλη*; yet those who at the End of the last *French* Editions of *Rabelais*, have explain'd some of his hard Words, interpret it *peaceful*, deriving it from the *Hebrew*. The Etymological Dictionary indeed tells me that *Sbalem*, is peace and peaceful in *Hebrew*, and the *French* pronounce *ch* as we do *sh*; yet, as the *Greek* hits better the word *Cheli*, and the Sense of the Chapter, I stick to it. Thus it may be call'd the Island of *the Lips*, or of Compliments:

ments: King St. *Panigon*, first of the Name, reign'd in that large, well-peopled, fruitful Kingdom, and being attended by the Princes his Sons, and the Nobles of his Court, comes as far as the Port to receive *Pantagruel*, conducts him to his Palace; the Queen, the Princesses, the Court-Ladies receive him at the Gate; *Panigon* makes them all salute *Pantagruel* and his Men with a Kiss, according to the civil Custom of the Country; all the Compliments and Entreaties imaginable are us'd to persuade *Pantagruel* to stay there a Day or two; he excuses himself, but is not suffer'd to go till he and his Men have drank with the King; all this is Compliment. Friar *John* alone inveighs against this formal Stuff, antick Postures and nonsensical Fiddle-faddle, Cringes, Grimaces, Scarpes, Embraces, Leers, &c. and flinks into the Kitchens where there was something more substantial for a Monk, who does not use to feed on empty Talk. So, though the Island was populous, fertile, and of large Extent, he admires nothing but the culinary Laboratories, the turning of the Spits, the harmonious rattling of the Jacks and Fenders; and is for criticising on the Position of the Lard, the Temperature of the Potages, the Preparation for the Desert, and the Order of the Wine-Service. All the eleventh Chapter illustrates that Monastical Inclination to frequent Kitchens.

On CHAP. XII. XIII. XIV. XV. and XVI.

ALL these Chapters are occasion'd by *Pantagruel's* passing by *Pettifoging*, and give us an Account of the Way of Living of the Apparitors, Serjeants, and Bailiffs, and such inferior Ministers of the Law. Nothing can seem dark in what our Author has said of them, if we observe what he makes one of *Pantagruel's* Interpreters, or *Droggermen* relate. "That at Rome a World of Folk get an honest Livelihood by Poisoning, Rib-roasting, and Stabbing, but the Catchpoles earn theirs by being drubb'd; so that if they were long without a tight

“ a tight Lambasting, the poor Dogs with their Wives
 “ and Children would even be starv'd ! ” Our Author
 says this, because in *Francis the First's*, and *Henry the*
Second's Reigns, That rascally Tribe had no Income so
 beneficial, as that which came to them from a Beating.
 The Nobility thought it so great an Affront to be cited,
 or arrested by that Vermin, that they stood too much
 on their Punctilio, and for that Reason they severely
 us'd those Bailiffs or Apparitors, who came to them to
 discharge their Office, and who sometimes were sent out
 of Malice. So when the Man-catchers, who desir'd
 nothing more than to be bang'd, had been misus'd, they
 had swindging Damages to make them amends. *Ra-*
belais exposes the Folly, Villany, and Abuse of this
 Practice on both sides ; which has been since so well re-
 dress'd, that if the Bailiffs had nothing to depend on but
 Bastonadoes, those necessary Evils would long since have
 all been starv'd.

Panurge relates a Story of the Lord of *Basche*, who
 found out a Way to have those Man-hounds beaten at a
 small Cost so furiously, that some of them dy'd of their
 Bruises, by which Means he rid his House of their Vi-
 sits ; and that Lord is here said to have encourag'd his
 Men with a Story of *Francis Villon*, who reveng'd him-
 self securely on Friar *Tappecoue* or *Tickle-toby*, who
 would not lend a Cope to some of his Players, who were
 to Act *the Passion*, which is still acted every Year in
 some Parts of *Italy*.

As the *Bethrothing* or *Nuptials* of *Basche*, grew into
 a Proverb, so from that *Villon*, who was a famous Poet
 in the Reign of *Lewis the XIth*, but more famous yet
 for his Cheats and Villanies, than for his Poetry, came
 the Word *Villoner*, which has been long us'd to signify
to cheat, or *play some Rogues Trick*. I shall have occa-
 sion to take Notice of him in my Remarks on the last
 Chapter of the fourth Book.

Pantagruel's Companions are told of two of the ho-
 nestest Men in all *Catchpole-Land*, who were made *to*
cut a Caper on nothing, for stealing the Tools of the
 Mass, and hiding them under the Handle of the Parish.
 This must be some sacriligious Theft of Church-Plate in
 those Times ; and by the bye, we may see what Esteem

Rabelais

Rabelais had for the Catchpoles, since he makes those Rogues the honestest in all that Country. Friar *John* says, That this was as mysterious a Way of speaking as *St. John's de la Palisse*; *de la Palisse* is the Name of a Family in France; but he means, *de l'Apocalypse*. The Handle of the Pariss, may mean the Steeple of the Church; to cut a Caper on nothing, is to be hang'd.

On CHAP. XVII.

FROM Catchpole-Land *Pantagruel* comes to two Islands, which the Author calls *Tobu* and *Bobu*, from two Hebrew Words, which, I am told, are taken out of the first Chapter of *Genesis*, where 'tis said, the Earth was *Tobu va Bobu*, that is, void and in Confusion without Form or Beauty, and in short, a Chaos. This may well be applied to a Country that's ruin'd by the War; the Fury of Soldiers on one side, and Exactions of Chiefs, many times leaving little or nothing behind them. This makes *Rabelais* say, That the Devil a Bit they could find any thing there to fry with; which is an Expression often us'd by the French, when they would say, There is no subsisting in a Place.

The Giant *Bringuenarilles* or *Wide-nosstrils* had taken away the Means of frying there, by devouring every individual Pan, Skillet, Kettle, Frying-pan, Dripping-pan, and Brass and Iron Pot in the Land, for want of Wind-mills, which us'd to be his daily Food: By this Giant we may understand those Gigantick Bodies of Men, vast Armies, that bring Terror and Destruction with them where-ever they come; and in particular, those roaring Hectors, Free-booters, Desperadoes, and Bullying-huff-snuffs, for the most Part like those whom *Tacitus* stiles *Hospitibus tantum metuendi*, who at the Beginning of the War or Campaign, live profusely at the Husbandman's Cost; but when the poor Boor has been ruin'd by those unwelcome Guests, they even destroy, and in a Manner devour the Straw of the Beds, and the Pans, Kettles; and in short, whatever comes in their Way.

Rabelais

Rabelais tells us, That at last, Gaffer *Wide-nostriks* was choak'd with eating a huge Lump of fresh Butter at the Mouth of a hot Oven, by the Advice of Physicians, which very well represents the Destiny of those swaggering Bravoes, who, when the War is over, too often either take to the Highway, and other bad Courses, for which they are choak'd sometimes for as inconsiderable Matters as a Lump of Butter taken from a Higglers, or else, being reduc'd to live obscurely on a narrow Fortune, waste and pine away by the Chimney-corner, half starv'd with their small Pittance, and lead a lingering sorrowful Life, worn out with their former Excesses, the Fatigues of Wars and old Age; as little regarded as they were fear'd much, when by open Violence they liv'd in Riot and Luxury at the Expence of the Unfortunate.

I am the more inclinable to believe this Chapter is design'd to reflect upon Warriours, by what our Author says, That the *Pantagruelists* were told there, that the King of *Cullen* in *Bobu* had routed the Satrapes or Grandes of King of *Mecloth*, and made sad work with the Fortresses of *Belima*.

Thence the Fleet sail'd by the Islands of *Nargues* and *Zargues*, which are Words us'd by the Vulgar in *France*, when they would give one a Phillip on the Nose; *Nazarder*, which signifies as much, means also to give a publick Affront.

Enig and *Euig*, of which our Satyrist makes two Islands, on whose Account formerly the Land-grave of *Hesse* was swing'd off with a Vengeance, in *High-Dutch* mean *with* and *without*. There is but little difference between those two Words, some *Germans* forming their *n* like an *u*; so 'tis easy to mistake one for the other: and this happen'd at the Treaty about the Landgrave of *Hesse*, and the Emperor *Charles V.* for instead of *Enig*, *without Detention of the Landgrave's Person*, as was expected; there was found *Euig*, *with Detention of his Person*; as much is own'd by the Emperor's Agents in the Nineteenth Book of *Sleidan's* Commentaries; and, if you will believe them, for want of Understanding the Tongue rightly, those who meditated the Agreement were led into that Mistake; however, that Landgrave was forc'd to beg *Charles V's* pardon on his Knees, when,

when, with the Duke of *Saxony*, he was routed by that Emperor's Forces, and the *Germans* were humbled and made contemptible; as our Author has hinted in the Prologue to this Book; when he makes *Jupiter* say, In yonder Corner are the *Saxons*, *Easterlings*, *Ostrogoths*, and *Germans*, Nations formerly invincible; but now *Aber Keeds*, bridl'd, curb'd, and brought under by a poultry, diminutive, crippled Fellow. He calls him a Cripple, because he was much troubled with the Gout, and had some *Nodosities* in the Joints of his Hands and Feet.

Geleniabin, in *Arabic*, is Honey of *Roses*, and *Teleniabin*, *Liquid Manna*, as the Author of the *French Alphabet* of *Rabelais's* hard Words tells us; both these Ingredients were us'd formerly in Clysters, which makes our *Rabelais* say, that the Fleet sail'd by two Islands of that Name, very fine and fruitful in such *Pharmacopean* Implements.

On CHAP. XVIII. and the six following.

THESE Chapters contain a Description of a dreadful Storm which *Pantagrue's* Fleet met with; it began immediately after they came up with Nine Sail laden with all sorts of Monks, who were going to the Council of *Chefil* to sift and garble some Articles of Faith against the new Hereticks.

This Council can be no other but that of *Trent*, then sitting, in which such sorts of Articles were framed; the Word *Chefil*, by the Transposition of a single Letter, makes the *Hebrew* Word *Chelis*, Three whence comes *Chelism*, *Thirty*, which is *Trente* in *French*; and if you will keep to the Number *Chelis* or *Three*, the Name of that Town which is *Tridentum* in *Latin*, is partly made up of it; so there is no doubt but in one of those Senses the Author had a Mind to let us know his Meaning.

Besides this way of explaining the Word *Chefil*, which, with several other material Observations, I owe to a learned and ingenious Countryman of mine, who will

will not give me leave to name him, the Alphabet in the *French Rabelais* gives us another which keeps to the Name *Chefil*, but seems to me somewhat far-fetch'd : That Word, he says, is us'd by the *Hebrews* to denote the Star which the *Greek* and all our Astronomers call *Orion*. *Chefil* comes from *Chasal*, to be unconstant. *Proper. Lib. II. Eleg. 13.*

———— *Aquosus Orion.*

———— *Nimbofus Orion.*

Virgil 1. *Æneid.*

Ἀπο τοῦ δριμεῖν, *commovere, concitare*, to stir up and trouble ; this is the ancient Poets, Astrologers and Historians, say is done by *Orion* ; and *Pliny*, *Lib. XVIII. cap. 28.* places it among the dreadful Stars, which stir up Hail, Storms, and excessive Rains : so, that Commentator on Words thinks that *Rabelais* has call'd the Council of *Trent*, the Council of *Chefil*, to denote that it was a stormy, unconstant, troublesome Meeting. Perhaps so.

The Storm in these Chapters is undoubtedly the cruel Persecution that was rais'd in *France* in the Reign of *Henry II.* It began in 1548. by a Kind of Inquisition to persecute the *Lutherans* ; these are *Du Tillet's* Words about it ; *Il fut ordonné qu'une seance extraordinaire se feroit des Juges à Paris, pour conneistre particulièrement du faict des Heretiques : En icelle quelques miserables furent punis de cruels supplices à toute rigueur.* * It was order'd that the Judges should meet in an extraordinary manner at *Paris* to take particular Cognizance of the Case of Hereticks. Some Wretches suffer'd cruel Punishments inflicted by that Assembly with the utmost Rigour.

During that Storm, *Pantagruel* shews an heroic Steadfastness and Constancy of Mind ; Friar *John* an undaunted Courage, and a great Activity ; in all *Pantagruel's* Household do their best to save the Ship, and help one another ; *Panurge* alone sits on his Tail upon Deck, weeping and howling, and says a thousand ridiculous Things suggested to him by his Fear ; sometimes he wishes himself with the blessed Fathers, whom they met

steering their Course for the *Council of Chéfil*, presently he proves as great a Milk-sop as most of his Brother Deists do on such Occasions, and is most mightily godly; then he is for making his Will. In short, nothing can be more unaccountable than the Vows, Wishes and Moans of that maudling Coward, till the Storm abates, and the Fleet comes in sight of the Island of the *Maccreons*. Then he plays the good Fellow, and is as busy as any fix, seeming as resolute and active as he was fearful and unmanly before.

The Storm begins just as soon as they have been met by Monks; mention is made in it of the Thunder's falling on a Part of the Ship, which may mean the Ecclesiastical Censures, and the Pope's Thunderbolts; then, when the Storm abates, Friar *John* says, our Devils begin to scamper. I will shew that by Devils *Rabelais* has meant the Monks, and persecuting Tempters of the Church of *Rome*. As for *Panurge's* seeming a Papist in the midst of the Storm, it gives us exactly his Character, for he was doubtless ready enough to make all the Grimaces of a rank Papist in the midst of the Persecution; though as soon as it was past, he laugh'd at St. *Nicholas the Water Saint*, to whom he had promis'd a Chapel, if he scap'd, between *Cande* and *Mansoreau*, where neither Cow nor Calf should feed; the Word Chapel is equivocal in *French*, signifying a Limbeck; so he says he will throw one in the River, doubtless, that which drowns up all the Ground between those two Towns, and thus he means to fulfil his Vow. Perhaps this is also design'd to ridicule the Vows and Behaviour of Seamen in a Storm.

Pantagruel's holding the Mast of the Ship tight with both his Hands all the while by the Skipper's Advice, implies that as the Family of *Navarre*, and particularly *Anthony of Bourbon*, was best able to protect the Great Ones, who were *imbark'd* together for a Reformation, it was fit he should do it with all his Power; and accordingly *Du Tillet* tells us, that none but *Miserables* (poor Wretches) suffer'd. If any one will say, that perhaps *Rabelais* did not in this Voyage mean any particular Persons, I hope at least they'll grant he has admirably describ'd the different Behaviour of most Men in Danger, and chiefly in persecuting Times.

On CHAP. XXV. XXVI. XXVII.
and XXVIII.

THE Island of the *Macreons*, where the Fleet went into Harbour after the Storm, signifies the Island *where Men are long-liv'd*. Its *eldest Elderman* is nam'd *Macrobius*, or *long-liv'd*. We are told in the 26th Chapter that it was in the Dominions of the Ruler of *Britain*: consequently it was a safe Port against the Tempest of Persecution, the Reformation being openly profess'd at that Time in *England* under King *Edward VI.* This causes *Rabelais* to make his persecuted Fleet take shelter there, and to say that Men liv'd long in that Island; because none were put to Death on account of their Religion.

The Ruins of Temples, Obelisks, Pyramids, Ancient Tombs and Monuments which they see there, denote the Decay, Downfal and Ruin of Popery, unfrequented, and left in a dismal Solitude. The Souls of the Heroes; who are lodg'd in those ruin'd Mansions, are the true Christians who had cast off the Yoke of Popery, and of the blind Worship of Saints, many of them fabulous, to which the Superstition of the Papists had made them raise Temples, Obelisks and Monuments, as formerly the Heathens did to their false Gods.

The old *Macrobius* says, That the Death of one of those Heroes had occasion'd the Storm; by which our Author gives us to understand, that Troubles and Com-motions are often rais'd in Kingdoms at the Death of those Eminent Persons who have govern'd them under their Kings; and probably, he may have had a Mind to mark the Death of *Margaret de Valois*, Queen of *Navarre*, Sister to King *Francis I.* which happen'd towards the latter End of the Year 1549. about a Year after the Lady *Jane d' Albret*, Princess of *Navarre*, had been married to *Anthony de Bourbon*, Duke of *Vendosme*, *Rabelais's Pantagruel*. That Princess, who had always protected the Reformers and the Reform'd, as has been observ'd in the Preface to the first three Books, was not less eminent for her Piety, Wit, Learning, and Virtue, than

than for her Royal Extraction ; *Valentine d' Alnois*, a French Lady, made the following Epitaph on her.

*Musarum decima & Charitum quarta, inclita Regum Et
Joror & conjux, Margaris illa jacet.*

On CHAP. XXIX. XXX. XXXI. and
XXXII.

THE Sneaking Island which *Pantagruel* sail'd by, when he left that of the *Macreons*, is the Dwelling of *Shrovetide* ; by which we must understand *Lent* : For the Ecclesiastics of the Church of *Rome* begin their *Lent* before the Laity ; *Shrove-Tuesday* is to them a Day of Humiliation ; and is properly the Time when Men are shriven, our Author calls it *Quaresmeprenant*, that is, the Beginning of *Quadragesima* ; in opposition to *Mardigras*, *Shrove-Tuesday*. The Cardinal de *Lorraine*, says a Book call'd *l'Heracleite François*, made three Clergymen in a manner titular Bishops of *Metz*, *Toul* and *Verdun*, reserving the whole Income of those Bishopricks to himself, and leaving them little of them besides the Title of Bishops : For this Reason they were call'd *les Evesques de Caresmeprenant* ; because they look'd as meager and starv'd as if it had been *Lent* with them all the Year : But I cannot think that our Author reflects here on that Cardinal. His Design seems rather to expose the Superstition of the Papists about *Lent*, and how much the Practice of it, their Way, shock'd good Sense : This made him run on for two or three Chapters with an odd Description of that ridiculous Monster ; and probably also to secure himself from the Informations of his prying Enemies by that Mixture of comical seeming *Nonsense*. For, as in the Time of *Lent* the Superstition, Grimaces and Hypocrisy of the Papists are most observable, and they look on it in a Manner as the Basis of the Christian Religion, 'twould have been dangerous to have attack'd them openly in Point.

We find that the wise *Xenomanes*, one of *Pantagruel's* most experienced Companions, advises him not to

go where *Shrovetide* reign'd, and says it would be much out of their Way [to the Oracle of Truth] that there is very lean Cheer at his Court, that he is a double Shaveling, Banner-bearer to the Fish-eating Tribe, a Flogger of little Children, because Papists do Penance, and whip themselves then ; a Calciner of Ashes, because of *Ash-Wednesday* ; that he swarms with Pardons, Indulgences and Stations ; which makes the Author say in the 31st Chapter, that *Shrovetide being married to Mid-lent, only begot a good Number of local Ad-verbs* ; that is, the Stations, the Churches and Chapels, *whither* the gull'd Mob must go, *whence* they come, and *through* which they must pass to gain the Indulgences. We are told besides, that *he never assists at Weddings, but, give the Devil his due, the most industrious Larding-stick and Secure-maker in forty Kingdoms* ; because the Butchers have then little else to do but to make some. Lent is an Enemy to Sauages and Chitterlings, because as well as all other Flesh (I mean dead Flesh) the People are forbid to taste of any then.

Friar John, always daring and hasty, is for destroying Lent ; but Panurge still fearful and wary, is not of his Mind. *Rabelais* calls that Island *Tabinois* ; that Word in French is generally us'd adverbially with the Proposition *en* to signify an underhand Way of acting. Some derive it from the Greek Verb *ταπεινώ*, *humilem reddo*, and so it suits with the true Design of Lent, to humble Man, and make him look *sneakingly*. Besides, Lent, *sneaking in* some Years sooner and others later, may also for that Reason well be said to dwell in *Tapiinois*. The ingenious Fable of Nature and her Counterpart is brought in to shew that those who enjoin Things that shock Nature, as is the Church of Rome's Way of keeping Lent, have the Confidence to make Laws contrary to those of God, and the Impudence to pretend to justify them by Reason : So *Rabelais* tells us, That *Antiphysis* [the Mother of Lent] begot also the Eveldropping Dissemblers, superstitious Pope-mongers and Priest-ridden Bigots, Scrapers of Benefices, mad Herb-stinking Hermits, gulli-gutted Dunces of the Coul, Church-vermin, Devourers of the Substance of Men, and other deform'd

deform'd and ill-favour'd Monsters made in spite of Nature.

On CHAP. XXXIII. and XXXIV.

THE monstrous *Phyfeter* or Whirlpool, a huge Fish which dies of the Wounds given him by *Pantagruel* near the Wild Island, where liv'd the *Chitterlings*, *Shrovetide's* mortal Foes, seems to have a Relation to the Expiration of Lent, about which time in *France* they have conquer'd all their Stores of Salt-fish, and after which Flesh rules on the Tables; and many are so wild for Chitterlings, and other Meat, that they get Flesh drest on *Easter-Eve* late at Night, and fall to like mad, as soon as the Clock strikes Twelve: For that reason he makes the Fish die near a Flesh Country.

On CHAP. XXXV. and the six following.

Pantagruel lands in the Wild Island to refresh his Men, whom the Fish had disorder'd; he would not come where *Shrovetide* liv'd, but goes ashore at the Dwelling of the Chitterlings, because he did not love Lent. There they pitch their Tents, fix their Kitchen-Batteries, the Cloth is immediately laid, Supper brought in, and all eat chearfully, as is usual after Lent. What happens in that Island, and the Fight in which the Chitterlings, Sausages and Pasty-pans are mawl'd by *Pantagruel* and his Men, and particularly by the Friar at the Head of the Cooks, partly seems a comical Allegory, which denotes the good Cheer at *Easter*, after the Lent-keepers have master'd that Time of Mortification. Sausages, Chitterlings, &c. which are preserv'd with Salt, help them to appease Hunger at the same Time that they create and heighten Thirst.

'Tis obvious that the 37th Chapter ridicules the Method us'd by some of the Ancients, and to this Day, of foretelling things by the Name of Persons. We find that

that the *Chitterlingonians*, knowing at last that *Pantagruel* is *Shrovetide's* Foe, and a Friend to Carnival their old Confederate, pay him their Homage, and send under the Conduct of Young *Nimphleseth* seventy eight thousand Royal Chitterlings to *Gargantua*, who made a Present of them to the Great King of *Paris*, but most of them died, and were buried in heaps in a Part of *Paris*, call'd to this Day the Street pav'd with Chitterlings; yet at the Request of the Court-Ladies, Young *Nimphleseth* was preserv'd, honourably us'd, and since that married to Heart's Content. We need not understand *Hebrew* to find out what our joking Author means by that young Chitterling [*Mentula*] *Nimphleseth*, of whom the charitable, or rather selfish, Ladies took such mighty Care.

After all, the Description of a Misunderstanding between the *French*, and the *Switzers*, and *Germans* that had reform'd, may be couch'd under those Notions of Chitterlings. In the 35th Chapter we find a Treaty on foot to reconcile them to *Shrovetide*; and as the Council was then sitting, some Concessions were made by the Pope's Party in case of a likelihood of an Accommodation. Besides, *Rabelais* mentions, that *Shrovetide* (by which may be meant here the *Switzers*, or *Germans* of the *Roman* Communion) was threatned with being declar'd bewray'd (*i. e.* Excommunicated) in case he made any League or Agreement with the Chitterlings: Since which they were grown wonderfully inveterate and obstinate against one another. He also tells us, that they desir'd the Expulsion of I don't know what stinking Villains, Murtherers and Robbers, that held the Castle of *Salloir* (which means a Powdering-Tub.) These might be Monks and Friars. What's more, in the 37th Chapter *Rabelais* enumerating the Power and Antiquity of Chitterling-like People, says, *Who can tell but that the Switzers, now so bold and resolute, were formerly Chitterlings? For my part I would not take my Oath to the contrary.* Some of the *Switzers* are now, and were then a wild Sort of People, as our Author calls his Chitterlings, whom he brings in marching up boldly in Battalia. By the Queen may be meant their Republic, which Word is Feminine in *Latin*, and in *French*. The
Chitterlings

Chitterlings sent by the Queen, are the Soldiers which *Switzerland* sent then, as it does still, to the *French*, many of which dy'd by change of Air, for want of Mustard (*i. e.* Pay) and other Accidents. And what *Xenomanes* said, that Chitterlings were double hearted and treacherous, suits also very well with their taking side now with the Emperor, then with the *French*, and *vice versa*, in that Age. The 41st Chapter *Gymnast* having lugg'd out his Sword with both his Fists, cut a huge wild Squab Sausage in two. Bless me, says our Historian, how fat the foul Thief was ! It puts me in mind of the huge Bull of *Berne* that was slain at *Marignan*, when the drunken *Switzers* were so mawl'd there : Believe me, it had little less than four Inches Lard on its Paunch ! By this great Bull of *Berne* is meant *Pontiner*, a famous Gigantic fat Captain of the *Switzers*, who being kill'd at the Battle of *Marignan*, some of the *Germans* who sided with the *French* to shew they were fully reveng'd on the *Switzers*, who had been too hard for them in several other Engagements, run the Points of their Pikes and Lances in that monstrous Officer's fat Paunch, as *Paulus Jovius* observes in the Account he gives of that Battel. I have not leisure to get and peruse some Books, which probably wou'd enable me to give here the Particulars to which this Allegory relates ; but I believe that any one that will examine this narrowly, may find it much as I have said ; and perhaps something more than the Expiration of *Lent* may also be meant by the killing of the great Fish by *Pantagruel*.

On CHAP. XLIII. and XLIV.

THE Island of *Ruach*, where People live on nothing but Wind, according to the Sense of the *Hebrew* Word, is the Island of *Wind*, or the *Vain* Island.

'Tis an Emblem of the Court, where Men feed themselves and are fed by others with Wind, Compliments, Flattery, Promises and vain empty Hopes, more than any where else. The Weathercocks, which are the only Houses in that Island, imply the uncertain and variable

riable State of Courtiers ; First, because the Court is still where the Prince is, and as the Weathercock is always in Motion, now to the East, and then presently to the West, yet is still fix'd in one Place, and only moves round its Centre ; so the Courtier is still at home when at Court, yet the Court is sometimes in one Place, and sometimes in another. Besides, as the warm South sometimes gently blows on a Weathercock, and soon the cold North rudely whirls it about ; so the Courtier's House is either cherish'd, or roughly blown upon, according to the Prince's Breath.

The Wind-flowers, Rue, and such *Carminative* Herbs, which are the only things sow'd there, which scour them off in that Island, denote the Attendance, Craft and Pains, which are the Seeds by which we hope to rise and reap Favour at Court ; but when the time of Harvest comes, we find ourselves only rid (by a thorough Knowledge of the Place, and chiefly by Baulks and Disappointments) of a great deal of Wind. vain, empty Hopes, that swell'd and puff'd us up.

The common sort of People who, to feed themselves, make use of Feather, Paper, or Linen Fans, according to their Abilities, put me in mind of a poor Fellow, who fed himself a long Time with hopes of obtaining a Place worth at least 50 *l.* a Year, only because he knew Sir J. F——'s Coachman, with whom he spent some 20 or 30 *l.* that were his All, in hopes of a Recommendation to his Master, which his Patron even wanted for himself while he fool'd him out of his Money. Thus the Poor as well as the Rich aim at something generally above their Reach. The Wind-mills, by the means of which the Rich live, may be design'd to denote the Kings and Princes of those Days: Mills with mighty Sails which gave that nourishing Wind plentifully, according to the Dispositions in which they were with respect to the Courtiers that continually surrounded them : It also signifies that the latter sometimes get nothing but Words or Favours, merely honorary, and void of Substance and Solidity. Some of those Royal Wind-mills have been us'd to wheel round, with every Wind, as readily as Weathercocks, turning their Backs in an un-

accountable manner to those on whom they look'd most favourably but a Moment before.

The Age during which our Doctor flourish'd, has given many Instances of this sad Truth ; as *Jacques de Bauné*, Lord of *Semblançay*, Admiral *Chabot*, and the Constable *de Bourbon*, who, having all three possess'd King *Francis I's* Favour, became the Objects and the Victims of his Hatred : The first, hang'd at *Montfaucon*, (the Tyburn of *Paris*) for a Crime of which *Louise de Savoye*, the King's Mother alone was guilty. The second, condemn'd without Reason to lose his Head on a Scaffold, and then declar'd Not Guilty ; the Sense of which Usage work'd so strongly on his Mind, that it effected what the Executioner was to have done. And the Third, a Prince of the Blood, and by his great Merit High Constable of *France*, (a Trust thought too great there now a-days) first depriv'd of his Government of the *Milanese*, his Master being grown jealous of his Glory, then of the Profits and Exercise of his great Office ; and finally of the vast Estate of the House of *Bourbon*, which was his Right of Inheritance, as eldest of that Branch of the Royal Family.

I need not explain what our Author means by the rousing Fart, which the King of the Island of *Ruash* pretended had been stolen from him, with which, as with another *Sangreal*, he us'd to perform a World of wonderful Cures in many dangerous Diseases, distributing to the Patient only as much of it as would frame a Virgin's Fart : A less Application than that of those who cure a certain Evil with a wet Finger, as many People in *France*, and a Kingdom near it fancy. Our Author did not forget to place these among the Courtiers, and in a Manner tells them, That the pretended Cures does not signify the thousandth Part of a F——t. What he says of the *Sangreal*, is to blame the Credulity of some superstitious Bigots, who have a groundless Notion of a Relick thus nam'd, which they say is Part of our Saviour's Blood wand'ring about the World, invisible to all but chaste Eyes, and working many miraculous Cures. The best Authority for such a Belief, says *Cotgrave*, is the foolish fabulous History of King *Arthur*.

On C H A P. XLV.

BY the Island of the *Pope-figs*, is meant those who follow'd *Luther* or *Calvin's* Reformation, and chiefly the *Germans* and the *French*; they were call'd the *Gaillardes* at first; principally, because they were at first brisk and merry, or *gai*ward, as when the *Landsknechts*, generally *Protestants*, plunder'd *Rome* in 1527; they led several Bishops and Cardinals in their proper Accoutrements through the Streets on Mules and Asses, with their Faces turn'd towards the Tail; threw the Host, Relicks and Images of Saints about the Streets, and forc'd the Pope to buy a Peace with 400000 Ducats, and remain a Prisoner till it was paid, after he had been almost starv'd in *Castel St. Angelo*: where he invited the Cardinals to a Treat of As's Flesh, as if it had been the greatest Dainties imaginable. This our Author calls *faire la Figue*, to revile and *seague*, or say, *A Fig for the Pope*; and he has ingeniously brought in the Story of the Citizens of *Milan*, who us'd an Empress just as the *Landsknechts* serv'd the Cardinals, which also is somewhat like the Practice of the Inquisition, who serve Protestants so. Now when the Emperor *Charles V.* had been too hard for the Protestants in *Germany*, and the Kings *Francis I.* and *Henry II.* had persecuted them in *France* they were in a dismal Condition, and under the Yoke of the *Papinanes*, and got the Name of *Pope-figs*; not only because they had revil'd the Pope, but because they were forc'd to creep to him, and lay under his Lash. The Hail, Storms and Famine that plague them continually, mean the Persecution; the Hobgoblins and Devils that haunt them, are the Monks, as the Author insinuates it at the latter End of *Chapter 46.*

By the Country Fellow who runs into the Holy Water-Stock, and is immers'd in that blessed Pickle all but the Tip of the Snout, for fear of being claw'd off by the Devil, we must understand the Constraint in which the Protestants liv'd, while, to deliver themselves from the Persecutions of the Popish Hobgoblins, they were forc'd to be plung'd over Head and Ears in the superstitious

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ous Worship of the Church of *Rome*; took Holy Water by handfuls, and hid themselves under Stoles, which are the Badge of Priesthood: That is to say, they profess'd Popery, as they are now forc'd to do in *France*; and some even enter'd into Orders, and were Priests, Monks, Bishops, and even Cardinals, though they were far from being Papists in their Hearts.

Brissonet, Bishop of *Meaux*, was one of these; for, having silenc'd the preaching *Franciscans* throughout his Diocese, and appointed *James Faber*, alias *le Fevre* of *Estaple*, *Girard Ruffi*, *Michael Arande*, and *Martial*, to preach against the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, he recanted, through Fear, as soon as he was call'd to an Account about it. *Ruffi* himself did the same, and from a *Lutheran* Preacher, became a *Roman* Bishop; and so did *Martial*, who being at first *Brissonet's* Disciple, was afterwards *Penitentiary*, or Head-Confessor at *Paris*. The Bishop of *Valence*, our *Panurge*, was one of those Dissemblers, and even the great Admiral *Chatillon's* Brother, *Odet*, the Cardinal to whom this Book is dedicated by *Rabelais*, who himself did like the rest.

ON C H A P. XLVI.

THE Stubble and the Leaves of the Radishes, which are all that falls to the young Devil's Share, while the Countryman reaps the Profit of the Corn and Fruit he had sow'd in his Field, shew that the pretended Papists only gave the Outside and insignificant Forms to the Church of *Rome*, and that their Hearts and Minds were not inclinable to follow its Doctrine. Our Author's honest Boldness is very remarkable, both in this Chapter, and many of the next; he makes the young Devil say, That a Lucifer's first Course, Hobgoblins (*alias* Imps in Cows) are a standing Dish. He willingly, says the Imp, us'd to Breakfast on Students; but alas, I don't know by what ill luck they have of late join'd the Holy Bible to their Studies; so the Devil a one we can get down among us: And I verily believe, that unless the *Casars* (*i. e.* the Hypocrites of the Tribe of *Levi*)

help us in it, taking from the enlighten'd Bookmongers, their *St. Paul*, either by Threats, Revilings, Force, Violence, or Fire and Faggot, we shall not be able to hook in any more of them to nibble at below.

The Fosterers, Suttlers, Charcoalmen, and Boiling-cooks of Hell that were mawl'd and pepper'd off in the northren Countries, are the Monks and Priests, who were routed there, particularly in *England*.

By the Students of *Trebisonde*, he means those of the Popish Universities, where, as he says, they are tempted by the Devils (by which he means Monks and Priests, Professors, and their Tutors) to leave Father and Mother, forego for ever the establish'd and common Rule of Living, free themselves from obeying their lawful Sovereign's Edicts, live in absolute Liberty, and taking the fine jovial little Cap of poetic Licence, become so many pretty Hobgoblins. The *Cap of Licence* means their Degrees or the Cowl; and *poetic*, is only added to blind the Thing: So the Monks leave Father and Mother, and disclaim all Authority but the Pope's.

On C H A P. XLVII.

BY the old Woman of *Pope-sigland*, who frights the Devil, and puts him to flight, the Author means that the Monks and Priests of the Church of *Rome* were so ignorant, and their Tenets so groundless, that the very Women could make Fools of them even at *demonstrative* Arguments.

On C H A P. XLVIII. and five following.

THE Island of *Papimany*, is those whose Love and Zeal for the Pope is so excessive, that it may be counted Madness. The Word is made of *Papa* Pope, and *Mania*, Madness, from *μαίνομαι*, *insanio*. Thus in *Plutarch*, the *Andromaxes* were Women, whose Love for

for Men was most blind and furious ; that Name being given to those *Lacedæmonian* Women, who us'd to fight before the People with bare Thighs, whence they were call'd *Phenomerides*. This blind Zeal for Popery is drawn in most lively colours by our satyrical Painter in all those Chapters ; and particularly appears by the Discourse of the four Estates of the Country, the Gentleman, the Lawyer, the Monk, and the Clown, who all give the Pope those Epithets which only belong to God, calling that Bishop of Rome, *He that is*, and *God on Earth*. All know that the Pope's Flatterers have been very prodigal of such Epithets ; principally in *Rabelais's* Time ; as to *Paul III.* who, as *Alstedius* and others write, was stil'd, *Optimus maximus in terris Deus* : and the following Distich was also made to compliment a Pope, and prove that he was justly call'd, *God on Earth*.

*Ense potens gemino, mundi moderaris habenas,
Et merito in terris diceris esse Deus.*

The four Estates are brought in to shew that the Pope's Missionaries are of all Sorts of Conditions. Their frantic Zeal does not only make them adore the Pope, but prostrate themselves at the Feet of those who have seen him. Says *Panurge* to them, When they ask'd him whether he had been blest with the Sight of that *God on Earth* ; yea, verily, Gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose Sight has not much better'd me. O thrice and four times happy People, cry'd the *Papimanes*, you are welcome, and more than double welcome, and they would have kiss'd *Panurge's* Feet ; saying, they would even kiss the Pope's A ——— if ever he came among them. As soon as our Travellers are landed, the People throng to see those blessed Men, who had seen his Holiness's Face. *Homenas*, Bishop of the Place, hastens to them in *Pontificalibus*, with his Train of Church-Players, bearing Crosses, Banners, Standards, Holy Water-pots, and Canopies, such as the Pope, and the *Hoff* use to be under, when they are carried in Procession. The Mob conducts and attends the Strangers to the Church, where there is not one Word mention'd of God, nor Jesus Christ, or the Gospel ; but much of

the most Holy Decretals or Pope's Decrees written with the Hand of an Angel. Our Author admirably ridicules the Credulity of those bigotted Papists; then *Homenas* mumbles over a Mass, after which, from the Church he leads them to the Tavern, where he feasts the Strangers with the Money that was gather'd during the Mass, yet not till he had shew'd them the Pope's Picture, which *Epistemon* said was not like the late Popes; for, saith he, I have seen them, not thus with their *Pallium*, *Aumusse* and *Rochet* on, but with Helmets on their Heads, more like the Top of a *Persian* Turbant; and while the Christian commonwealth was in Peace, they alone were furiously and cruelly making War. *Homenas* zealously takes their Part, and replies, that then it was against those who transgress'd against their Decretals, and that whether they were Emperors, Kings, or Commonwealths, he was immediately to pursue them with Fire and Sword, strip them of their Kingdoms, anathematize them, and not only destroy their Bodies, those of their Children and Adherents, but also damn their Souls to the Pit of Hell. Nothing can be finer than the Feast, and the Discourse of *Homenas* and his Guests. Young buxom Lasses wait on them, principally *Homenas's* Favourite, whom our Author calls *Clerica*. Friar *John*, who leer'd on them sideways like a Cur that steals a Capon, lik'd them better than some of the *Bon Christian* Pears; so does *Homenas*, who is very lavish of that Fruit, like *Horace's* *Calaber*.

——— *Hæc porcis hodiè comedenda relinques.*

But he will by no means be persuaded to part with one of the Doxies. The most Holy and Heavenly Decretals are celebrated with swindging Bumpers of good Wine, just as *Belsazzar* extoll'd his Gods of Gold and Silver. In short, this Feast is a Triumph in which our Author has describ'd the voluptuous Life of those effeminate *Papimanes*, their Superstitions which are the Foundation of their Idleness and Luxury, and their impious Doctrine, that encourages Subjects to kill their lawful Sovereign, and massacre all those who will not blindly submit to the Pope, and the blind idolatrous Worship, which

which he has invented ; by means whereof, saith our Author, Gold is subtilly drawn out of *France* to *Rome*, above four hundred thousand Ducates every Year. *England* was much more fleec'd, till it had shaken off the Papal Yoke ; and we must own, that as Doctor *Rabelais* was very well inform'd of all these Abuses, no Man ever describ'd them more to the Life ; and the best protestant Writers have not equal'd him in this, though they did it out of Interest, and made it their particular Business. Neither can I tell, whether *Rabelais's* Boldness be more to be wonder'd at in publishing such a Work, while Fires were kindled, in every Part of *France* to burn the *Lutherans*, than his good Fortune in having escap'd those Flames, to which many were condemn'd for less every Day where he wrote.

ON CHAP. LV. and LVI.

BY the unfrozen or thaw'd Words which *Pantagruel* and his Company heard at Sea in open Air, just after they had left the *Papimanes*, our Author ingeniously describes the Freedom which our Navigators took to speak their true Sentiments of the gross Ignorance, blind Zeal, loose Lives, and worse Principles of those superstitious Papists, as soon as they were out of their Reach. For among them the *Pantagruelists* did not dare discover their Minds, so that their Words were in a Manner frozen within their Mouths, which Fear and Interest kept shut. But when they were out of Danger, they could no longer thus contain their Words, and then every one distinctly heard them, murmuring Words against those Bigots, very sharp Words, bloody Words, terrible Words, angry Words, occasion'd by Reflections made on those idolatrous Persecutors ; and to those Words our jolly Company add some Words, of *Gueules*, that is, merry Words, Jest, pleasant Talk, probably about the young Wenches so ready to wait on the Strangers at Table, and on the good Bishop a-bed.

These frozen Words that thaw'd, and then were heard, may also mean the Books published at that Time at *Geneva* and elsewhere against Popery and the Persecution. Those who fled from it to Places of Safety, with

a great deal of Freedom, fill'd their Writings with such Truths as were not to be spoken among the bigotted *Romanists*; and many of those unfortunate Men having been us'd very cruelly in their Slavery, and having nothing to defend their Cause but their Pens, while their Adversaries were arm'd with Fire and Sword, their Words could not but be very sharp. The Words which *Rabelais* says were mere gibberish, which they could not understand, may be the Books that were dark, ill written, and without Judgment, and the *Words of Gueules*, or *Jests*, may be pleasant Books, such as were some of *Marot's* Epigrams, and other Pieces of that Nature.

On C H A P. LVII. and the five following.

THE Dwelling of Master *Gaster*, whose Entrance is rugged, craggy, barren, and unpleasant to the Eye, is found at last to be very fertile, healthful, and delightful, when with much Toil the difficult Ways on its Borders have been pass'd. This *Gaster*, the first Master of Arts in the World, is the *Belly* in Greek.

Magister artis, ingenique largitor
Venter —————

Perfius.

Yet our Author tells us that the Muses are the Offspring of *Penia*, that is to say, Poverty; I will not pretend to contradict him; neither will any contradict me, if I say, that at least Poverty is the most common Reward which their unhappy Favourites reap for all their toilsome Study. The Description of the Empire of *Gaster* is very curious; and the Author displays there at once much Learning, Fancy, and Wit. The *Gastrolaters* are those whose God is their Belly; the *Engastrimythes* are Parasites, and all those whom their hungry Bellies cause to say many Things against their Consciences; so that they may be said to speak from the Belly: The Word *Engastrimythe* also means one who by Use and Practice

Practice can speak as it were out of his Belly; not moving his Lips; and finally one who has an evil Spirit speaking out of his Belly.

Rabelais tells us a very remarkable Story of an *Italian* Woman call'd *Jacobo Rodogyna*, one of those Engastrimythes, whom he had seen at *Ferrara* in 1513. She was said to be possess'd by an evil Spirit who lov'd to be call'd *Cincinatulo*, and reveal'd Things past, to the Amazement of those who ask'd her Questions, but us'd to lie like a Devil when she pretended to foretel any Thing; yet the People of Quality of the *Cisalpine Gaul* us'd to consult her very much.

Father *Mabillon*, in his *Musæum Italicum*, speaks of a Magician Woman who had been thus famous at *Milan*, where he saw her Tomb: He calls her *Guillelmina*; saying, that after her Death three Holydays were instituted to her Memory; and that those of her Sect had declar'd she was the Holy Ghost that had appear'd to the World in the Shape of a Woman; but that at last it was known she was a Witch, and she was *unsainted*. Many Saints would have the same Fate, if their Titles were *canonically* examin'd.

The Idol *Manduce* is the Figure of Gluttony, whose Eyes are bigger than its Belly, and its wide Jaws arm'd with dreadful Teeth: 'Tis an Imitation of the *Manducus* of the Ancients.

The great Number of Dishes of all Sorts that are sacrificed to *Gaster*, shew that Gluttony reigns among all Sorts of People, the Poor offering their gross Food, as well as the Rich their Dainties; and that coarse Fare will go down with Belly-gods, and with all Men in general, for want of better. What is offer'd him on interlard'd Fish-days, shews that this noble *Messer Gaster*, as he is call'd in the *French*, is a true *Papimane*, and agrees pretty well with the *Mas*, *Messe* in *French*, which wants but an *r* of the Word *Messer*, us'd in those Times for *Monsieur*.

On CHAP. LXIII. and LXIV.

C*Haneph* is Hypocrisy in *Hebrew* ; so the Island of *Chanepis* is the Island of the Hypocrites ; accordingly our Author says it was wholly inhabited by Sham saints, spiritual Comedians, Forms of Holiness, Tumblers of Beads, dissembling Mumblerers of *Avemaries*, and so forth ; poor sorry Rogues, who wholly liv'd on the Alms that were given them by Passengers, like the Hermit of *Lormont*, between *Blaye* and *Bordeaux* : Thus he chiefly places the Orders of Mendicant Friars among the Hypocrites, because their Convents have no Revenue but Mumping, and so they are oblig'd to affect a greater Devotion than those Religious Orders who do not make a Vow of Poverty as these do.

Our Author tells us, that the *Pantagrueian* Fleet was becalm'd when it came in Sight of that Island, and was forc'd to tack from Larboard to Starboard, and from Starboard to Larboard, yet could not get a-head, though they had added Drablers to their Sails. By this he insinuates that this inferior Crew of Hypocrites did put a Stop to the Progress of the Reformation, and the Discovery of Truth in general ; as when he himself was misus'd by some of them in the Convent of Cordeliers at *Fontenay le Comte*, merely because he studied *Greek*. These beggarly Tribes had not the Power to raise a Storm, like the nine Sail of Fathers who were going to the Council of *Chesil* ; they could do little more than hinder the Advancement of those who search'd after Truth. Thus we find, not only that the Fleet could not proceed, but that every Ship's Company in a manner fell asleep, doz'd and were out of Sorts and off the Hinges. At last this is remedied by sending to those poor Hypocrites seventy eight thousand little Half-Crowns, and by eating and drinking ; which perhaps may mean, that provided those poor hungry Curs have Meat and Drink, or Money to get Food, which is all they beg, they cease to bark, and will suffer you to go on without any further Impediment. This has been, and is still observable in *France*, and other Parts, among some of those begging Friars ; whereas your *Jesuits*,
Dominicans

*Dominicans, Austins, Bernardins, Celestins, Theatins, and others, such as were in the Nine Sail, are not to be brib'd or pacify'd so easily. One of These, whose Poetry and Criticisms are deservedly esteemed among us, has reflected on our Author's admirable Satire too severely for a Man of his Sense, though not for one of his Order; I mean Father Rapin; but who could expect less from a Jesuit, and a Jesuit too, whose Sodality is satiriz'd in this Work? Yet after all, that able Critic durst not but own that * it it a most Ingenious Satire.*

Panurge asks whether there be not something of the Feminine Gender among them, and whether they would not take a small hypocritical Touch by the by? To which, Answer is made by *Xenomanes*, That were there not some pretty, kind-hearted Hypocritesses, Hermitesses, and spiritual Actresses, who beget a Race of young Hypocritillons and Sham-sanctitoes, the Island of *Ghaneph* had long since been without Inhabitants.

This is true in more than one Sense; for did not Hypocrites beget others, some Parts of the World would be very thin of People; then those Sham-sanctities and Hermitillons, whom our Author means, are chiefly the young bastardly Monastic Fry, the only Fruit many Nuns bear, by the Means of the Father Confessor's kind Applications; for such of those By-blows as escape Abortion, or an untimely Death, are rear'd up for a while as the pious *Father's* or *Sister's* poor Relations; and then cag'd with Father or Mother to sing Mattins and Vespers, and increase the larger Tribe of Hypocrites *World without end.*

ON CHAP. LXVI.

THE Island of *Ganabin* is the Island of Thieves, from *Gannab*, a Thief in Hebrew. *Xenomanes* says, that the People of that Island are all such, and commends *Pantagruel* for not going ashore there. Friar *John* advises *Pantagruel* to cause a Gun to be fir'd, as

♥ *Rapin's Reflection on Poetry.*

it

it were, to salute the Muses of that *Antiparnassus*. By this, perhaps, our Author may have a mind to reflect on most of the Authors of that Age, who, as well as some of this, were very great Plagiaries. The fair Fountain on that Hill may mean the great Number of Subjects which might employ their Pens more to the Purpose than in translating many foolish Romances, as the best Hands of *France* did at that time. That *Spring* may also signify the *French* Tongue, which our Author commends so much in the Prologue to the Fifth Book, and inveighs against such Sorts of Plagiaries, whom he calls Brokers and Retailers of ancient Rhapsodies, and such mouldy Trash; Botchers of old Thred-bare Stuff, a hundred and hundred times clouted up and piec'd together; wretched Bunglers, that can do nothing but new-vamp old rusty Saws; beggarly Scavengers, that rake the muddiest Canals of Antiquity, &c. By which he would encourage his Countrymen to follow his Example, study it, and write something that might chiefly *spring* from their Fancies, without being wholly indebted to foreign Nations for what they published; yet not disdain to make Improvements from the Thoughts of the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, as he himself has done, and enrich the Moderns with Translations of the best Works of the Ancients.

The large Forest that is round the Fountain, may mean the wild, dark, intangled voluminous Writings of some of that Age: The Mountain is called *Antiparnassus*, in Opposition to that where the true Muses were said to dwell; and is plac'd in the Island of Thieves properly enough, because Poets, as well as they, are the Children of *Penia*, or Poverty, according to our Author.

Panurge, who was afraid *Pantagruel* would land in the Island of *Ganabin*, uses all the Arguments which Fear could suggest to a Coward, to persuade him not to do it, and among other Things says, Do not go among 'em, I beseech you, 'twere safer to take a Journey to Hell. Hark! By Cob's Body, I hear 'em ringing the Alarum Bell most dreadfully, as the *Gascons* about *Bordeaux* us'd formerly to do against the Commissaries and Officers for the Tax on Salt, or my Ears tingle. This
refers

refers to what has been said in the Remarks on the Prologue, concerning the Rebellion at *Angoulesme* and *Bordeaux*.

Rabelais seems to have describ'd part of this War in his second Book, when he makes *Pantagruel* leave *Paris* to repulse the *Dipsodes*, who had besieg'd the great City of the *Amaurotes*. For, though I have prov'd out of History that what is said of the *Dipsodes*, may reasonably be adapted to the War of *Picardy*, yet I hope I have shew'd that our ingenious Author sometimes describes two Things by one, and so this may relate to two different Actions of the same Person.

This Rebellion of *Angoumois* and *Bordeaux* happen'd about the Time when *Anthony* of *Bourbon* (our *Pantagruel*) was married to the Queen of *Navarre's* Daughter. Now *Francis I.* that Queen's Brother, and their Father, had been Earls of *Angoulesme*, which makes our Author say, in his second Book, that *Gargantua's* Queen was the Daughter of the King of the *Amaurots*. And indeed, as there were no more Earls of *Angoulesme*, that Name which signifies *being vanish'd*, was not altogether improper then. Thus *Pantagruel* comes from *Paris* to relieve that Country, and has a Bark full of Salt tied to his Girdle, with which he fills the Mouths of the *Dipsodes*; which may imply the Heat and Combustion in which the People were there about the Tax on Salt; and, because several of those Mutineers were hang'd at *Bordeaux*, where they were most outrageous and stubborn, *Rabelais* makes *Pantagruel* the Inventer of the use of *Pantagruelion*, which is Hemp, probably because he advis'd to have many of them put to death. Indeed I have not yet found that *Anthony de Bourbon* came thither to assist the King of *Navarre* his Father-in-law, Governor of that Country for *Henry* the Second of *France*; but, as the Constable of *Montmorency*, who, with that Duke of *Vendosme*, had commanded in *Picardy* that Year, came into *Xaintonge* to punish the Rebels, 'tis very likely the Duke came thither also; and perhaps Historians are silent in the Matter, because he only came as a Volunteer; and the Case did not seem worth employing at once a King of *Navarre*, a High Constable of *France*, and a Prince of the Royal Family.

And

And this may be the Reason why our satirical Historian has chus'd to burlesque that Expedition, for doubtless there could be no Honour to the Duke in being concern'd in it, principally under others; though it were but in Complaisance to the Princess of *Navarre*, his new Wife, and her Royal Parents, the Honey-Moon being then hardly past.

On CHAP. LXVII.

P*anurge's* Fear, encreas'd by the Noise of the Guns makes him run mad for a while, and lay hold of the large Cat *Rodilardus*, by which he was scratch'd. He saith, he took it to be a young soft chin'd Devil, and thought he had snatch'd it up in the great Hutch of Hell, as thievishly as any Sizer of *Montague College* could have done. *Rodilardus* stands for *Croquelardon*, Lick-fauce, a Parasitical Smell-feast. This Passage, doubtless, refers to some of *Montluc's* Adventures, hardly to be discover'd in our Age; yet known in that during which he liv'd. *Panurge's* Cowardice and Impudence suits pretty well with that Bishop of *Valence's* Character; as appears by what I said of his daring to preach before Queen *Catherine of Medicis*, with a Hat and Cloke on, like a *Geneva* Divine, and then not having the Courage to go on, but leaving off in the midst of his Sermon (though the Queen abetted him, and her Presence secur'd him) as soon as the Constable of *Montmorency* spoke two Words against his Way of preaching;

Here *Rabelais* takes an Opportunity to bring in a Story, which as well as some other Things of as odious a Nature, I would have omitted did not many learned Men despise a maim'd or imperfect Book, as much as some Selfish Women hate a Male in those Circumstances. That Story is what is said of *Edward V.* King of *England*, and *Francis Villon* the witty Rogue, of whom I have already spoken. But, with our Author's good Leave, this Story is as false as it is filthy and improbable, though we should suppose there is a Mistake in the Printing (as there are Thousands even in the best Editions of this

this Work I have seen yet.) For none can imagine that *Rabalais* was so little vers'd in History, as not to know that *Edward V.* died a Child, and can neither have been costive in his old Age, nor familiar with *Villon*; who according to *Pasquier*, must have been hang'd before the Reign of that unfortunate Prince, and, perhaps, before his Birth. And should any say that *Rabelais* means *Edward* the Fourth; I answer, that he neither died old, nor could be droll'd upon at that Rate, by a buffooning Inmate; since, though he was not one of the wisest Heads, yet he was one of the bravest Warriors of his Time, having fought nine pitch'd Battles, generally on Foot, and at last gloriously overcome all his Enemies: So that the witty Jester would hardly have offer'd to have told him, that the Sight of *Le* the Eleventh's *Oriflamb*, or *Royal Standard*, would have scar'd him into a Looseness. The Verses which *Rabelais* makes *Villon* speak, are mention'd as his by *Pasquier*, somewhat otherwise than in this Chapter:

*Je suis François, dont ce me poise,
Né de Paris, prez de Pontoise;
Où, d'une corde d'une toise,
Saura mon col, que mon cul poise.*

The End of the REMARKS on Book IV.

T H E



THE
AUTHOR'S
Epistle Dedicatory
OF THIS
FOURTH BOOK,
To the most Illustrious
PRINCE,
AND MOST
Reverend Lord, ODET,
CARDINAL *de Chastillon.*

YOU are not unacquainted, *most illustrious Prince*, how often I have been, and am daily press'd and required, by great Numbers of eminent Persons, to proceed in the *Pantagruelian* Fables; they tell me that many languishing, sick, and disconsolate Persons perusing them, have deceiv'd their Grief, pass'd their Time merrily, and been inspir'd with new Joy and Comfort. I commonly answer, that I aim'd not at Glory and Applause, when I diverted my self with Writing; but only design'd to give by my Pen, to the Absent who labour under Affliction, that little Help

Help which at all Times I willingly strive to give to the Present that stand in need of my Art and Service. Sometimes I at large relate to them, how *Hippocrates* in several Places, and particularly in Lib. 6. *Epidem.* describing the Institution of the Physician his Disciple, and also *Soranus* of *Ephesus*, *Oribasius*, *Galen*, *Hali Abbas*, and other Authors have descended to Particulars in the Prescription of his Motions, Deportment, Looks, Countenance, Gracefulness, Civility, Cleanliness of Face, Cloaths, Beard, Hair, Hands, Mouth, even his very Nails; as if he were to play the Part of a Lover in some Comedy, or enter the Lists to fight some potent Enemy. And indeed the Practice of Physic is properly enough compar'd by *Hippocrates* to a Fight, and also to a Farce acted between three Persons, the Patient, the Physician, and the Disease. Which Passage has sometimes put me in mind of *Julia's* Saying to *Augustus* her Father. (1) One Day she came before him in a very gorgeous, loose, lascivious Dress, which very much displeas'd him, though he did not much discover his Discontent. The next Day she put on another, and in a modest Garb, such as the chaste *Roman* Ladies wore, came into his Presence. The kind Father could not then forbear expressing the Pleasure which he took to see her so much alter'd, and said to her: *Oh! how much more this Garb becomes; and is commendable in the Daughter of Augustus.* But she, having her Excuse ready, answered: *This Day, Sir, I dress'd myself to please my Father's Eye; Yesterday, to gratify that of my Husband.* Thus, disguis'd in Looks and Garb, nay even as formerly was the Fashion, with a rich and pleasant Gown with four Sleeves, which was called *Philonium*, according to *Petrus Alexandrinus* in 6. *Epidem.* a Physician might answer to such as might find the *Metamorphosis* indecent: *Thus have I accoutred myself, not that I am proud of appearing in such a Dress; but for the sake of my Patient; whom alone I wholly design to please, and no Ways offend or dissatisfy.* There is also a Passage in our Father *Hippocrates*, in the Book I have nam'd, which causes some to sweat, dispute, and

(1) One Day &c.] See *Macrobius*, l. 2. c. 5. of his *Saturnalia*.

labour : not indeed to know whether the Physician's frowning, discontented, and morose *Catonian* Look render the Patient sad, and his joyful, serene, and pleasing Countenance rejoice him ; for Experience teaches us that this is most certain : But whether such Sensations of Grief, or Pleasure, are produc'd by the Apprehension of the Patient observing his Motions and Qualities in his Physician, and drawing from thence Conjectures of the End and Catastrophe of his Disease, as by his pleasing Look, joyful and desirable Events, and by his sorrowful and unpleasing Air, sad and dismal Consequences ; and whether those Sensations be produced by a Transfusion of the serene or gloomy, aerial or terrestrial, joyful or melancholic Spirits of the Physician, into the Person of the Patient, as is the Opinion of *Plato* and *Averroes*.

Above all Things, the fore-cited Authors have given particular Directions to Physicians about the Words, Discourse, and Converse, which they ought to have with their Patients, every one aiming at one Point, that is, to rejoice them without offending God, and in no Ways whatsoever to vex or displease them. Which causes (2) *Herophilus* much to blame the Physician *Callianax*, who being ask'd by a Patient of his, *Shall I dye?* impudently made him this Answer :

*Patroclus dy'd, whom all allow;
By much, a better Man than you.*

Another, who had a mind to know the State of his Distemper, asking him after our merry *Patelin's* Way : *Well, Doctor, does not my Water tell you I shall die?* He foolishly answered, No ; if *Latona* the Mother of those lovely Twins, *Phæbus* and *Diana*, begot thee. *Galen*, lib. 4. *Comment. 6. Epidem.* blames much also *Quintus* his Tutor, who, a certain Nobleman of Rome, his Patient, saying to him, *You have been at Breakfast, my Master, your Breath*

(2) *Herophilus*.] *Rabelais* forgets himself. It was not *Herophilus* that blam'd *Callianax*, but another. *Callianax*, in the Place from whence this is quoted, is only said to be an *Herophitian*. See *Galen* on lib. 6. of *Hippocrates de Epidem.*

smells

smells of Wine; answered arrogantly, *Yours smells of Fever*; which is the better Smell of the two, *Wine*, or a *putrid Fever*? But the Calumny of certain *Canibals*, *Misanthropes*, perpetual (3) Eaves-droppers, has been so foul and excessive against me, that it had conquer'd my Patience, and I had resolv'd not to write one Jot more. For the least of their Detractions were, that my Books are all stuffed with various Heresies, of which, nevertheless, they could not show one single Instance; much indeed of comical and facetious Fooleries, neither offending God nor the King: (And truly I own they are the only Subject, and only Theme of these Books.) But of Heresy, not a Word, unless they interpreted wrong, and against all use of Reason, and common Language, what I had rather suffer a thousand Deaths, if it were possible, than have thought; as who should make Bread to be *Stone*, a Fish to be a *Serpent*, and an Egg to be a *Scorpion*. This, my Lord, emboldened me once to tell you, as I was complaining of it in your Presence, that if I did not esteem myself a better Christian, than they show themselves towards me, and if my Life, Writings, Words, nay thoughts, betray'd to me one single Spark of Heresy, or I should in a detestable manner fall into the Snares of the Spirit of Detraction, *Διάβολος*, who, by their means, raises such Crimes against me; I would then, like the *Phoenix*, gather dry Wood, kindle a Fire, and burn myself in the midst of it. You were then pleas'd to say to me, That King *Francis*, of eternal Memory, had been made sensible of those false Accusations: And that having caused my Books (mine, I say, because several false and infamous have been wickedly laid to me) to be carefully and distinctly read to him by the most learned and faithful Anagnost in this Kingdom, he had not found any Passage suspicious; and that he abhorr'd (4) a certain en-

(3) *Eaves-droppers*.] *Agelastes*, i. e. one that never laughs; a Greek Word, as well as *Misanthrope*, a Man-hater.

(4) *A certain envious, &c.*] The Original has it only a *Snake-eater*, by which Word *Rabelais* designs the Monks; whom, in Chap. 46. he compares to the *Troglodytes*, who, *Pliny* tells us, *lib. 5. cap. 8.* liv'd in Caverns, and fed on Snakes.

vious, ignorant, hypocritical Informer, who grounded a mortal Heresy on an (5) N put instead of an M by the (6) Carelessness of the Printers.

As much was done by his Son, our most gracious, virtuous, and blessed Sovereign, *Henry*, whom Heaven long preserve; so that he granted you his Royal Privilege, and particular Protection for me, against my flandering Adversaries.

You kindly condescended since; to confirm me these happy News at *Paris*; and also lately, when you visited my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, who, for the Benefit of his Health, after a lingering Distemper, was retired to *St. Maur*, that Place (or rather Paradise) of Salubrity, Serenity, Conveniency, and all desirable Country Pleasures.

Thus, *my Lord*, under so glorious a Patronage, I am emboldened once more to draw my Pen, undaunted now and secure; with Hopes that you will still prove to me, against the Power of Detraction, a second *Gallic Hercules* in Learning, Prudence, and Eloquence; and *Alexicacos* in Virtue, Power, and Authority: You, of whom I may truly say what the wise Monarch *Solomon* saith of *Moses*, that great Prophet and Captain of *Israel*, Ecclesiast. 45. *A Man fearing and loving God, who found Favour in the sight of all Flesh, well-beloved both of God and Man; whose Memorial is blessed. God made him like to the glorious Saints, and magnified him so, that his Enemies stood in fear of him; and for him made Wonders: made him glorious in the Sight of Kings, gave him a Commandment for his People, and by him shew'd his Light; he sanctified him in his Faithfulness, and Meekness, and chose him out of all Men. By him he made us to hear his Voice, and caused by him the Earw of Life and Knowledge to be given.*

(5) *An N for an M.*] As there are Instances enough that formerly they wrote *asme* with an S, for *ame*, the *Soul*; this might be an impious Allusion of *asme* to *asne*, an *Afs*, which so often is mentioned, l. 3. c. 22 and 23, in the old Editions. Those of *Lyons*, and that of 1626, corrected, as is said in the Title, according to the Censure pass'd in 1552; has remov'd the Scandal.

(6) *Carelessness of the Printers.*] The Author had before complained of them in *Proh.* to l. 3. printed even in 1546.

Accordingly,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

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Accordingly, if I shall be so happy as to hear any one commend those merry Composures, they shall be adjur'd by me to be oblig'd, and pay their Thanks to you alone, as also to offer their Prayers to *Heaven*, for the Continuance and Increase of your Greatness; and to attribute no more to me, than my humble and ready Obedience to you Commands: For by your most honourable Incouragement, you at once have inspir'd me with Spirit, and with Invention; and without You my Heart had fail'd me, and the Fountain-head of my animal Spirits had been dry. May the Lord keep you in his blessed Mercy.

My LORD,

Your most humble, and

most devoted Servant,

*Paris, this 28th of
January, MDLII.*

FRANCIS RABELAIS, *Physician.*

T H E



THE
AUTHOR'S
PROLOGUE
TO THE
FOURTH BOOK.

(1) **G**OOD People, God save and keep you :
Where are you ? I can't see you ; stay
—I'll faddle my Nose with Spectacles
—Oh, oh ! (2) 'twill be fair anon (3)
I see you. Well, you have had a good
Vintage, they say ; this is no bad News to *Frank*, you
may swear ; you have got an infallible Cure against
Thirst ; rarely perform'd of you, my Friends ! You,
your Wives, Children, Friends, and Families are in as
good Case as Heart can wish ; 'tis well, 'tis as I'd have
it : God be praised for it, and if such be his Will, may

(1) *Good People* —*I can't see you.*] He can't see Good People,
they are so scarce. So *Aristophanes* in his *Plutus* makes *Cremylus* speak.

(2) *'Twill be fair anon.*] It shou'd be english'd, *Soft and fair*,
Lent is drawing to an End: I see you. Bien & beau s'en va Quaresme,
je vous vois.

(3) *I see you.*] *Rabelais*, who but a Moment before saw none of
these *Good People*, to whom he addresses his Prologue (or Preface)
sees Numbers of 'em all of a sudden ; which he ascribes to Lent
drawing to a Conclusion. And, indeed, as soon as *Easter* approaches,
in obedience to the Church's Command, every body is forward to re-
ceive the Communion in order to seem at least to be *good People*.

you

you long be so. For my part I am thereabouts, Thanks to his blessed Goodness; and by the means of a little *Pantagruelism*, (which you know is a certain Jollity of Mind pickled in the Scorn of Fortune) you see me now Hale and Cheery, as sound as a Bell, and ready to drink, if you will. Would you know why I'm thus, good People? I'll e'en give you a positive Answer——such is the Lord's Will, which I obey and revere; it being said in his Word, in great Derision to the *Physician*, neglectful of his own Health, *Physician* hale thy self.

Galen had some Knowledge of the Bible, and had convers'd with the Christians of his Time, as appears *Lib. 11. De usu Partium*; *Lib. 2. de differentiis Pulsum*, cap. 3. and *ibid. Lib. 3. cap. 2. and Lib. de rerum affectibus* (if it be *Galen's*) Yet'twas not for any such Veneration of Holy-Writ that he took Care of his own Health. No, 'twas for fear of being twitted with the Saying so well known among *Physicians*.

Ἰατρός ἄλλων, αὐτὸς ἔλκεται (4) Βρῦων.

He boasts of healing Poor and Rich,
Yet is himself all over Itch.

This made him boldly say, that he did not desire to be esteem'd a *Physician*, if from his twenty-eighth Year to his old Age he had not liv'd in perfect Health, except some (5) ephemerous Fevers, of which he soon rid himself; yet he was not naturally of the soundest Temper, his Stomach being evidently bad. Indeed, as he saith, *Lib. 5. de Sanitate tuenda*, that *Physician* will hardly be thought very careful of the Health of others, who neglects his own. (6) *Asclepiades* boasted yet more than this; for he said that he had artickled with Fortune not to be reputed a *Physician*, if he could be said to have been sick, since he began to practise Physic, to his latter Age, which he reach'd, lusty in all his Members, and victorious over Fortune, till at last the old Gentleman un-

(4) Βρῦων.] A Sentence ascrib'd by *Plutarch* to a certain Tragic Poet. See his Discourse against *Colotes* the *Epicurean*.

(5) *Ephemerous Fevers*.] Fevers that last but a Day, and are cured with Rest.

(6) *Asclepiades*, &c.] See *Pliny*, l. 26. c. 3.

luckily

luckily tumbled down from the Top of a certain ill-propt and (7) rotten Stair-case ; and so there was an end of him.

If by some Disaster Health is fled from your Worships to the right or to the left, above or below, before or behind, within or without, far or near, on this side or t'other side, wheresoever it be, may you presently, with the help of the Lord meet with it ; having found it, may you immediately claim it, seize it and secure it. The Law allows it ; the King would have it so : Nay, you have my Advice for't ; neither more nor less than the Law-makers of old did fully empower a Master to claim and seize his run-away Servant wherever he might be found. Ods-bodikins, is it not written and warranted by the ancient Customs of this so noble, so rich, so flourishing Realm of *France*, (8) *That the Dead seizes the Quick* ? See what has been declar'd very lately in that Point by that learned, wise, (9) courteous, human, and just Civilian, *Andrew Tiraqueau*, (10) Counsellor of the Great Victorious and Triumphant *Henry II*d, in the most Honourable Court of *Parliament at Paris*. Health is our Life, as (11) *Ariphron the Sicyonian* wisely has it, without Health Life is no Life, 'tis not living Life : (12) 'ΑΒΙ'ΟΣ ΒΙ'ΟΣ, ΒΙ'ΟΣ ΑΒΙ'ΩΤΟΣ. Without Health

(7) *Rotten Stairs.*] See *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 27.

(8) *The Dead, &c.* That is, the Death of a Person gives a Right to his Heir to seize what he has left, *i. e.* to give him as it were Livery and Seisin of it, as I suppose that's meant by the Word *seize*.

(9) *Courteous, &c.*] When *Tiraqueau* was Lieutenant General of the Ballywick of *Fontenay-le Comte*, he releas'd *Rabelais* out of Prison, into which the Cordeliers of the Place had cast him. *Rabelais* here testifies his Gratitude to him.

(10) *Great, Victorious and Triumphant*] *M. du Chat* says, the Author having publish'd this his fourth Book before *Henry II*d had seiz'd the three Bishopricks [*Metz, Toul and Verdun*, I suppose he means) the Elogium we see here of that Monarch, was inserted after the first Edition, and only out of regard to that Conqueror.

(11) *Ariphron.*] See *Athenæus*, l. 15. c. ultim.

(12) 'ΑΒΙ'ΟΣ ΒΙ'ΟΣ, ΒΙ'ΟΣ ΑΒΙ'ΩΤΟΣ.] To these Greek Words shou'd be added *χωρίς υγείας*, and then the Sentence is complete, otherwise not. Here it may not be amiss to observe, that the Great *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus* (now *Albania inferior*) never pray'd the Gods to give him any Thing but Health : And *Menage* used to say, *Sanitas Sanitatum, omnia Sanitas*.

Life

(1) who as M. nan a or An (14) call'd he pass

V

Life is only a Languishment and an Image of Death. Therefore, you that want your Health, that is to say, *that are dead, seize the Quick*; secure Life to your selves, that is to say, Health.

I have this Hope in the Lord, that he will hear our Supplications, considering with what Faith and Zeal we pray, and that he will grant this our Wish, because 'tis moderate and mean. Mediocrity was held by the ancient Sages to be *golden*, that is to say, precious, prais'd by all Men, and pleasing in all Places. Read the Sacred Bible, you'll find, the Prayers of those who ask'd moderately were never unanswer'd. For example, little dapper *Zaccheus*, whose Body and Reliques the Monks of (13) *St. Garlick* near *Orleans* boast of having, and nick-name him *St. (14) Sylvanus*: He only wish'd to see our blessed Saviour near *Jerusalem*. 'Twas but a small Request, and no more than any body then might pretend to. But alas! He was but low built; and one of so diminutive a Size, among the Crowd, could not so much as get a Glimpse of him: Well then he struts, stands on tip-toes, bustles and be-stirring his Stumps, shoves and makes way, and with much ado clambers up a *Sycamore*. Upon this, the Lord, who knew his sincere Affection, presented himself to his Sight, and was not only seen by him, but heard also: Nay, what's more, he came to his House, and blest his Family.

One of the Sons of the Prophets in *Israel* felling Wood near the River *Jordan*, his Hatchet forsook the Helve and fell to the Bottom of the River; so he pray'd to have it again ('twas but a small Request, mark ye me) and having a strong Faith, he did not throw the Hatchet after the Helve, as some Spirits of Contradiction say by way of scandalous Blunder, but the Helve after the Hatchet, as you all properly have it. Presently two

(13 *Monks of St. Garlick*.) Or rather *St. Onion*, for *Rabelais*, who was a dear Lover of Puns (and the worse the Pun the better, as *M. Dryden* used to say) Quibbles upon the Similitude between *Aignan* and *Onion*, for near *Orleans* there is an Abby call'd *St. Aignan* or *Anian*, as 'tis pronounced, and so sounds just like *Oignon*.

(14) *Sylvanus*.] From *Sylva* a Wood. *Zaccheus* might be so call'd from his climbing up a *Tree* the better to behold the *Messias* as he pass'd by.

great Miracles were seen, up springs the Hatchet from the Bottom of the Water, and fixes itself to its old Acquaintance the Helve. Now had he wish'd to coach it to Heaven in a Fiery Chariot like *Elias*, to multiply in Seed like *Abraham*, be as rich as *Job*, strong as *Sampson*, and beautiful as *Absalom*, would he have obtain'd it, d'ye think? I'troth, my Friends, I question it very much

Now I talk of moderate Wishes in Point of Hatchet (but hark'e me, be sure you don't forget when we ought to drink) I'll tell you what's written among the Apologies of wise *Æsop* the *Frenchman*, I mean the *Phrygian* and *Trojan*, as *Max. Planudes* makes him; from which People, according to the most faithful Chronicles, the noble *French* are descended: *Ælian* writes that he was of *Thrace*, and *Agathias* after *Herodotus*, that he was of *Samos*; 'tis all one to *Frank*.

In his time liv'd a (15) poor honest Country Fellow of *Gravot*, *Tom Wellbung* by Name, a Wood-cleaver by Trade, who in that low Drudgery made shift so, to pick up a sorry Lively-hood. It happen'd that he lost his Hatchet. Now tell me who ever had more Cause to be vext than poor *Tom*? Alas, his whole Estate and Life depended on his Hatchet; by his Hatchet he earn'd many a fair Penny of the best wood-mongers or Log-Merchants, among whom he went a Jobbing; for want of his Hatchet he was like to starve; and had Death but met him six Days after without a Hatchet, the grim Fiend would have mow'd him down in the twinkling of a Bed-staff. In this sad Case he began to be in a heavy Taking, and call'd upon *Jupiter* with most eloquent Prayers (for you know, Necessity was the Mother of Eloquence) with the Whites of his Eyes turn'd up towards Heaven, down on his Marrowbones, his Arms rear'd high, his fingers stretch'd wide, and his Head bare, the poor Wretch without ceasing was roaring out by way of Litany at every Repetition of his Supplications, my

(15) *A poor honest Country Fellow.*] A Story very like this we have among the *Diversorum Authorum joculariter dicta*, printed at the End *Poggius's* Jestes and merry Tales. Edition of 1541. It begins *Imperator Adrianus*.

Hatchet,

Hatchet, Lord *Jupiter*, my Hatchet, my Hatchet ; only my Hatchet, O *Jupiter*, or Money to buy another, and nothing else ; alas, my poor Hatchet !

Jupiter happen'd then to be holding a grand Council about certain urgent Affairs, and old Gammer *Cybele* was just giving her Opinion, or if you had rather have it so, it was young *Phæbus* the *Beau* : But in short, *Tom's* Outcry and Lamentations were so loud that they were heard with no small Amazement at the Council-Board, by the whole Consistory of the Gods. What a Devil have we below, quoth *Jupiter*, that howls so horridly ? By the Mud of *Styx*, haven't we had all along and haven't we here still enough to do to set to rights a World of damn'd puzzling Businessses of Consequence ? We made an end of the Fray between *Preſſhan* King of *Persia*, and *Soliman* the *Turkiſh* Emperor ; we have stopp'd up the Passages between the *Tartars* and the *Moscovites* ; answer'd the Xeriff's Petition, done the same to that of (16) *Golgots Rays* ; the State of *Parma's* dispatch'd, so is that of *Maydemburg*, that of *Mirandola*, and that of *Africa*, that Town on the *Mediterranean* which we call (17) *Aphrodisium* ; *Tripoli* by Carelessness has got a new Master ; her Hour was come.

Here are the *Gascons* cursing and damning, demanding (18) the Restitution of their Bells.

(16) *Golgots Rays*.] The famous Corfaire *Dragut*.

(17) *Aphrodisium*.] A Town of *Africa* in *Barbary*.

(18) *Restitution of their Bells*.] *K. Francis* Ist had introduced the Tax on Salt throughout the country of *Guienne* ; the People, especially the Peasants, who cou'd not brook this new Imposition, took their Opportunity, and when the new King *Henry II.* was in *Piedmont* with most of his Forces, rose in Arms and crowded into *Bordeaux*, where they massacred the King's Lieutenant of the Province, *Tristande Monnius* a Kinsman of the High Constable's. This Rebellion too much concern'd the first (military) Officer of the Crown, for him to sit still and not take immediate Measures to punish it with Severity. He hastened towards *Bordeaux* with some Troops and a good Train of Artillery in 1549. and the Gates being thrown open, on the bare Terror of his Name among other disgraceful Penalties which he inflicted on the People of *Bordeaux*, he took away all their Bells, nor were they restor'd to them again till three Months afterwards, together with their Privileges. See *Mexeray* in the Year above-mentioned.

In yonder Corner are the *Saxons, Easterlings, Ostrogoths,* and *Germans*, Nations formerly invincible, but now (19) *Aberkeids*, bridled, curb'd, and brought under by a poultry diminutive crippled Fellow ; they ask us Revenge, Relief, Restitution of their former good Sense and ancient Liberty.

But what shall we do with the same (20) *Ramus* and this *Galland* with a Pox to 'em, who surrounded with a Swarm of their Scullions, Black-guard, Ragamuffins, Sizars, Vouchers and Stipulators, set together by the Ears, the whole University of *Paris* ? I am in a sad Quandary about it, and for the Heart's Blood of me can't tell yet with whom of the two to side.

Both seem to me notable Fellows, and as true Cods as ever pifs'd ; the one has (21) *Rose-nobles*, I say fine and

(19.) *Aberkeids.*] It was the Emperor *Charles Vth* who tho' he had for many Years been crippled with the Gout, yet held the *German* Noses to the Grindstone, and had so done even from the time he obtain'd the Victory over the Protestants at *Mulgbert* in 1547. The Notes on the fourth Book of *Rabelais*, ascrib'd to *Rabelais* himself, gives us for *High-Dutch* the Word *Aberkeids*, which is read in this Place in all the Editions I have seen, and they explain it by *reviled, snub'd*. But this is no *German* Word, much less ought to have the Signification those Notes put upon it. Which may raise a just Suspicion that *Rabelais* was not the Author of those Notes. *Aber-geifs*, for so it ought to be spelt, is compounded of *Geifs* a Goat, and *Haber* Oats, (and so say we to in the North of *England*, an *Haver-cake*, i. e. an *Oat-cake*. Do ye ken the Stag a-gobbling up the Haver at the leer Dew (in some Parts of *Yorkshire*) i. e. Do ye see the Goose eating up the Oats at the Barn-door.) Now this Word *Aber-geifs* means a particular Sort of Top or Gigg, which the Children divert themselves with in *Germany*, especially at *Strasburg*, where *Rabelais* in his *Travels*, no doubt, tarry'd some Time. This Top has a Head and a Tail, about which a Packthread is wound, and then it is thrown with Violence to the Ground, where for a Time it makes a Noise, enough to frighten one that knows nothing of the Matter. It is this Childish Sport that *Rabelais* here compares the *Germans* to, whom in his Time *Charles V.* made to go like so many Tops, but they soon found means to recover their Liberty.

(20) *Ramus, &c.*] *Ramus* oppos'd *Aristotle's* Philosophy : *Gallandus* defended it. Tho' *Ramus* never writ against any of his Adversaries, yet *Gallandus* fell foul on him, and by the bye calls *Rabelais* a ridiculous Writer : His Words are *vernaculos ridiculi Pantagruelis libros, &c.* Here *Rabelais* revenges himself, but not severely. See *Ramus's* Life by *Tho. Freigius*, p. 34.

(21) *The one has rose-nobles.*] *Ramus* who was rich.

weighty

weighty ones ; (22) the other would gladly have some too. The one knows something ; the other's no Dunce. The one loves the better Sort of Men, the other's belov'd by 'em. The one is an old cunning Fox, the other with Tongue and Pen, Tooth and Nail falls foul on the ancient (23) Orators and Philosophers, and barks at them like a Cur.

What think'st thou of it, say, thou bawdy *Priapus* ? I have found thy Council just before now, *Et habet tua mentula mentem.*

King *Jupiter*, answer'd *Priapus*, standing up and taking off his Cowle, his Snout uncas'd and rear'd up, fiery and stifly propt, since you compare the one to a yelping snarling Cur, and the other to sly Reynard the Fox, my Advice is with Submission, that without fretting or puzzling your Brains any farther about 'em, without any more ado e'en serve 'em both as in the Days of Yore you did the Dog and the Fox. How ? ask'd *Jupiter*, when ? who were they ? where was it ? You have a rare Memory for ought I see, return'd *Priapus* ! This right worshipful Father *Bacchus*, whom we have here nodding with his Crimson Phyz, to be reveng'd on the *Thebans*, had got a Fairy Fox, who whatever Mischief he did, was never to be caught or wrong'd by any Beast that wore a Head.

The noble *Vulcan* here present had fram'd a Dog of Monecian Brass, and with long puffing and blowing put the Spirit of Life into him : He gave it you, you gave it your Miss *Europa*, Miss *Europa* gave it *Minos*, *Minos* gave it *Procris*, *Procris* gave it *Cephalus*. He was also of the Fairy Kind, so that like the Lawyers of our Age, he was too hard for all other Sorts of Creatures, nothing could scape the Dog ; Now who should happen to meet but these two ? What do you think they did ? Dog by his Destiny was to take Fox, and Fox by his Fate was not to be taken.

(22) *The other wou'd gladly have some too.*] *Rabelais* seems here to tax *Peter Gallandus* with having no other View in writing against *Ramus* in behalf of the old Philosophy, but only to get Patrons that might make him rich too.

(23) *Ancient Orators and Philosophers.*] *Aristotle* and *Cicero*.

The Case was brought before your Council ; you protested that you would not act against the Fates ; and the Fates were contradictory. In short, the End and Result of the Matter was, that to reconcile two Contradictions was an Impossibility in Nature. The very Pang put you into (24) a Sweat, some Drops of which hap'ning to light on the Earth produced what the Mortals call Cabbage. All our noble Consistory for want of a categorical Resolution were seiz'd with such a horrid Thirst, that above seventy-eight Hogsheads of Nectar were swill'd down at that sitting. At last you took my Advice, and transmogrify'd 'em into Stones, and immediately got rid of your Perplexity, and a Truce with Thirst was proclaim'd thro' this vast *Olympus*. This was the Year of flabby Cods, near (25) *Teumessus* between *Thebes* and *Chalcis*.

After this manner, 'tis my Opinion, that you should petrify this Dog and this Fox. The Metamorphosis will not be (26) incongruous ; for they both bear the Name of (27) *Peter*. And because, according to the *Limosin* Proverb, to make an Oven's Mouth there must be three Stones, you may associate them with Master (28) *Peter*
du

(24) *A Sweat*.] Nothing is so brackish to the Taste as Sweat and nothing causes Drought like Cabbage, particularly that call'd Cole-cabbage, whether dress'd with Beef-marrow for Flesh-days, or with Oil for Fish-Days. The white Cabbage-heads, being of themselves insipid, must be well pepper'd and salted, especially consisting of so many very thick Leaves, neither the Salt nor the Pepper can penetrate unless there's abundance of both.

(25) *Teumessus*.] *Pausanias* in his *Bæotica*, relates this Fable, and after him *Cælius Rhodiginus*.

(26) *Incongruous*.] Read, instead of not *incongruous*, not *unprecedented*, there having been one before. It is in the best Editions *incongrue*, not *incongrue*.

(27) *Peter*.] *Pierre* in *French*, signifies both *Peter* and a *Stone*.

(28) *Peter du Coignet*.] Or *de Cognieres* a Knight and Advocate-General of the Parliament of *Paris*, in the Reign of *Philip de Valois*, did with great Vigour and some Success, oppose the Incroachments made by the Clergy of his Time on the King's Authority. The Ecclesiasticks labour'd hard to ruin this honest Man, but in vain. So they fell foul upon his Memory, and as soon as ever he was dead, they caus'd to be made in most of the Churches which were chiefly reformed to several odd Kind of Grotesk Monkey-like Figures in Stone, and gave 'em the Name of *Pierre du Coignet*, from their being placed in
Corners

du Coignet, whom you formerly petrified for the same Cause. Then those three dead Pieces shall be put in an equilateral Trigone, somewhere in the great Temple at *Paris*, in the middle of the Porch, if you will, there to perform the Office of Extinguishers, and with their Noses put out the lighted Candles, Torches, Tapers and Flambeaux; since, while they liv'd, they still lighted ballock-like the Fire of Faction, Division, (29) Ballock Sects, and wrangling among those idle bearded Boys, the Students. And this will be an everlasting Monument to show, that those puny self-conceited Pedants, Ballock-framers, were rather contemn'd than condemn'd by you. *Dixi*, I have said my Say.

You deal too kindly by them, said *Jupiter*, for ought I see Monsieur *Priapus*. You don't use to be so kind to every Body, let me tell you: For as they seek to eternize their Names, it would be much better for them to be thus chang'd into hard Stones, than to return to Earth and Putrefaction. But now to other Matters; Yonder behind us towards the *Tuscan* Sea, and the Neighbourhood of *Mount Appennin*, do you see what (30) Trage-

Corners (Coins in French) These impertinent Statues they would have to represent the *impious Pierre de Cugnires*, as the call'd him. He being thus mark'd, before he dy'd, for an Enemy of the Church, and a Reprobate, People made a Merit of abusing his Statues any how. Thus, at *Notre Dame* at *Paris*, under a Shew of offering Candles to the Statue of *Peter du Coignet*, as is usually doneto the Images of the Saints, they run the Candles in his Face when they wanted to extinguish 'em. And it being impossible but that this ridiculous Figure being put to such a Use, must be extremaly dawb'd and be-grimed, thence it came about, that in order to exaggerate the Uglinefs of any body, it has been a common Saying for above two hundred Years, *Uglier than Pierre du Coignet*.

(29) *Ballock Sects*.] If because it is *Priapus* that speaks here, we shou'd take this Word *Couilloniques* in an obscene Sense, we shou'd fall into the very Snare *Rabelais* had a mind to catch his less judicious Readers in. These *Couillonie* Sects are not properly any other Thing than the different Orders of Monks, or *cucullated*, i. e. hooded Gentry: For the Word may come from the Latin *cucullus*, a Hood, as well as from *cuillon*, the Cod. Among these Monks there are generally subsisting, Divisions and Factions about Things of much the same Weight as those which then divided the Univerfity of *Paris*.

(30) *Tragedies*] The Commotions of Pope *Julius III.* about the Affair of *Parma*, which ceased not till 1552. See *Sleidan*. l. 22. &c.

dies are stir'd up by certain topping (31) Ecclesiastical Bullies? This hot Fit will last its time, like the *Lima-sins* Events, and then will be cool'd, but not so fast.

We shall have sport enough with it, but I foresee one Inconveniency; for methinks we have but little Store of Thunder-Ammunition, since the Time that you, my Fellow Gods, for your Pastime, lavish'd them away to bombard new (32) *Antioch*, by my particular Permission; as since, after your Example, the stout Champions, who had undertaken to hold the Fortrefs of (33) *Dindenarois* against all Comers, fairly wasted their Powder with shooting at Sparrows; and then, not having where-with to defend themselves in time of need, *valiantly* surrender'd to the Enemy, who were already packing up their Awls, full of Madnes and Despair, and thought on nothing but a shameful Retreat. Take care this be remedied, Son *Vulcan*; rouse up your drowsy *Cyclopes*, *Asteropes*, *Bronies*, *Arges*, *Polyphemus*, *Steropes*, *Py-racmon*, and so-forth; set them at work, and make them drink as they ought.

Never spare Liquor to such as are at hot work. Now let us dispatch this bawling Fellow below; you *Mercury*, go see who it is? And know what he wants. *Mercury* look'd out at Heaven's Trap-door, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below; by the

(31) *Ecclesiastical Bullies.*] *Pastophores* in the Original, *i. e.* Sacred Priests, Reverend Prelates, among the ancient *Egyptians*. The *Cambridge Dictionary* says Priests of *Isis* and *Osiris*. *Πασοφόροι*, *qui ferunt τὸν παζόν*, *i. e.* thalamum, *puta Isidis*.

(32) *Antioch.*] New *Antioch* must be the City of *Rome*. The Word *Antioch* means nothing but preposterous Venery, *ἀντι* contra & *οἰκία* concubitus. The Thunder darted against this *Antioch*, may be the sacking of it in 1527, as also the considerable Diminutions of the Extent of her Church by the Introduction of the Protestant Religion; Misfortunes which beset her when *Rabelais* wrote.

(33) *Dindenarois.*] The *German dinten-nar* signifies one possess'd with the Dæmon of Scribbling. I fancy *Rabelais*, by this, means certain Schoastics, who being furiously bent on debating with another upon Questions of no moment, were mute when they shou'd have strenuously defended the Doctrine and Worship of the *Romish* Church against the *Lutherans*, whose Party, humanly speaking, cou'd never have subsisted, if at the Beginning it had been attack'd by some Preachers of the *Groisades*.

way, one might well enough mistake it for the Scuttle of a Ship; tho' *Icaromenippus* said it was like the (34) Mouth of a Well: The light-heel'd Deity saw that it was honest *Tom*, who ask'd for his lost Hatchet; and accordingly he made his Report to the Synod. *Marry*, said *Jupiter*, we are finely holp'd up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost Hatchets. Well, he must then have it for all this, for so 'tis written in the Book of Fate, (Do you hear?) as well as if it was worth the whole Dutchy of *Milan*. The Truth is, the Fellow's Hatchet is as much to him as a Kingdom to a King. Come, come, let no more Words be scatter'd about it, let him have his Hatchet again.

Now, let us make an end of the Difference betwixt the *Levites* and (35) *Molecatcher of Landerouffe*.

(34) *Mouth of a Well.*] See *Lucian Icaromenippus*.

(35) *Molecatcher of Landerouffe.*] I think it should rather be translated *their Mole-ships the Monks of Landerouffe*: For *Rabelais* elsewhere, more than once, calls the *Monks Moles* (not *Molecatchers*) from their living as it were under Ground. The Original runs, *Resolvons la difference du Clergé & de la Taulpitier de Landerouffe*. This Difference between these two Bodies of Ecclesiastics, *M. D. C.* says may have been the famous Law-suit between the Chapter of *St. Gastein of Tours*, and the Chapter of *St. Martin* of the same City, about the *Dirt* (or *Pus*) of *St. Martin*. The last were in Possession of this pretended Relick, but the Property of it had been claim'd by the former, for the Space of between threescore and fourscore Years, and it was not till ten Years after *Rabelais's* Death, that the *Huguenots* cut this Gordian-Knot. See *Beza's Eccl. Hist.* on the Year 1563. and *M. du Thou*. l. 30. [I have look'd into *Thuanus*, and find nothing of the Matter in that Year, but only the *Huguenots* rising at *Tours*, and destroying all the Relicks, which is what I suppose *M. le D. C.* means by cutting the Gordian-Knot. As for *Beza's Eccl. Hist.* I can't learn where I may find it, tho' I have search'd several considerable public Libraries. I want to know whether the Relick above mention'd (in *French les Boues*) signifies *Dirt*. The *Grand Treuxoux* Dictionary, says the *Parisians* are taxed to *les Boues*, the Scavenger I take it. I never before met with *les Boues* in the Plural.] But *M. le D. C.* goes on: I am not ignorant that the Registers of the Church of *St. Martin de Tours*, from *Louis XIth's* Time to *Charles IX.* make not the least mention of this Law-suit; but as the Success of it was pretty singular, and the whole Affair divulg'd by *Beza* in such a Manner as to do the contending Parties no Honour, it is possible that since the annihilating the Relick, which occasioned the Suit, so much of the Record as concern'd this Affair may be secreted, thereby to create a Suspicion of the *Huguenot* Historian's Veracity,

Whereabouts were we? *Priapus* was standing in the Chimney-corner, and having heard what *Mercury* had reported, said in a most courteous and (36) jovial Manner: King *Jupiter*, while by your Order and particular Favour, I was Garden-keeper-general on Earth; I observed that this Word *Hatchet* is equivocal to many Things; For it signifies a certain Instrument, by the Means of which Men fell and cleave Timber. It also signifies (at least I am sure it did formerly) a Female soundly and frequently Thumpthumpriggletickletetwid-dletoby'd: thus I perceiv'd that every Cock of the Game us'd to call his Doxy his Hatchet, for with that same Tool (this he said lugging out and exhibiting his nine Inch *Knocker*) they so strongly and resolutely shove and drive in their Helves, that the Females remain free from a Fear epidemical amongst their Sex, *viz.* that from the Bottom of the Male's Belly the said Instrument should dangle at his Heel for want of such feminine Props. And I remember, (for I have a *Member*) and a *Memory* too, ay, and a fine Memory large enough to fill a Butter *Firkin*: I remember, I say, that one Day of (37) *Tubilustre* [*Horn-Fair*] at the Festivals of Good-man *Vulcan* in May, I heard (38) *Josquin Des prez, Olkegan, Hobreths, Agricola, Brumel, Camelin, Vigoris, de la Fage, Bruyer, Prioris, Seguin, de la Rue, Midy, Moulu, Mouton, Gascoigne, Loiset, Compere, Penet, Fevin, Rousee, Richard Fort. Rousseau, Confilion, Constantio Festi, Jacquet, Jacquet Bercan* melodiously singing the following Catch on a pleasant Green.

(36) *Jovial Manner.*] *Priapus* was reckon'd to be *Jupiter's* Son: Wherefore *Rabelais* somewhere calls him *John Thursday*.

(37) *Tubilustre.*] From *Tuba* a Trumpet, and *Lustrum* a Sacrifice. The *Cambridge Dictionary* gives a somewhat different Account of this Feast from what *Cotgrave* does, who says, it was the Day whereon the Trumpets dedicated to Sacrifices were hollow'd (I suppose he means hallow'd) and the Trumpeters with Water purged. *M. Motteux* in his merry ways calls it *Horn-fair*.

(38) *Josquin Des prez.*] Ten of those many Musicians nam'd here, were the Disciples of this excellent Musician, who was of *Cambray*. There are several Books of Songs of his composing, printed with the Music-Notes at *Paris, Lyons, Antwerp, &c.*

Long John to bed went to his Bride,
And laid a Mallet by his side:
What means this Mallet, John, saith she?
Why! 'tis to wedge thee home, quoth he.
Alas! cry'd she, the Man's a Fool:
What need you use a wooden Tool?
When lusty John does to me come,
He never shoves but with his Bum.

Nine Olympiads, and an Intercalary Year after (I have a rare Member, I would say Memory, but I often make Blunders in the Symbolization and Colligance of those two Words) I heard *Adrian Villard, Gombert, Janequin, Arcadet, Claudin, Certon, Manchicourt, Auxerre, Villiers, Sandrin, Sobier, Hesdim, Morales, Passe-reau, Maille, Maillart, Jacotin, Hurteur, Verdelot, Carpentras, l'Heriter, Cadeac, Doublet, Vermont, Bou-teiller, Lupi, Pagnier, Millet, Du Moulin, Alaire, Maraut, Morpin, Gendre*, and other merry Lovers of Musick, in (39) a private Garden under some fine shady Trees round about a Bulwark of Flaggons, Gammons, Pasties, with several coated Quails, and lac'd Mutton, waggishly fingering.

Since Tools without their Hafts are useles Lumber;
And Hatchets without Helves are of that Number;
That one may go in for other, and may match it,
I'll be the Helve, and thou shalt be the Hatchet.

Now would I know what Kind of Hatchet this bawling Tom wants? This threw all the venerable Gods and Goddeses into a fit of Laughter, like any Microcosm of Flies; and even set limping *Vulcan* a hopping and jumping (40) smoothly three or four times for the sake of his Dear. Come, come, said *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, run down immediately, and cast at the poor Fellow's Feet three Hatchets; his own, another of Gold, and a third of massy Silver, all of one Size: Then having left it to his Will to take his Choice, if he take his

(39) *A private Garden.*] *Belon*. l. 4. c. 26. of his *Orintbelogia*, seems to speak of this Adventure, and dates it in 1552.

(40) Smoothly.] He danced the *Trihori* of *Britany*. This, says *Cotgrave*, is a Kind of *British*, and peasantly or boorish Dance, consisting of three Steps, and perform'd by those hobbling Youths, commonly in a Round.

own, and be satisfied with it, give him t'other two. If he take another, chop his Head off with his own; and henceforth serve me all those Losers of Hatchets after that Manner. Having said this, *Jupiter*, with an awkward Turn of his Head, like a Jaknanapes swallowing of Pills, made so dreadful a Phyz, that all the vast *Olympus* quak'd again. Heaven's Foot-Messenger, thanks to his low crown'd narrow-brim'd Hat, and Plume of Feathers, Heel-pieces, and running Stick with Pidgeon Wings, flings himself out at Heaven's Wicket, thro' the empty Defarts of the Air, and in a Trice nimbly alights on the Earth, and throws at Friend *Tom's* Feet the three Hatchets; saying to him; thou hast bawl'd long enough to be a dry, thy Prayers and Requests are granted by *Jupiter*; see which of these three is thy Hatchet, and take it away with thee. *Wellbung* lifts up the Golden Hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy; then staring on *Mercury*, crys, Cods-zouks this is none of mine; I wont ha't; the same he did with the Silver one, and said 'tis not this neither, you may e'en take them again. At last, he takes up his own Hatchet, examines the End of the Helve, and finds his Mark there; then ravish'd with Joy, like a Fox that meets some straggling Poultry, and sneering from the Tip of the Nose, he cry'd by the Mafs this is my Hatchet, Master God, if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge Pot of Milk, brim full, cover'd with fine Strawberries next Ides, *i. e.* the 15th of May.

Honest Fellow, said *Mercury*, I leave it thee, take it, and because thou hast wish'd and chosen moderately, in Point of Hatchet, by *Jupiter's* Command, I give thee these two others; thou hast now wherewith to make thy self rich: Be honest. Honest *Tom* gave *Mercury* a whole Cartload of Thanks, and rever'd the most great *Jupiter*. His old Hatchet he fasten'd close to his leathern Girdle; and girds it about his Breech like (41) *Martin of Cambray*; the two others, being
more

(41) Martin of Cambray.] *Martin* & *Martine* are the Names which are given to two Figures, who each with a (*Marteau*) Hammer, strike the Hours on the Clock at *Cambray*. And *Martin* being represented

more heavy, he lays on his Shoulder. Thus he plods on trudging over the Fields, keeping a good Countenance amongst his Neighbours and fellow Parishioners, with one merry saying or other after *Patelin's* way. The next Day having put on a clean white Jacket, he takes on his Back the two precious Hatchets, and comes to *Chinon* the famous City, noble City, ancient City, yea the first City in the World, according to the Judgment and Assertion of the most learned *Massoreths*. At *Chinon* he turned his Silver Hatchet into fine *Testons*, Crown-pieces, and other white Cash; his Golden Hatchet into fine Angels, curious Ducats, substantial Riders, Spankers, and Rose Nobles. Then with them purchases a good Number of Farms, Barns, Houses, Out-houses, Thatch-houses, Stables, Meadows, Orchards, Fields, Vineyards, Woods, arable Lands, Pastures, Ponds, Mills, Gardens, Nurseries, Oxen, Cows, Sheep, Goats, Swine, Hogs, Asses, Horses, Hens, Cocks, Capons, Chickens, Geese, Ganders, Ducks, Drakes, and a World of all other Necessaries, and in a short Time became the richest Man in all the Country, nay even richer than that limping Scrape-good *Maulevrier*.

(42) His Brother Bumpkins and the Yeomen and other Country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his good Fortune were not a little amaz'd, insomuch that their former Pity of poor *Tom* was soon chang'd into an Envy of his so great and unexpected Rise; and as they could not for their Souls devise how this came about, they made it

presented as a Peasant in a Jacket, girded about the Waist very tight: thence comes it that when a Man is ridiculously girt with his Belt over his Cloaths, People say Proverbially, *he's girt like Martin of Cambray*.

(42) His Brother Bumpkins] Rabelais's Words are *Les francs gontiers & Jaques bons-hommes*. *Franc-Gontier* is one of the better Sort of Peasants, and such whose Circumstances enable 'em to help their poor Neighbours, such as our *Tom* was before his good Fortune. *Gunter* is a *High-Dutch* Word made by Contraction, from *Gunstiger* (deriv'd originally from the Verb *gonnon*) it signifies properly a Man able to do others a Service. See *Becman*, p. 903. of his *de originibus Linguae Latinae*, Ann. 1613. *Franc-gontier* is a Word of long standing in *France*. As for *Jaques bons-hommes*, they are the next Step below the other: A good Sort of Country Folks, to whom our Romances give the Name of *Jaques*, from their wearing a Cotton Sleeveless Waistcoat called *Jaques*.

their

their Business to pry up and down, and lay their Heads together, to enquire, seek, and inform themselves by what means, in what Place, on what Day, what Hour, how, why and wherefore, he had come by this great Treasure.

At last, hearing it was by losing his Hatchet, ha! ha! said they, was there no more to do, but to lose a Hatchet, to make us rich? Mum for that; 'tis as easy as pissing a Bed, and will cost but little; are then at this time the Revolutions of the Heavens, the Constellations of the Firmament, and Aspects of the Planets such, that whosoever shall lose a Hatchet, shall immediately grow rich? ha, ha, ha, by *Jove*, you shall e'en be lost, an't please you, my dear Hatchet. With this they all fairly lost their Hatchets out of Hand. The Devil a one that had a Hatchet left; he was not his Mother's Son, that did not lose his Hatchet. No more was Wood fell'd or cleav'd in that Country thro' want of Hatchets. Nay, the *Æsopian* Apologue even saith, that certain petty Country (43) Gents, of the lower Class, who had sold *Wellbung* their little Mill and little Field, to have wherewithal to make a Figure at the next Muster, having been told that this Treasure was come to him by that only Means, sold the only Badge of their Gentility, their Swords, to purchase Hatchets to go to lose them, as the silly Clodpates did, in hopes to gain Store of Chink by that Loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a Parcel of your petty spiritual Usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy store of *Mandates*, a Pennyworth of a new-made Pope.

Now they cry'd out and bray'd, and pray'd and bawl'd, and lamented and invok'd *Jupiter*; my *Hatchet!* my *Hatchet!* *Jupiter*, my *Hatchet*; on this side, my *Hatchet*; on that side, my *Hatchet*, ho, ho, ho, ho, *Jupiter*, my *Hatchet*. The Air round about rung again with the Cries and Howlings of these rascally Losers of *Hatchets*.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them Hatchets; to

(43) Gents.] *Fanspill* *hommes*, a Sort of small Gentry, a little given to pillage; thence the Word,

each offering that which he had lost, as also another of Gold, and a Third of Silver.

Every He still was for that of Gold, giving Thanks in abundance to the great Giver *Jupiter*; but in the very nick of Time, that they bow'd and stoop'd to take it from the Ground, whip in a Trice, Mercury lopp'd off their Heads, as *Jupiter* had commanded; and of Heads, thus cut off, the Number was just equal to that of the lost Hatchets.

You see how it is now; you see how it goes with those who in the Simplicity of their Hearts wish and desire with Moderation. Take warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water Shirks, who scorn to wish for any thing under ten Thousand Pounds: And do not for the future run on impudently, as I have sometimes heard you wishing, would to God, I had now One Hundred seventy-eight Millions of Gold; Oh! how I should tickle it off? The Dewse on you, what more might a King, an Emperor, or a Pope wish for? For that Reason, indeed, you see that after you have made such hopeful Wishes, all the good that comes to you of it is the Itch or Scab, and not a Cross in your Breeches to scare the Devil that tempts you to make these Wishes; no more than those two Mumpers, Wishers (44) after the Custom of *Paris*; one of whom only wish'd to have in good old Gold as much as hath been spent, bought and sold in *Paris*, since its first Foundations were laid, to this Hour; all of it valued at the Price, Sale, and Rate of the dearest Year in all that Space of Time. Do you think the Fellow was bashful; Had he eaten sower Plumbs unpeel'd? Were his Teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wish'd our Lady's Church brim-full of steel Needles, from the Floor to the Top of the Roof, and to have as many Ducats as might be cram'd into as many Bags as might be sow'd with each and every one of these Needles, till they were all either broke at the Point or Eye. This is to wish with a Vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by't, in your Opinion? Why, at Night both my Gentlemen had kyb'd-heels, a Tetter in the Chin, a

(44) *After the Custom of Paris.*] At *Paris* every Thing goes by Grandeur: Divine Service lasts longer there than it does any where else, and the Ell there exceeds in Measure the Ell of other Places.

Church-yard Cough in the Lungs, a Catarrh in the Throat, a swinging Boyl at the Rump, and the Devil of one musty Craft of a brown George the poor Dogs had to scour their Grinders with. Wish therefore for Mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet ; that is to say, provided you bestir your selves manfully, and do your best in the mean time.

Ay, but say you, God might as soon have given me seventy-eight Thousand as the thirteenth Part of one half; for he is omnipotent, and a Million of Gold is no more to him than one Farthing ? Oh, oh, pray tell me who taught you to talk at this Rate of the Power and Predestination of God, poor silly People ? Peace, Tush, St, St, St, fall down before his Sacred Face, and own the *Nothingness* of your *Nothing*.

Upon this, O ye that labour under the Affliction of the Gout, I ground my Hopes, firmly believing, that if so it pleases the Divine Goodness, you shall obtain Health ; since you wish and ask for nothing else, at least for the present. Well, stay yet a little longer, with half an Ounce of Patience.

The *Genouese* do not use, like you, to be satisfied with wishing Health alone, when after they have all the live-long Morning been in a Brown-study, talk'd, ponder'd, ruminated, and resolv'd in the Counting-houses, of whom and how they may squeeze the *Ready*, and who by their Craft must be hook'd in, wheedled, bubbld, sharp'd, over-reach'd and chous'd ; they go to the Exchange, and greet one another with a (45) *sanità & guadagno, Messer* ; Health and Gain to you, Sir. Health alone will not go down with the greedy Curmudgeons, they over and above must wish for Gain, with a Pox to 'em ; ay, and for the fine Crowns or *scudi di* (46) *Guadagno* ; whence, Heaven be praised, it happens many a time, that the silly Wishers and Woulders are baulk'd and get neither.

Now, my Lads, as you hope for good Health, cough once aloud with Lungs of Leather ; take me off three swinging Bumpers ; prick up your Ears ; and you shall hear me tell Wonders of the noble and good *Pantagrue*.

(45) *Sanità & guadagno, Messer.*] At *Florence*, and throughout *Italy*, the midling Sort of People scarce ever salute one another any otherwise.

(46) *Guadagno.*] *Thomas de Gadagne* who is said to have lent *Francis* the Ist Fifty Thousand Crowns, when he was first imprison'd. See *Morery* at the Word *Guadagne*.

T H E



T H E
FOURTH BOOK,
O F
P A N T A G R U E L.

C H A P. I.

How Pantagruel went to Sea, to visit the Oracle of Bacbuc, aliàs the Holy Bottle.

IN the Month of *June*, (1) on *Vesta's* Holiday, the very numerical Day on which *Brutus*, conquering *Spain*, taught its strutting Dons to truckle under him, and that niggardly Miser *Crassus* was routed and knock'd on the Head by the *Parthians*, *Pantagruel* took his leave of the good *Gargantua*, his Royal Father. The old Gentleman, according to the laudable Custom of the Primitive Christians, devoutly pray'd for the happy Voyage of his Son and his whole Company, and then they took Shipping at the Port of *Thalassa*. *Panta-*

(1) *On Vesta's Holiday.*] The 9th of *June*. *Ovid*, l. 6. of the *Fæsti*.

Aspicit instantes mediis sex lucibus Idus

Illa dies, qua sunt vota soluta Deæ.

Vesta fave: tibi nunc operata resolvimus ora:

Ad tua si nobis Sacra venire licet.

gruel

gruel had with him *Panurge*, (2) Friar *John des Entomeures*, alias, of the *Funnels*, (3) *Epistemon*, Gymnast, (4) *Eusthenes*, (5) *Rhizotomus*, (6) *Carpalim*, cum multis aliis, his ancient Servants and Domesticks. Also *Xenomanes*, the great Traveller, who had cross'd so many dangerous Roads, Dikes, Ponds, Seas, and so forth, and was come sometime before, having been sent for by *Panurge*.

For certain good Causes and Considerations him thereunto moving, he had left with *Gargantua*, and marked out, in his great and universal Hydrographical Chart, the Course which they were to steer to visit the Oracle of the *Holy Bottle* (7) *Bacuc*. The Number of Ships was such as I described in the third Book, convoyed by a like Number of (8) *Triremes*, (9) Men of War, *Galions*

(2) *Fryar John des Entomeures*, alias *Fryar John of the Funnels*.] I shou'd rather translate it *Fryar John of the Chopping-Knives*, that being the true meaning of *Entomeures*, for the anonymous *Dutch* Scholiast rightly says on the Words *Entomeur*, and *entomer*: Instead of the modern *French* Word *Entamer*, which signifies to have the first Cut of a Loaf or a Joint of Meat, or any thing else, from the Greek ἐντομὴν, ἐντέμνειν, to cut, slice, sliver, all very agreeable and suitable Virtues to *Fryar John des Entomeures*, who lov'd to be perpetually running his Nose into every Kitchen, and playing at Snicker-snee with any Edible that came in his way, as the Author describes him in ch. 10 and 11, of lib. 4, and lib. 1, ch. 27.

(3) *Epistemon*.] With the Accent on the last Syllable but one: Ἐπιστήμων, *Scientiâ præditus*: A Man of Learning.

(4) *Eusthenes*.] Robust, strong, well proportion'd; or a brave Man. Εὐσθένης, *Validus*.

(5) *Rhizotomus*.] Was a young Page that serv'd *Gargantua* as an Apothecary, lib. 1. c. 23. it comes from the Greek ῥιζοτομος, *Root-cutter*, as Apothecarys and Druggists are.

(6) *Carpalim*.] *Pantagruel's* Lackey; thus nam'd from the Greek Καρπαλιμῶς, i. e. suddenly, swiftly, the Properties of a Lackey, l. 2. c. 9. The rest another time.

(7) *Bacuc*.] *Hebrew* for a *Bottle*; call'd so from the Sound it makes when emptying.

(8) *Triremes*.] A Gally with three Banks of Oars, one above another; or with three Oars, (*tres remi*) on each Side or Bank.

(9) *Men of War*.] *Remberges* (in the Original). Both by its Name and Make, it shou'd be but a Sort of *Row-barge* not Man of War. *Howell's Cotgrave* says, 'tis a long Ship or Sea-vessel, narrower than a Gally, but swift and easy to be govern'd. That this is a true

lions and *Feluccas* well rigg'd, caulk'd, and stor'd with a good Quantity of *Pantagrue* lion.

All the Officers, Droggermen, (interpreters) Pilots, Captains, Mates, Boatswains, Mid-Shipmen, Quarter-masters and Sailers, met in the *Thalamege*, *Pantagrue*'s principal Flag-Ship, which had in her Stern for her Ensign, a huge large Bottle, half Silver, well polish'd, the other Half Gold, inamel'd with Carnation, whereby it was easy to guess that white and red were the Colours of the noble Travellers, and that they went for the Word of the *Bottle*.

On the Stern of the second was a Lantern like those of the Ancients, industriously made with *Diaphanous* Stone, implying that they were to pass by *Lanternland*. The third Ship had for her Device a fine deep *China* Ewre. The Fourth, a double handed Jar, of Gold, much like an ancient Urn. The Fifth a famous Can made (10) of Sperm of Emerald. The Sixth, a Monk's mumping Bottle made of the four Metals together. The Seventh, an Ebony Funnel all imboss'd and wrought with Gold after the *Tauchic* Manner. The Eighth, an Ivy Goblet very precious, inlaid with Gold. The Ninth, a Cup of fine *Obriz* Gold. The Tenth, a Tumbler of Aromatic Agoloch (you call it *Lignum alces*) edg'd with *Cyprian* Gold, after the (11) *Azemine* Make. The Eleventh, a Golden Vine-Tub of *Mosaic* Work. The Twelfth, a Runlet of unpolish'd Gold, cover'd with a small Vine of large *Indian* Pearl of *Topiarian* Work. In-

true Description of it, and also that it is an *English-Latin* Word, hear what *Du Bellai* says, l. 10. of his *Memoirs*, on the Year 1545. *Ily a une espece de navires particulieres dont usoint nos ennemis (les Anglois) en forme plus longue que ronde, & plus estroite de beaucoup que les galeres, pour mieux se regir, & commander aux courantes qui sont ordinairement en cette Mer (de la Manche) a quoy les hommes sont si duits, qu' avec ces vaisseaux, ils contendent de vitesse avec les galeres, & les nomment Remberges (à remo & barca.)*

(10) *Sperm of Emerald.*] The *prasius lapis* of *Pliny*, l. 37. c. 8. a Sort of bastard Emerald.

(11) *Azemine Make.*] *Persian* Make or Work. From *Agem*, the Name by which the *Arabians* call *Persia*, *Horace*, *Carm.* l. 2. *Od.* 12. speaks of the first King of *Persia*, *Achemenes*, from whom, according to *Herodotus*, the *Persians* were call'd *Achemenians*.

so much

so much that there was no Man; however in the Dumps, musty, sower-look'd, or melancholic he were, not even excepting that blubbering Whiner *Heraclitus*, had he been there, but, seeing this noble Convoy of Ships and their Devices, must have been seized with present Gladness of Heart, and smiling at the conceit, have said that the Travellers were all honest Topers, true Pitcher-men, and have judged by a most sure Prognostication, that their Voyage both outward and homeward-bound, would be performed in Mirth and perfect Health.

In the *Thalamege* where was the general-meeting, *Pantagrue* made a short but sweet Exhortation, wholly back'd with Authorities from Scripture upon Navigation; which being ended, with an audible Voice Prayers were said in the Presence and hearing of all the Burghers of *Thalassa*, who had flock'd to the Mole to see them take Shipping. After the Prayers, was melodiously sung a *Psalms* of the Holy King *David*, which begins, (12) *When Israel went out of Ægypt*; and that being ended, Tables were plac'd upon Deck, and a Feast speedily served up. The *Thalassians* who had also borne a Chorus in the *Psalms*, caus'd Store of Belly-timber and Vinegar to be brought out of their Houses. All drank to them, they drank to all; which was the Cause that none of the whole Company gave up what they had eaten, nor were Sea-sick, with a Pain at the Head and Stomach, which Inconveniency they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some Time before, Salt Water either alone or mixt with Wine, using *Quinces*, Citron-peel, Juice of Pomegranates, sowrish Sweetmeats, fasting a long Time, covering their Stomachs with Paper; or following such other idle Remedies, as foolish Physicians prescribe to those that go to Sea.

Having often renewed their Tiplings, each Mother's Son retired on board his own Ship, and set sail all so fast with a merry Gale at South East, to which Point of the Compass the chief Pilot, *James Brayer* by Name, had shap'd his Course, and fix'd all things accordingly. For

(12) *When Israel, &c.*] In *Rabelais's* time, the *Psalms* of *David* were sung publicly at Court, being newly put into Rhime by *Marot*.

seeing that the Oracle of the *Holy Bottle* lay near *Catay*, in the upper *India*, his Advice and that of *Xenomanes* also, was, not to steer the Course which the *Portuguese* use, while sailing through the *Torrid Zone*, and Cape *Bona Speranza* at the South Point of *Africk*, beyond the *Equinoctial Line*, and losing sight of the Northern Pole, their Guide, they make a prodigious long Voyage; but rather to keep as near the Parallel of the said *India* as possible, and to tack to the Westward of the said Pole, so that winding under the North, they might find themselves in the Latitude of the Port of *Olone*, without coming nearer it for fear or being shut up in the frozen Sea; whereas following this Canonical Turn by the said Parallel, they must have that on the Right to the Eastward, which at their Departure was on their Left.

This prov'd a much shorter Cut; for without Shipwreck, Danger, or Loss of Men, with uninterrupted good Weather, except one Day near the Island of the *Macroens*, they perform'd in less than four Months the Voyage of Upper *India*, which the *Portuguese*, with a thousand Inconveniencies and innumerable Dangers, can hardly compleat in three Years. And it is my Opinion, with Submission to better Judgments, that this Course was perhaps steered by those *Indians* who sail'd to *Germany*, and were honourably received by the (13) King of the *Swedes*, while *Quintus Metellus Celer* was Proconsul of the *Gauls*, as *Corn. Nepos*, *Pomponius Mela*, and *Pliny* after them tell us.

CHAP.

(13) *King of the Swedes, &c.*] Of the three Passages concerning this Piece of History in as many ancient Authors, the first in Date is lost, namely that of *Corn. Nepos*, whom *Pomp. Mela* has but copied, l. 3. c. 5. *de situ Orbis*. Nay, even he, if his Commentator *Vossius* may be credited, did not write *Suevorum* as the ancient Editions of *Pomp. Mela* have it. It was *Hermolaus Barbarus*, who, not taking sufficient heed to *Pliny's* usual Practice of substituting other Names in the room of such as don't suit his Humour, having found in some Manuscripts *Botorum* [I suppose *M. D. C.* means *Boiorum*] did of his own Head change this Word into *Suevorum*, which he had found in *Pliny's* Copy of this Place of *Pomp. Mela*. *Vossius* therefore asserts, that *Corn. Nepos* neither said *Suevorum* nor *Boiorum*, and builds this his Assertion upon his finding the Word to be *Bætorum* in all the ancient MSS. of *Pomp. Mela*, which he had consulted. Now, he proves by an ancient

Inscription,

C H A P. II.

*How Pantagruel bought many Rarities in the
Island of Medamothy.*

THAT Day and the two following, they neither discovered Land nor any thing new ; for they had formerly sailed that way ; but on the fourth they made an Island called *Medamothy*, of a fine and delightful Prospect, by Reason of the vast Number of Light-Houses and high marble Towers in it's Circuit, which is not less than that of *Canada*. *Pantagruel*, enquiring who govern'd there, heard that it was King *Philophanes*, absent at that Time upon account of the Marriage of his Brother *Philotheamon* with the *Infanta* of the Kingdom of *Engys*.

Hearing this, he went a shoar in the Harbour, and while every Ship's Crew water'd, pass'd his Time in viewing divers Pictures, pieces of Tap'stry, Animals, Fishes, Birds, and other exotic and foreign Merchandises which were along the Walks of the Mole, and in the Markets of the Port. For it was the third Day of the great and famous Fair of the Place, to which the chief Merchants of *Africa* and *Asia* resorted. Out of these Fryar *John* bought him two rare Pictures, in one of which the Face of a Man that brings in an Appeal, (or that calls out to another) was drawn to the Life, and

Inscription, that these *Bæti* were the *Bataves* or *Hollanders*, call'd, says he, by Historians as well as old Monuments, sometimes *Bati*, *Bæti*, *Bætai*, and sometimes *Badai* and *Batavi*, from their Cantons call'd *Betua* and *Battua*. But, since according to *Vossius*, it were still as ridiculous to affirm that real *Indians* could come by Sea from their Country either into *Bavaria* or into *Holland*, he takes these *Indians* of *Corn. Nepos*, for People who had only the Teint and Colour of *Indians*, and, in his Opinion, were the Blanders of and from *Great Britain*, who, as reported by *Cæsar*, l. 5. and *Pliny*, l. 22. c. 1. being accustomed in those Days to paint their whole Body with Woad, were taken for *Indians* by such as knew nothing of the said Custom. *Rabelais* seeing the Manuscripts to vary so much about the Names of the Nations among whom these pretended *Indians* landed, thought it more advisable to write *Suedes* than *Sweves*.

in

in the other, a Servant that wants a Master, with every needful particular, action, countenance, look, gate, feature and deportment, being an Original, by Master *Charles Charmois*, principal Painter to (1) *King Megistus*; and he paid for them in the Court Fashion, (2) with *Congé* and *Grimace*. *Panurge* bought a large Picture copied and done from the Needle-work formerly wrought by *Philomela*, shewing to her Sister *Progne* how her Brother-in-Law *Tereus* had by force hanfell'd her Copy-hold and then cut out her Tongue, that she might not (as Women will) tell tales. I vow and swear by the Handle of my paper Lantern, that it was (3) a gallant, a mirific, nay a most admirable piece. Nor do you think, I pray you, that in it was the Picture of a Man playing the beast with two Backs with a Female, this had been too silly and gross; no, no; it was another-guise Thing, and much plainer. You may, if you please, see it at *Theleme* on the left Hand, as you go into the high Gallery. *Epistemon* bought another, wherein were painted to the Life, the *Ideas* of *Plato* and the *Atoms* of *Epicurus*. *Rizotomus* purchased another wherein *Echo* was drawn to the Life. *Pantagruel* caused to be bought by *Gymnast*, the Life and Deeds of *Achilles* in seventy-eight pieces of Tapestry four Fathom long and three Fathom broad, all of *Phrygian* Silk imbois'd with Gold and Silver; the Work beginning at the Nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, continuing to the Birth of *Achilles*; his Youth described by *Statius Papinius*; his Warlike Achievements celebrated by *Homer*; his Death and Exequies written by *Ovid* and *Quintus Calabar*; and ending at the Appearance of his Ghost, and *Polyxena's* Sacrifice rehearsed by *Euripides*.

He also caused to be bought three fine young Unicorns; one of them a Male of a Chesnut Colour, and

(1) *King Megistus*.] The K. of France, whom, in. *cb.* 35. of *l.* 3. *Rabelais* calls the Great King, and whom he here represents under the Idea of the greatest King in Christendom.

(2) *With Congé, &c.*] *En Monnoye de Singe*. That is, in mumbling over (like a chattering Monkey) some Prayers on behalf of the Merchant, who was satisfy'd with that Sort of Cash.

(3) *A Gallant, &c.*] This puts one in mind of that other Picture in *Tiberius's* Closet, not unlike it both for the Subject and Artifice mentioned by *Suetonius* and *Martial*.

CHAP. II.

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THAT Day and the two following, they neither discovered Land nor any thing new ; for they had formerly sailed that way ; but on the fourth they made an Island called *Medamothy*, of a fine and delightful Prospect, by Reason of the vast Number of Light-Houses and high marble Towers in it's Circuit, which is not less than that of *Canada*. *Pantagruel*, enquiring who govern'd there, heard that it was King *Philophanes*, absent at that Time upon account of the Marriage of his Brother *Philotheamon* with the *Infanta* of the Kingdom of *Engys*.

Hearing this, he went a shoar in the Harbour, and while every Ship's Crew water'd, pass'd his Time in viewing divers Pictures, pieces of Tap'stry, Animals, Fishes, Birds, and other exotic and foreign Merchandises which were along the Walks of the Mole, and in the Markets of the Port. For it was the third Day of the great and famous Fair of the Place, to which the chief Merchants of *Africa* and *Asia* resorted. Out of these Fryar *John* bought him two rare Pictures, in one of which the Face of a Man that brings in an Appeal, (or that calls out to another) was drawn to the Life, and

Inscription, that these *Bæti* were the *Bataves* or *Hollanders*, call'd, says he, by Historians as well as old Monuments, sometimes *Bati*, *Bæti*, *Bætai*, and sometimes *Badai* and *Batavi*, from their Cantons call'd *Betua* and *Battua*. But, since according to *Vossius*, it were still as ridiculous to affirm that real *Indians* could come by Sea from their Country either into *Bavaria* or into *Holland*, he takes these *Indians* of *Corn. Nepos*, for People who had such only the Teint and Colour of *Indians*, and, in his Opinion, were the Blanders of and from *Great Britain*, who, as reported by *Cæsar*, l. 5. and *Pliny*, l. 22. c. 1. being accustomed in those Days to paint their whole Body with Wood, were taken for *Indians* by such as knew nothing of the said Custom. *Rabelais* seeing the Manuscripts to vary so much about the Names of the Nations among whom these pretended *Indians* landed, thought it more advisable to write *Swedes* than *Sweves*.

in

in the other, a Servant that wants a Master, with every needful particular, action, countenance, look, gate, feature and deportment, being an Original, by Master *Charles Charmois*, principal Painter to (1) King *Megistus*; and he paid for them in the Court Fashion, (2) with *Congé* and *Grimace*. *Panurge* bought a large Picture copied and done from the Needle-work formerly wrought by *Philomela*, shewing to her Sister *Progne* how her Brother-in-Law *Tereus* had by force hanfell'd her Copy-hold and then cut out her Tongue, that she might not (as Women will) tell tales. I vow and swear by the Handle of my paper Lantern, that it was (3) a gallant, a mirific, nay a most admirable piece. Nor do you think, I pray you, that in it was the Picture of a Man playing the beast with two Backs with a Female, this had been too silly and gross; no, no; it was another-guise Thing, and much plainer. You may, if you please, see it at *Theleme* on the left Hand, as you go into the high Gallery. *Epistemon* bought another, wherein were painted to the Life, the *Ideas* of *Plato* and the *Atoms* of *Epicurus*. *Rixotomus* purchased another wherein *Echo* was drawn to the Life. *Pantagruel* caused to be bought by *Gymnast*, the Life and Deeds of *Achilles* in seventy-eight pieces of Tapestry four Fathom long and three Fathom broad, all of *Phrygian* Silk imbois'd with Gold and Silver; the Work beginning at the Nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, continuing to the Birth of *Achilles*; his Youth described by *Statius Papinius*; his Warlike Achievements celebrated by *Homer*; his Death and Exequies written by *Ovid* and *Quintus Calabar*; and ending at the Appearance of his Ghost, and *Polyxena's* Sacrifice rehearsed by *Euripides*.

He also caused to be bought three fine young Unicorns; one of them a Male of a Chestnut Colour, and

(1) *King Megistus.*] The K. of France, whom, in. *ch.* 35. of l. 3. *Rabelais* calls *the Great King*, and whom he here represents under the Idea of the greatest King in Christendom.

(2) *With Congé, &c.*] *En Monnoye de Singe*. That is, in mumbling over (like a chattering Monkey) some Prayers on behalf of the Merchant, who was satisfy'd with that Sort of Cash.

(3) *A Gallant, &c.*] This puts one in mind of that other Picture in *Tiberius's* Closet, not unlike it both for the Subject and Artifice mentioned by *Suetonius* and *Martial*.

two grey dappled Females ; also a Tarand, whom he bought of a *Scythian* of the *Gelone's* Country.

(4) A Tarand is an Animal as big as a Bullock, having a Head like a Stag, or a little bigger, two stately Horns with large Branches, cloven Feet, Hair long like that of a Furr'd *Muscovite*, I mean a Bear, and a Skin almost as hard as Steel Armour. The *Scythian* said that there are but few Tarands to be found in *Scythia*, (5) because it varieth its Colour according to the Diversity of the Places where it grazes and abides, and represents the Colour of the Grass, Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Flowers, Meadows, Rocks, and generally of all Things near which it comes. It hath this common with the Sea-pulp, or (6) Polypus, with the Thoes, with the (7) Wolves of *India*, and with the Chamælion, which is a Kind of a Lizard so wonderful, that *Democritus* hath written (8) a whole Book of its Figure, and Anatomy, as also of its Virtue and Propriety in Magick. This I can affirm, that I have seen it change its Colour not only at the Approach of Things that have a Colour, but by its own voluntary impulse, according to its Fear or other Affections : As for Example, upon a green Carpet, I have seen it certainly become green ; but having remain'd there some Time, it turn'd yellow, blue, tann'd, and purple in course, in the same Manner as you see a Turkey-cock's Comb change Colour according to its Passions. But what we find most surprizing in this Tarand, is, that not only its Face and Skin, but also its Hair could take whatever Colour was about it. Near *Panurge* with his Kerfy Coat, its Hair used to turn grey ; near *Pantagruel* with his Scarlet Mantle, its Hair and Skin grew red ; near the *Pilot* dress'd after the Fashion of the *Isiaes* of *Anubis* in *Ægypt*, its Hair seem'd all white ; which two last Colours the (9) Chamælion can't borrow.

(4) *Tarand.*] See *Pliny*, l. 8. c. 34.

(5) *Because, &c.*] I don't understand the Reasonableness of this Reason ; but 'tis a *Scythian* that speaks.

(6) *Polypus.*] See *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 29.

(7) *Wolves.*] See *Pliny*, l. 8. ch. 34.

(8) *Arubole Book, &c.*] See *Pliny*, l. 22. ch. 8.

(9) *Chamælion can't borrow.*] See *Plutarch* in his Treatise of Natural Causes.

When

When the Creature was free from any Fear or Affection, the Colour of its Hair was just such as you see that of the Asses of *Meung*.

C H A P. III.

How Pantagruel received a Letter from his Father Gargantua, and of the strange way to have speedy News from far distant Places.

W H I L E *Pantagruel* was taken up with the Purchase of those foreign Animals, the Noise of ten Guns and Culverins, together with a loud and joyful Cheer of all the Fleet was heard from the Mole. *Pantagruel* look'd towards the Haven, and perceived that this was occasion'd by the Arrival of one of his Father *Gargantua's* *Celoces*, or Advice-Boats, named the *Che-lidonia*, because on the Stern of it, was carv'd in *Corinthian* Brass, a Sea Swallow, which is a Fish as large as a Dare-fish of *Loire*, all Flesh, without Scale, with cartilaginous Wings (like a Batt's) very long and broad, by the Means of which, I have seen them fly a Fathom above Water about a Bow-shot. At *Marseilles* this flying Fish is call'd *Lendole*. And indeed that Ship was as light as a Swallow: so that it rather seem'd to fly on the Sea than to Sail. *Malicorn*, *Gargantua's* Esquire Carver, was come in her, being sent expressly by his Master to have an Account of his Son's Health and Circumstances, and to bring him Credentials. When *Malicorn* had saluted *Pantagruel*, and the Prince had embraced him about the Neck, and shew'd him a little of the Cap-courtesy, before he opened the Letters, the first Thing he said unto him, was, have you here the (1) *Gozal*, the (2) Heavenly Messenger? Yes, Sir, said he, here

(1) *Gozal*.] *Hebrew* Word for a (sitting) Pigeon.

(2) *Heavenly Messenger*.] This Piece of Ingenuity, or Political Contrivance, was not unknown to the Ancients. See *Pliny*, l. 10. c. 24. and *Frontinus*, l. 3. but was most happily crafted in 1573. by the Dutch, when the Spaniards were besieging *Harlem*.

it is swaddled up in this Basket. It was a grey Pigeon taken out of *Gargantua's* Dove-house, whose young-ones were just hatch'd when the Advice-Boat was going off.

If any ill Fortune had befallen *Pantagruel*, he would have fastened some black Ribbon to its Feet; but because all Things had succeeded happily hitherto, having caus'd it to be undrest, he ty'd to its Feet a white Ribbon, and without any further delay, let it loose. The Pigeon presently flew away, cutting the Air with an incredible Speed, as you know that there is no Flight like a Pigeon's, especially when it hath Eggs or young ones, through the extream Care which Nature hath fix'd in it to relieve, and be with its young; insomuch, that in less than two Hours it compass'd in the Air, the long Tract which the Advice-Boat, with all her Diligence, with Oars and Sails, and a fair Wind, could not go through in less than three Days and three Nights, and was seen as it was going into the Dove-house in its Nest. Whereupon the worthy *Gargantua* hearing that it had the white Ribbon on, was joyful and secure of his Son's welfare. This was the Custom of the noble *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, when they would have speedy News of something of great Concern, as the Event of some Battle either by Sea or Land; the surrendring or holding out of some strong Place; the Determination of some Difference of Moment; the safe or unhappy Delivery of some Queen or great Lady; the Death or Recovery of their sick Friends or Allies, and so forth. They used to take the *Gozal*, and had it carried from one to another by the Post, to the Places whence they desir'd to have News. The *Gozal* bearing either a black or white Ribbon, according to the Occurrences and Accidents, us'd to remove their doubts at its return, making in the space of one Hour, more way through the Air, than thirty Post-boys could have done in one natural Day. May not this be said to redeem and gain Time with a Vengeance, think you? For the like Service therefore, you may believe as a most true Thing, that, in the Dove-houses of their Farms, there were to be found all the Year long, store of Pigeons hatching Eggs or rearing their young. Which may be easily done in *Avia-*
ries

ries and *Volerics*, by the help of *Salt-peter* and the sacred Herb *Vervain*.

The *Gozal* being let fly, *Pantagruel* perus'd his Father *Gargantua's* Letter, the Contents of which were as followeth.

My Dearest Son,

THE Affection that naturally a Father bears a beloved Son, is so much encreased in me, by reflecting on the particular Gifts which by the Divine Goodness have been heaped on thee, that since thy Departure it hath often banished all other Thoughts out of my Mind; leaving my Heart wholly possess'd with Fear, lest some Misfortune has attended thy Voyage: for thou knowest that Fear was ever the Attendant of true and sincere Love. Now because (as *Hesiod* saith) A good beginning of any thing is the half of it; or well begun's half done, according to the old Saying; to free my Mind from this Anxiety, I have expressly dispatched (3) *Malicorn*, that he may give me a true Account of thy Health at the beginning of thy Voyage. For if it be good, and such as I wish it, I shall easily foresee the rest.

I have met with some diverting Books, which the Bearer will deliver thee: thou mayest read them when thou wantest to unbend and ease thy Mind from thy better Studies: He will also give thee at large the News at Court. The Peace of the Lord be with thee. Remember me to *Panurge*, *Friar John*, *Epistemon*, *Xenomanes*, *Gymnast*, and thy other principal *Domesticks*, my good Friends. Dated at our Paternal Seat, this 13th Day of June.

Thy Father and Friend,

GARGANTUA.

(3) *Malicorn*.] There was one *Sieur de Malicorn*, &c. as appears by the Records of *Touraine* in 1559.

CHAP. IV.

How Pantagruel writ to his Father Gargantua, and sent him several Curiosities.

PAntagruel having perused the Letter, had a long Conference with the Esquire *Malicorn*, insomuch that *Panurge* at last interrupting them, ask'd him, pray, Sir, when do you design to drink ? when shall we drink ? When shall the Worshipful Esquire drink ? What a Devil have you not talk'd long enough to drink ? 'Tis a good Motion, answered *Pantagruel*, go, get us something ready at the next-Inn ; I think 'tis the *Satyr* on Horse-back. In the mean time he writ to *Gargantua* as followeth, to be sent by the aforesaid Esquire.

Most Gracious Father,

AS our Senses and Animal Faculties are more discompos'd at the News of Events unexpected, tho' desir'd, (even to an immediate Dissolution of the Soul from the Body) than if those Accidents had been foreseen ; so the coming of *Malicorn* hath much surpris'd and disorder'd me. For I had no Hopes to see any of your Servants, or to hear from you, before I had finish'd our Voyage, and contented myself with the dear Remembrance of your August Majesty, deeply impress'd in the hindmost Ventricle of my Brain, often representing you to my Mind.

But since you have made me happy beyond Expectation, by the Perusal of your Gracious Letter, and the Faith I have in your Esquire, hath review'd my Spirits by the News of your welfare ; I am as it were compell'd to do what formerly I did freely, that is, first to praise the Blessed Redeemer, who by his Divine Goodness preserves you in this long enjoyment of perfect Health ; then to return you eternal Thanks for the fervent Affection which you have for me your most humble Son and unprofitable Servant.

Formerly a Roman, named *Furnius*, said to *Augustus*, who had received his Father into Favour, and pardoned him after he had sided with *Anthony*, that by that Acti-

on the Emperor had reduc'd him to this Extremity, That for want of Power to be grateful, both while he lived and after it, he should be obliged to be tax'd with Ingratitude: So I may say, *That the Excess of your Fatherly Affection, drives me into such a Streight, that I shall be forced to live and die ungrateful; unless that Crime be redress'd by the Sentence of the Stoicks, who say, That there are three Parts in a Benefit, the one of the Giver, the other of the Receiver, the third of the Remunerator; and that the Receiver rewards the Giver when he freely receives the Benefit, and always remembers it; as on the contrary, That Man is most ungrateful who despises and forgets a Benefit. Therefore being overwhelmed with infinite Favours, all proceeding from your extream Goodness, and on the other side wholly incapable of making the smallest Return, I hope at least to free myself from the Imputation of Ingratitude, since they can never be blotted out of my Mind; and my Tongue shall never cease to own, that, to thank you as I ought, transcends my Capacity.*

As for us, I have this Assurance in the Lord's Mercy and Help, that the End of our Voyage will be answerable to its Beginning, and so it will be entirely performed in Health and Mirth. I will not fail to set down in a Journal a full Account of our Navigation, that, at our Return, you may have an exact Relation of the whole.

I have found here a Scythian Tarand, an Animal strange and wonderful for the Variations of Colour on its Skin and Hair, according to the Distinction of Neighbouring Things: It is as tractable and easily kept as a Lamb; be pleased to accept of it.

I also send you three young Unicorns, which are the tamest of Creatures.

I have conferr'd with the Esquire, and taught him how they must be fed; these cannot graze on the Ground, by reason of the long Horn on their Forehead, but are forced to brouze on Fruit-Trees, or on proper Racks, or to be fed by Hand, with Herbs, Sheaves, Apples, Pears, Barley, Rye, and other Fruits, and Roots, being plac'd before them.

I am amazed that ancient Writers should report them to be so wild, furious, and dangerous, and never seen a-

live ; far from it, you will find that they are the mildest Things in the World, provided they are not maliciously offended. Likewise I send you the Life and Deeds of Achilles in curious Tapestry ; assuring you that whatever Rarities of Animals, Plants, Birds, or precious Stones, and others, I shall be able to find and purchase in our Travels, shall be brought to you, God willing, whom I beseech, by his blessed Grace, to preserve you.

From Medamothy, this 15th of June. Panurge, Friar John, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, Eusthenes, Rhizotomus, and Carpalim, having most humbly kiss'd your Hand, return your Salute a thousand Times.

Your most dutiful Son and Servant,

PANTAGRUEL.

While *Pantagruel* was writing this Letter, *Malicorn* was made welcome by all with a thousand goodly Good-morrows and How'dy's ; they clung about him so, that I cannot tell you how much they made of him, how many humble Services, how many from my Love and to my Love were sent with him. *Pantagruel* having writ his Letters, sat down at Table with him, and afterwards presented him with a large Chain of Gold, weighing eight hundred Crowns ; between whose Septenary Links, some large Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, *Turky* Stones, and Unions were alternatively set in. To each of his Bark's Crew, he ordered to be given five hundred Crowns. To *Gargantua* his Father, he sent the Tarand covered with a Cloth of Satten brocaded with Gold, and the Tapestry containing the Life and Deeds of *Achilles*, with the three Unicorns in Friz'd Cloth of Gold Trappings : And so they left *Medamothy* ; *Malicorn*, to return to *Gargantua* ; and *Pantagruel*, to proceed in his Voyage ; during which, *Epistemon* read to him the Books which the Esquire had brought : and because he found them jovial and pleasant, I shall give you an account of them, if you earnestly desire it.

C H A P.

CHAP. V.

*How Pantagruel met a Ship with Passengers
returning from Lanternland.*

ON the fifth Day we began already to wind by little and little about the *Pole*, going still farther from the *Equinoctial Line*, we discover'd a Merchant-man to the Windward of us. The joy for this was not small on both sides; we in hopes to hear News from Sea, and those in the Merchant-man from Land. So we bore upon 'em, and coming up with them, we hal'd them, and finding them to be *French-men* of *Xaintonge*, back'd our Sails and lay by to talk to them. *Pantagruel* heard that they came from *Lanternland*, which added to his Joy, and that of the whole Fleet. We enquir'd about the State of that Country, and the way of living of the *Lanterns*, and were told, that about the latter-end of the following *July*, was (1) the Time prefix'd for the meeting of the General Chapter of the *Lanterns*; and that if we arrived there at that time, as we might easily, we should see a handsome, honourable, and jolly Company of *Lanterns*, and that great Preparations were making, as if they intended to *Lanternise* there to the purpose. We were told also, That if we touch'd at the great Kingdom of *Gebarim*, we should be honourably received and treated by the Sovereign of that Country, King *Obabe*, who as well as all his Subjects, speaks *Touraine French*.

(1) *The Time prefix'd.*] The Council of *Trent*, which, in Concert with the Emperor and Pope, at this Time continued sitting in spite of the Opposition made to it by the King of *France*. *Rabelais*, by the Word *Lanterns*, means the Prelates and Divines of that Assembly; because, instead of enlightning the People, (as they would do if they answered the end of the Function,) they consumed abundance of Time in *lanterning*, as the *French* say, (*i. e.*) trifling and playing the Fool) and in no wise heal'd or compos'd the Differences of Religion. To *lanternise profoundly*, as the Author a little lower says they wou'd do at this Council, means, to put one's self into a deep Meditation, as the Monks do, when the Hood of their Habit, being brought over their Faces, looks like the Top of a Lantern.

While we were listening to this News, *Panurge* fell out with one *Dingdong*, a Drover or Sheep-merchant of *Taillebourg*. The Occasion of the Fray was thus.

This same *Dingdong* seeing *Panurge* without a Cod-piece, with his Spectacles fastened to his Cap, said to one of his Comrades, prithee look, is not there here a fine Medal of a Cuckold? *Panurge*, by Reason of his Spectacles, as you may well think, heard more plainly by half with his Ears than usually; which caused him (hearing this) to say to the sawcy Dealer in Mutton, in a kind of a Pet;

How the Dēvil should I be one of the hornified Fraternity, since I am not yet a Brother of the Marriage Noose, as thou art, as I guess by thy ill-favoured Phyz;

Yea verily, quoth the Grazier, I am married, and would not be otherwise for all the Pairs of Spectacles in *Europe*; nay, not for all the magnifying Gim-cracks in *Africa*; for I have got me the cleverest, prettiest, handsomest, properest, neatest, tightest, honestest, and soberest piece of Woman's Flesh for my Wife, that is in all the whole Country of *Xaintonge*, I'll say that for her, and a Fart for all the rest. I bring her home a fine eleven-inch-long Branch of Red' Coral, for her *Christmas-box*: What hast thou to do with it? What's that to thee? Who art thou? Whence comest thou, O dark Lanthorn of Antichrist? Answer if thou art of God? I ask thee, *by the way of Question*, said *Panurge* to him very seriously, if with the Consent and Countenance of all the Elements, I had gingumbob'd, codpiec'd, and (2) Thumpthumpriggledtwidl'd, thy so clever, so pretty, so handsome, so proper, so neat, so tight, so honest, and so sober Female Importance, insomuch that the stiff Deity that has no forecast, *Priapus*, (who dwells here at Liberty, all Subjection of fastened Codpieces, or Bolts, Bars, and Locks, abdicated) remain'd sticking in her Natural *Christmas-box* in such a lamentable Manner, that it were never to come out, but eternally should stick there, unless thou didst pull it out with thy Teeth;

(2) *Thump, &c.*] *Sacsabexwezine massé*, in the Original. A Word not much shorter, than *Nasyapatiturdifacilowxifartical* Fellow, which we see quoted in the *Cambridge Dictionary*.

what wouldst thou do ? Wouldst thou everlastingly leave it there, or wouldst thou pluck it out with thy Grinders ; Answer me, O thou Ram of *Mahomet*, since thou art one the Devil's Gang, I would, reply'd the Sheep-monger, take thee such a woundy cut on this Spectacle bearing Lug of thine, with my trusty Bilbo, as would smite thee dead as a Herring. Thus having taken Pepper in the Nose, he was lugging out his Sword ; but alas, curs'd Cows have short Horns, it stuck in the Scabbard ; as you know that at Sea, cold Iron will easily take rust, by Reason of the excessive and nitrous Moistness. *Panurge*, so smitten with Terror, that his Heart sunk down to his Midriff, scower'd off to *Pantagruel* for help : But Friar *John* laid hand on his flashing Scymiter that was (3) new ground, and would certainly have dispatch'd *Dingdong* to rights, had not the Skipper and some of his Passengers beleech'd *Pantagruel* not to suffer such an Outrage to be committed on board his Ship. So the Matter was made up, and *Panurge* and his Antagonist shak'd Fists, and drank in course to one another, in token of a perfect Reconciliation.

C H A P. VI.

How the Fray being over, Panurge cheapened one of Dingdong's Sheep.

THIS Quarrel being hush'd, *Panurge* tipp'd the Wink upon *Epistemon* and Friar *John*, and taking them aside ; stand at some Distance out of the way, said he, and take your share of the following Scene of Mirth ; you shall have rare Sport anon, if my Cake ben't Dough, and my Plot do but take. Then addressing himself to the Drover, he took off to him a Bumper of good (1) *Lantern Wine*. The other pledg'd him

(3) *New-ground.*] Friar *John* had got new ground, upon *Panurge*'s telling him (l. 3. c. 23.) that, for want of Occupation, it was become more rusty than the Key-hole of an old Powdering Tub.

(1) *Lantern Wine.*] Excellent Wine, Wine *Theological*.

briskly and courteously. This done, *Panurge* earnestly entreated him to sell him one of his Sheep.

But the other answered him, is it come to that, Friend and Neighbour, would you put Tricks upon Travellers? Alas, how finely you love to play upon poor Folk! Nay, you seem a rare Chapman, that's the Truth on't. Oh what a mighty Sheep-merchant you are! In good faith you look liker one of the diving Trade than a Buyer of Sheep. Adzookers, what a Blessing it would be to have one's Purse well lin'd with Chink near your Worship at a Tripe-house (2) when it begins to thaw! Humph, humph, did not we know you well, you might serve one a slippery Trick! Pray do but see, good People, what a mighty Conjuror the Fellow would be reckon'd. Patience, said *Panurge*; but waving that, be so kind as to sell me one of your Sheep, come, how much? What do you mean, Master of mine, answered the other? They are long-Wool Sheep, from these did *Jafon* take his *Golden Fleece*. The Order of the House of *Burgundy* was drawn from them. Zwoons, Man, they are Oriental Sheep, topping Sheep, Fatted Sheep, Sheep of Quality. Be it so, said *Panurge*, but sell me one of them, I beseech you, and that for a Cause, paying you ready Money upon the Nail, in good and lawful occidental current Cash; wilt say how much? Friend, Neighbour, answered the Seller of Mutton, hark'e me a little, on the Ear,

Panurge. On which side you please; I hear you.

Dingdong. You are going to *Lantern-land*, they say.

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Ding. To see Fashions?

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Ding. And be merry?

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Ding. Your Name is, as I take it, *Robin Mutton*?

Panurge. As you please for that, sweet Sir.

Ding. Nay, without Offence.

(2) *When it begins to thaw.*] In a *Thaw*, when Tripe may be had almost for nothing, it would not be over-safe to be near you in a Crowd of poor People striving to buy that Sort of Mouth-Ammunition. An honest Man's Purse wou'd stand a bad Chance in Company of such an odd, ill looking sort of a Chap as you.

Panurge.

Panurge. (3) So I understand it.

Ding. You are, as I take it, the King's Jester, are n't you ?

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Ding. Give me your Hand,----humph, humph, you go to see Fashions, you are the King's Jester, your Name is (4) *Robin Mutton* ! Do you see this same Ram ? His Name too is *Robin*. Here *Robin, Robin, Robin* ? Baea, Baea, Baea. Hath he not a rare Voice ?

Panurge. Ay, marry has he, a very fine and harmonious Voice.

Ding. Well, this Bargain shall be made between you and me, Friend and Neighbour, we will get a Pair of Scales, then you *Robbin Mutton* shall be put into one of them, and *Tup Robbin* into the other. Now I'll hold you a Peck of *Busch Oysters*, that in Weight, Value, and Price, he shall outdo you, and you shall be found light in the very numerical Manner, as when you shall be hang'd and suspended.

Patience, said *Panurge*, but you would do much for me, and your whole Posterity, if you would chaffer with me for him, or some other of his Inferiors. I beg it of you ; good your Worship, be so kind. Hark'e, Friend of mine, answered the other, with the Fleece of these, your fine *Roan Cloth* is to be made, your *Lemster* superfine Wool is mine Arse to't ; mere Flock in Comparifon : Of their Skins the best *Cordiwant* will be made, which shall be sold for *Turky* and *Montelimart*,

(3) *So I understand it.*] The first Edition of the 2d Book of *Rabelais* contained nothing injurious against *Calvin* ; but *Calvin*, in the first of his Letters, in the Year 1553, having rank'd *Pantagruel* among obscene and prohibited Books, the Reader has already seen how in his Turn *Rabelais* delineates *Calvin* under the Names of *Predestinator* and *Impostor*, in the Preface to the last Editions of the said 2d Book. Here, from Scurrility he passes to Raillery, and when he brings in *Panurge* answering *Dingdong* by *so I understand it*, and by four *Yea verily's* running, it is visible he ridicules the too frequent use of those Words in *Calvin's* Catechism.

(4) *Robin Mutton.*] To call any one *un plaisant Robin*, is as much as to call him Simpleton, because a Sheep is counted the silliest of all Quadrupedes. As for *Robin*, in the Signification of *Mutton*, that Word may come from *Rupinus* ; for Sheep must have Heads as hard as a Rock (*Rupes*) to push at one another as they do.

or for *Spanifh* Leather at least. Of the Guts shall be made Fiddle and Harp-strings, that will sell as dear as if they came from (5) *Munican* or *Aquileia*. What do you think on't, hah? If you please, sell me one of them, said *Panurge*, and (6) I will be yours for ever. Look, here's ready Cash. What's the Price? This he said, exhibiting his Purse stuffed with new *Henricus's*.

CHAP. VII.

Which if you read, you'll find how Panurge bargain'd with Dingdong.

NEighbour, my Friend, answer'd *Dingdong*, they are Meat for none but Kings and Princes; their Flesh is so delicate, so savoury, and so dainty, that one would swear it melted in the Mouth. I bring them out of a Country where the very Hogs, God be with us, live on nothing but *Myrobalans*. The Sows in their Styes when they lye-in (saving the Honour of this good Company) are fed only with Orange Flowers. But, said *Panurge*, (1) drive a Bargain with me for one of them,

(5) *Munican*.] Some may understand, by this, the City of *Munichen*, the Capital of *Bawaria*; but I rather think the Author had in his Eye *Munaco* in *Liguria*; the best Lute-strings coming from *Italy*.

(6) *And I will be yours for ever*] It is in the Original, *J'en seray bien fort tenu au courrail de vostre huys*. I shall be so much oblig'd to you, that for the time to come you shall do with me just what you please, even as if I were for ever fastened to the Bolt of your Door, and consequently must move forwards or backwards according to the Action of your Hand upon me. So far *M. D. Chat*. Now hear what *M. Miego* says, under the Word *Verrou*, a Bolt for a Door. *Baiser le Verrou*, i. e. rendre Homage, to kiss the Bolt, or to do Homage. Formerly, when a Vassal did Homage to his Lord, either the Lord was present or absent. If present, the Vassal kiss'd him on the Mouth, in case the Vassal were a Gentleman born; otherwise he only kiss'd his Hands. But if the Lord were not present, the Vassal kiss'd the Bolt of the Door: *Courrail de Huys*. Old French Words; from the last of which our Word *Usher* comes; i. e. Door-keeper.

(1) *Drive a Bargain, &c.*] This is all taken from *Merlinus Cocaigns*, Macaronic XI, at the beginning:

Fraudiser

them, and I will pay you for't like a King, upon the honest Word of a true *Trojan*: Come, come, what do you ask? Not so fast, *Robin*, answer'd the Trader, these Sheep are lineally descended from the very Family of the Ram that waisted *Phryxus* and *Helle* over the Sea, since called the *Hellepont*. A Pox on't, said *Panurge*, you are (2) *Clericus vel addiscens*! Ità is a Cabbage, and *Verè* a Leek, answered the Merchant. But (3) *rr*, *rrr*, *rrrr*, *rrrrr*, hoh *Robin*, *rr*, *rrrrrrr*, you don't understand that Gibberish, do you? Now I think on't, over all the Fields, where they piss, Corn grows as fast as if the Lord had piss'd there; they need neither be till'd and dung'd. Besides, Man, your Chymists extract the best Saltpetre in the World out of their Urine; Nay, with their very Dung (with Reverence be it spoken) the Doctors in our Country make Pills that cure seventy-eight kinds of Diseases, the least of which is the Evil of St. *Eutropius* of *Xaintes*, from which, good Lord deliver us! Now what do you think on't, Neighbour, my Friend? The Truth is, they cost me Money, that they do! Cost what they will, cry'd *Panurge*, trade with me for one of them, paying you well. Our Friend, quoth the quack-like Sheep-man, do but mind the Wonders of Nature that are found in those Animals, even in a Member which one would think were of no Use. Take me 'but these Horns, and bray them a little with an Iron Pestle, or with an Andiron, which you please, 'tis all one to me; then bury them wherever you will, provided it be where the Sun may shine, and water them frequently; in a few Months I'll engage you will have the best (4) *Asparagus* in the World, not even ex-

Fraudifer ergo loquit Pastorem Cingar ad unum.
Vis, Compagne, mihi castorem vendere grossum?

(2) *Clericus vel addiscens*.] You know so many Things, that if you are not a Clerk, you are at least aspiring to be one.

(3) *Rr*, *rrr*, &c.] The canine Voice of a Shepherd or Drover getting together, or putting forward, a Flock of Sheep; *r*, *litera*, quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur, says *Erasmus*. See his Adages, at the Word, *Canina facundia*.

(4) *The best Asparagus in the World*.] See *Pliny*, l. 19. c. 8.

cepting (5) those of *Ravenna*. Now come and tell me whether the Horns of you other Knights of the Bulls Feather, have such a Virtue and wonderful Propriety?

Patience, said *Panurge*. I don't know whether you be a Scholar or know, pursued *Dingdong*: I have seen a World of Scholars, I say great Scholars, that were Cuckolds, I'll assure you. But hark you me, if you were a Scholar, you should know that in the most inferior Members of those Animals (which are the Feet) there is a Bone (which is the Heel) the *Astragalus*, if you will have it so, wherewith, and with that of no other Creature breathing, except the *Indian* Afs, and the Dorcades of *Libya*, they us'd in old Times to play at the Royal Game of Dice, whereat (6) *Augustus* the Emperor won above Fifty thousand Crowns one Evening. Now such Cuckolds as you will be hang'd e'er you get half so much as it. Patience, said *Panurge*, but let us dispatch. And when, my Friend and Neighbour, continu'd the canting Sheep-seller, shall I have duly prais'd the inward Members, the Shoulders, the Legs, the Knuckles, the Neck, the Breast, the Liver, the Spleen, the Tripes, the Kidneys, the Bladder, wherewith they make Foot-balls, the Ribs, which serve in *Pigmy land* to make little Cross-bows to pelt the Cranes with Cherry-stones; the Head which with a little Brimstone serves to make a miraculous Decoction to loosen and ease the Belly of costive Dogs. A Turd on't, said the Skipper to his preaching Passenger, what a fiddle-faddle have we here? There is too long a Lecture by half, sell him one if thou wilt; if thou won't, don't let the Man lose more time. I hate a gibble-gabble and a rimple-ramble Talk, I am for a Man of Brevity. I will for your sake, replied the Holder-forth: but then he shall give me three Livres French Money for each, pick and chuse. 'Tis a woundy Price, cried *Panurge*, in our Country I could have five, nay six for the Money; see that you do not over-reach me, Master. You are not

(5) Those of *Ravenna*.] *Martial*, Epigr. 21. l. 3.

*Mollis in æquorea quæ crevit Spina Ravenna,
Non erit incultis gratior Asparagis.*

(6) *Augustus*.] See *Suetonius*, ch. 71. of the Life of *Augustus*.

the first Man whom I have known to have fallen, even sometime to the indangering, if not breaking of his own Neck, for endeavouring to rise all at once. A Mur- rain seize thee for a blockheaded Booby, cried the an- gry Seller of Sheep; (7) by the worthy Vow of our Lady of *Charroux*, the worst in this Flock is four times better than those which in Days of Yore the (8) *Co- raxians* in *Tuditania*, a Country of *Spain*, used to sell for a Gold Talent each; and how much doest thou think, thou Hybernian Fool, that a Talent of Gold was worth? Sweet Sir, (9) you fall into a Passion, I see, returned *Panurge*: Well, hold, here is your Mo- ney. *Panurge* having paid his Money, chose him out

(7) By the worthy Vow of our Lady of *Charroux*.] *Rabelais's* Words are, *Par le digne Vœu de Charroux*, i. e. By the worthy Vow of *Charroux*, M. M—x, has added our Lady. *Rabelais* makes no mention of our Lady; neither was that Relick the Image of our Lady, or of any other Female, but of a very large Man: None of the Female Sex were suffered to come near it. See more of it, a- mong the Notes on *Chapter V. &c.* in the Beginning of this Vo- lume. There the Reader will find a large Account of it, translated by M. M—x from the Dutch Scholiast, which saves me the Trouble of doing it. I shall only add, what he has omitted, viz. That *Charroux* is a little Town in the Upper Poictou, on the Confines of *la Marche* and the *Limosin*, which was in great renown on account of certain Reliques kept in the Monastery of the Abby situated in the Heart of the City, built by *Charlemagne*, as the Monks alledge. It may be worth the Reader's while to return back to that Note of M. M—x's. Only I must caution him, that what M. M—x translates *Shrine*, should be *Statue*, and it was that which the Men and Boys used to kiss, not the Shrine: *la Statue*, not *la Cbasse*, in the French.

(8) *Coraxians* in *Tuditania*.] *Rabelais* does indeed express him- self exactly as it is translated, which would make one believe the *Coraxians* were a People of *Tuditania*. They were far from being so: *Tuditania* is *Andalusia*. The *Coraxians* were a People of *Col- chis*. It was a troublesome, expensive and difficult Thing to carry Sheep from *Colchis* to *Andalusia* (from one end of the *Mediterrane- an* to the other.) This was what made the *Coraxian* Sheep sell so dear among the *Andalusians*, who, besides, abounding with Gold, as they did, stuck at no Price, and valued no Money so they could but furnish themselves with a Breed of such Sheep. See *Strabo's Geogr.* l. 3.

(9) You fall into a Passion.] *Vous vous eschauffez en vostre bar- nois*. You beat yourself in your Armour. An old Proverb borrowed from Tilts and Tournaments.

of all the Flock a fine topping Ram, and as he was hawling it along crying out and bleating, all the rest hearing and bleating in Concert star'd to see whither their Brother Ram should be carried. In the mean while the Drover was saying to his Shepherds: Ah! How well the Knave could chuse him out a Ram, the whoreson has skill in Cattle; on my honest Word, I reserv'd that very piece of Flesh, for the Lord of (10) *Cancale*, well knowing his Disposition; for the good Man naturally is overjoyed when he holds a good sized handsome Shoulder of Mutton, instead of a left-handed Racket, in one Hand, with a good sharp Carver in the other; god wot how he be-stirs himself then.

CHAP. VIII.

How Panurge caused Dingdong and his Sheep to be drowned in the Sea.

ON a sudden, you would wonder how the Thing was so soon done; for my Part I can't tell you, for I had not Leisure to mind it; our Friend *Panurge*, without any further tittle-tattle, throws you his Ram over-board into the Middle of the Sea bleating and making a sad Noise. Upon this all the other Sheep in the Ship crying and bleating in the same Tone, made all the Haste they could to leap nimbly into the Sea one after another, and great was the Throng who should leap in first after their Leader. It was impossible to hinder them; for you know that it is the Nature of Sheep always to follow the first, wheresoever it goes; which makes *Aristotle*, lib. 9. *de hist. animal*, mark them for the most silly and foolish Animals in the World. *Dingdong* at his Wit's End, and stark staring Mad like a Man who saw his Sheep destroy and drown themselves before his Face, strove to hinder and keep

(10) *Cancale*.] Read *Candale*. There is indeed a Sea-port Town of that Name in the Sea of *Bretagne*, not far from *St. Malo*: But that's not meant here.

them

them back with might and main, but all in vain; they all one after t'other frisked and jumped into the Sea, and were lost: At last he laid hold on a huge sturdy one by the Fleece upon the Deck of the Ship, hoping to keep it back, and so to save that and the rest; but the Ram was so strong that it proved too hard for him, and carried its Master into the Herring-Pond, in spite of his Teeth; where 'tis supposed he drank somewhat more than his Fill: So that he was drowned, in the same Manner, as one-ey'd *Polyphemus's* Sheep carried out of the Den *Ulysses* and his Companions: The like happened to the Shepherds and all their Gang, some laying hold on their beloved Tup, this by the Horns, t'other by the Legs, a third by the Rump, and others by the Fleece; till in time they were all of them forced to Sea, and drowned like so many Rats. *Panurge* on the Gunnel of the Ship with an Oar in his Hand, not to help them, you may swear, but to keep them from swimming to the Ship, and saving themselves from drowning, preached and canted to them all the while like any little Friar *Maillard*, or another Friar *John Burges*, laying before them rhetorical common Places concerning the Miseries of this Life, and the Blessings and Felicity of the next; assuring them that the Dead were much happier than the Living in this Vale of Misery, and promising to erect a stately Cenotaphe and honorary Tomb to every one of them on the highest Summit of Mount *Cenis*, at his Return from *Lantern* Land; wishing them nevertheless, in case they were not yet disposed to shake Hands with this Life, and did not like their salt Liquor, they might have the good Luck to meet with some kind Whale which might set them a-shore safe and sound, on some blessed Land of *Gotham* (1) after a famous Example.

The Ship being clear'd of *Dingdong* and his Tups: Is there ever another (2) sheepish Soul left lurking on

(1) After a famous Example.] *A l'Exemple de Jonas*, says *Rabelais*, which I think is less shocking.

(2) Sheepish Soul. *Ame mouttoniere*, alluding to those, who like true Sheep, are incapable of determining upon any Thing of themselves. According to that of *Juvenal*.

Vervecum in patria, crassoque sub aëre nasci.

board, cried *Panurge*? Where are those of *Toby Lamb*, and *Robin Ram* that sleep whilst the rest are a feeding? Faith I can't tell myself. This was an old Coaster's Trick: What thinkest thou of it, Friar *John*, ha? Rarely perform'd, answer'd Friar *John*, only methinks that as formerly in War on the Day of Battle, a double Pay was commonly promised the Soldiers for that Day; for if they overcame, there was enough to pay them; and if they lost, it would have been shameful for them to demand it, as the cowardly (3) *Foresters* did after the Battle of *Cerizoles*; Likewise, my Friend, you ought not to have paid your Man, and the Money had been saved. A Fart for the Money said *Panurge*, have I not had above fifty thousand Pounds worth of Sport? Come now, let's begone, the Wind is fair, hark you me, my Friend *John*, never did Man do me a good Turn but I returned or at least acknowledged it: No, I scorn to be ungrateful, I never was, nor ever will be: Never did Man do me an ill one without ruing the Day that he did it, either in this World or the next. I am not yet so much a Fool neither. Thou damnest thyself like any old Devil, quoth Friar *John*, it is written *Mibi vindictam*, &c. matter of breviary, mark ye me; (4) *that's holy Stuff*.

(3) Cowardly Foresters.] *Les fuyars Gruyers*, in the Original. *M. M—x*, in the Explanation of this Word, follows *Cotgrave*, who says *Gruyer* is a general Name for all the King's Officers belonging to a Forest, as Keepers, Verdurers, Woodward and the like. But that it can't mean so here, is plain to a Demonstration. *Gruyers*, says *M. D. Chat*, were Soldiers raised and levied for *Swissers* in the County of *Gruyere*, situated between *Berne* and the City of *Sion*, hard by *Laufane* and the Lake of *Geneva*. See *Paulus Jovius*, Hist. l. 44. There were some of those *Gruyers* in the *French Army* at the Battle of *Cerizol*, and as their Bravery was no less depended upon than that of the *Swissers* themselves, they were posted promiscuously among the true *Swissers* in the Rear: But they turned Tail at the very first Onset, which gave Occasion to *Martin Bellay* to say, *That is was a very difficult Thing to disguise an Ass like a War-horse*. See his Mem. in the Year 1543.

(4) *That's holy Stuff*.] A frequent Addition of Mr. *M—x*.

CHAP. IX.

How Pantagruel arrived at the Island of Ennasin, and of the strange Ways of being akin in that Country.

WE had still the Wind at South South West, and had been a whole Day without making Land. On the third Day at the (1) Flyes up-rising, [*which, you know, is some two or three Hours after the Sun's,*] we got sight of a Triangular Island very much like *Sicily* for its Form and Situation. It was called the Island of *Alliances*.

The People there are much like your (2) Carrot-pated *Poitevins*, save only that all of them, Men, Women, and Children, have their Noses shap'd like an Ace of Clubs. For that Reason the ancient Name of

[1] *The Flyes up-rising.*] The Words in Italick and between those Marks [], are not in *Rabelais*, who only says *à l'aube des mouches*. This Expression, according to *Cotgrave*, does indeed signify *some two or three Hours after Sun-rise*; or *when the Sun begins to be hot*. But *M. D. Chat* says *l'aube des mouches* means, *The Evening*, not the Morning. He refers to *Oudin's Ital. and Fr. Dict.* at the Word: *Alba de Tafari*. The *aube* or *point of Day*, is when the Sun begins to *point (poindre)*, [*prick his Rays through the Dark*, I suppose] Thus the *aube* or uprising of the Flyes is properly the Time when the Flyes begin to *prick* (and make us feel them) *poindre*.

(2) *Carrot-pated Poitevins.*] *Poitevins rouges*. That this does not mean *Carrot-pated*, but rather *Garrot-faced*, if any thing, is plain from *M. D. Chat's* Note. The People of *Poitou* have been, for a long Time, call'd *red Poitevins*. The Reason whereof, according to the Annalist *John Bouches*, l. 2. c. 2. is, that in imitation of the ancient *Scythians* from whom they are said to be descended, gorging themselves with human Blood, they had generally their Faces all over red as Blood. *John de la Haie*, or the supposed Author of the Antiquities of *Poitou*, grants that the Inhabitants of *Poitou* are called *Red Poitevins*, but he asserts, that they were only called so because being by Nature addicted to War, they not only painted their Bucklers red, but their Faces likewise of that Colour. For my part, I should rather think that the *Poitevins*, tho' by the bye they are no Enemies to a Glas of good Wine, have had this Appellation given them purely on account of an ancient Piece of Money called *Poitewine*, which was coined at *Poitiers*, and which consisting of a very little Silver, mixt with a great deal of *red Copper*, the latter used to discover itself, upon being ever so little handled.

the

the Country was (3) *Ennasin*. They were all akin as the Mayor of the Place told us, at least they boasted so.

You People of the other World, esteem it a wonderful Thing, that, out of the Family of the (4) *Fabii* at Rome, on a certain Day, which was the 13th of *February*, at a certain Gate, which was the *Porta, Carmentalis*, since named *Scelerata*, formerly situated at the Foot of the *Capitol*, between the *Tarpeian Rock* and the *Tyber*, march'd out against the *Veientes* of *Etruria*, three hundred and six Men bearing Arms, all related to each other, with five thousand other Soldiers every one of them their Vassals, who were all slain near the River *Cremera* that comes out of the Lake of *Beccano*. Now from this same Country of *Ennasin*, in case of need, above three hundred thousand, all Relations, and of one Family, might march out. Their Degrees of Consanguinity and Alliance are very strange, for being thus akin and allied to one another, we found that none was either Father or Mother, Brother or Sister, Uncle or Aunt, Nephew or Niece, Son-in Law or Daughter-in-Law, God-Father or God-Mother to the other, unless truly, a tall flat-nosed old Fellow, who, as I perceived, called a little shitten-ars'd Girl of three or four Years old, Father, and the Child called him Daughter.

Their Distinction of Degrees of Kindred was thus, a Man used to call a Woman my (5) *Lean-bit*; the Woman called him my *Porpus*. Those, said Friar John, must needs stink damnably of Fish, when they have rubbed their Bacon one with the other. One smiling on a young bucksome Baggage, said, good morrow dear

(3) *Ennasin*.] Noseless or Flat-nosed. At Metz, *Ennase* signifies *Enchiffrené*, because those who have flat Noses speak through the Nose, or rather snuffle as if they had no Nose. *Enchiffrené* generally means *One whose Nose is stoppt with a Rheum*: one that hath the Murr, or Pose.

(4) *Fabii*.] See *Aulus Gellius*, l. 17. c. 21.

(5) *Lean Bit*.] There's a Fish called by the French by way of Antiphrasis *Maigre* [*Lean-bit*.] It is a Sea-fish as well as the *Porpus*, as this last is vulgarly written; tho' *Porc-pisce*, is known to be the true Spelling; it being a Sort of a *Hog-fish*, or *Sea-Hog*. *Rabelais* here quibbles upon the two Words. I take the *Maigre* to be a Sort of *Halibut*. *Cotgrave* gives a large and curious Account of the *Maigre*, and its Properties in Physick. Which see.

Curry-Comb : She to return him his Civility, said, the like to you, my *Steed*. Hah ! hah ! hah ! said *Panurge*, that's pretty well i'faith, for indeed it stands her in good stead to Curry-comb this *Steed*. Another greeted his Buttock with a farewell, my *Cafe* ; She replied, adieu *Trial*. By St. *Winifrid*'s Placket, cried *Gymnast*, this *Cafe* has been often tried. Another asked a the Friend of his, how is't, *Hatchet* ? She answered him, at your service, dear *Helve*. Odds Belly, saith *Carpalim*, this *Helve* and this *Hatchet* are well match'd. As we went on, I saw one who, calling his she-Relation, filed her my *Crum*, and she called him my *Crust*.

Quoth one to a brisk, plump, juicy Female, I am glad to see you, dear *Tap* : So am I to find you so merry, sweet *Spiggot*, replied she. One call'd a Wench his *Showel*, she call'd him her *Peal* ; one nam'd his, my *Slipper*, and she him, my *Foot* : Another my *Boot*, she my (6) *Shasoon*.

In the same Degree of Kindred, one call'd his my *Butter*, she call'd him, my *Eggs*, and they were akin just like a Dish of butter'd Eggs. I heard one call his, my *Tripe*, and she him, my *Faggot*. Now I could not for the Heart's Blood of me pick out or discover what Parentage, Alliance, Affinity, or Consanguinity was between them, with reference to our Custom, only they told us, that she was *Faggot's Tripe*. [*Tripe de Faggot*, means the smallest Sticks in a *Faggot*.] Another complimenting his Convenient, said, yours my *Shell* ; she replied, I was yours before sweet *Oyster*. I reckon, said *Carpalim*, she hath gutted his *Oyster*. Another long shanked ugly Rogue mounted on a Pair of high heeled wooden Slippers, meeting a strapping, fusty squobbed Dowdy, says he to her, how'st my *Top* ? She was short upon him, and arrogantly replied, never the better for

(6) *Æstivallet*.] A Buskin or Summer-Boot, called so from the *High-Dutch*, *Stiefel*, or rather the *Latin*, *Æstivale*, because used in Summer (*Æstas*). *Æstivalia sunt ocreæ, seu calceamenta de corio* : *Quibus etiam aliqui utuntur in æstate*, says an ancient Law-Dictionary, printed at *Paris* 1538. If any Body has a Mind to know where this Sort of Boots were best made in Days of Yore, the said Dictionary tells ye, *sunt optima (æstivalia apud S. Severinum*, a little Town in the March of *Ancona*.

you,

you, my *Whip*. (7) By St. *Anthony's Hog*, said *Xenomenes*, I believe so, for how can this Whip be sufficient to lash this Top?

A College Professor well provided with Cod, and powdered and prinked up, having a while discoursed with a great Lady, taking his Leave with these Words, thank you *Sweat-Meat*; she cried there needs no thanks, *Sour-Sauce*. Saith *Pantagruel*, this is not altogether incongruous, for sweet Meat must have sour Sauce. A wooden Lugerhead said to a young Wench, 'tis long since I saw you *Bag*, all the better cry'd she, *Pipe*. Set them together, said *Panurge*, then blow in their Arses, 'twill be a Bag-Pipe. We saw after that, a diminutive hump-backed Gallant, pretty near us, taking leave of a she Relation of his, thus, fare thee well, Friend *Hole*; she rapartee'd, save thee, Friend *Peg*. Quoth Friar *John*, what could they say more, were he all *Peg* and she all *Hole*? But now would I give something to know if every Cranny of the *Hole* can be stopp'd up with that same *Peg*.

A bawdy Batchelor talking with an old Trout, was saying, remember, (8) *Rusty Gun*, I won't fail, said she, (9) *Scowerer*. Do you reckon these two to be akin, said *Pantagruel* to the Mayor? I rather take them to be Foes; in our Country a Woman would take this as a mortal Affront. Good People of t'other World, re-

(7) By St. *Anthony's Hog*.] It is in the Original *Sang Saint Gris. By the Blood of Saint Grey*. Here *Xenomenes* swears by the Blood drawn by the Discipline (Whip) from the *Franciscan* Fryars called by their *Alcoran* (abusively) *Diablos-gris* (Grey Devils) *Saint Gris* it St. *Francis d'Assise*, as he was ceint (girt with a Cord, and cloathed in a Habit which were both grey (*gris*). *Henry the IVth* used to swear by *Ventre Saint Gris*, and if we are to believe *Vigneul Marville*, this Oath meant nothing at all. But 'tis plain he was mistaken, as was likewise the late *M. de Vendome's* Gentleman and his Master too, who are made to say that the Governors of the young Prince of *Bearne* (afterwards *Henry the IVth*) being afraid of his giving way to Blasphemy as many others did, allowed him to swear in that manner. *Saint Gris* therefore is *Saint Francis* the Patriarch of the *Grey Fryars*, and *Henry the IVth*, tho' he was a long while a Hugonot, used to swear by that Saints Belly, as others, l. i. c. 5. by St. *Quener's* Belly. St. *Gris* is also a *Poitevan* Oath.

(8) *Rusty Gun*.] *Fart*, it is in the Original. (*Ped.*)

(9) *Scowerer*.] *Fyste*, in the Original: (*Vesse.*)

plied the Mayor, you have few such and so near Relations as this Gun and Scowerer are to one another; for they both came out of (10) one Shop. What, (11) was the Shop their Mother, quoth *Panurge*? What Mother, said the Mayor, does the Man mean? That must be some of your World's Affinity; we have here neither Father nor Mother: Your little paultry Fellows that live on t'other Side the Water, poor Rogues, booted with Whisps of Hay, may indeed have such, but we scorn it. The good *Pantagruel* stood gazing and listening, but at those Words he had like to have lost all Patience.

Having very exactly viewed the Situation of the Island, and the Way of living of the *Ennasé* Nation, we went to take a Cup of the Creature at a Tavern where there happened to be a Wedding after the Manner of the Country; bating that shocking Custom, there was special good Chear.

While we were there, a pleasant Match was struck up betwixt a Female called *Pear* (a tight Thing, as we thought, but by some who knew better Things, said to be quaggy and flabby) and a young soft Male, called *Cheese*, somewhat sandy. [(12) Many such Matches have been, and they were formerly much commended.] In our Country we say, *Il ne fut onc tel Marriage, qu'est de la Poire & du Fromage*, There's no Match like that made between the Pear and the Cheese; and in many other Places good store of such Bargains have been driven. Besides, when the Women are at their last Prayers, 'tis to this Day a noted saying, *That after Cheese comes Nothing*.

In another Room I saw them marrying an old greasy Boot to a young pliable Buskin. *Pantagruel* was told, that young Buskin took old Boot to have and to hold, because she was of special Leather, in good case and waxed, seared, liquor'd and greased to the purpose,

(10) *One Shop.*] One Hole in the Original: (*d'ung trou.*)

(11) *Was the Shop their Mother.*] In the Original *Was the Wind their Mother*. Alluding, though jestingly, to what the ancient Naturalists have advanced concerning the Winds making the Mares in *Spain* conceive.

(12) *Many such Matches, &c.*] What's between these Marks [] is omitted by Mr. M———x.

even

even though it had been for the Fisherman that went to Bed with his Boots on. In another Room below I saw a (13) young Brogue taking a young Slipper for better for worse: Which, they told us, was neither for the sake of her Piety, Parts, or Person, but for the fourth comprehensive P. Portion; the Spankers, Spur-Royals, Rose-Nobles, and other Coriander Seed with which she was quilted all over.

CHAP. X.

How Pantagruel went ashore at the Island of Chely, where he saw King St. Panigon.

WE sailed right before the Wind which we had at West, leaving those odd *Allicancers* with their Ace of Clubs Snouts, (1) and having taken height by the Sun, stood in for *Chely*; a large fruitful, wealthy and

(13) *Young Brogue*.] *Un june Escapignen*. Under the Idea of an *Escapignen* (i. e. a single-soled Shoe of thin Leather; a Rope-dancer, or Tumbler's Pump) *Rabelais* ridicules a young Threadbare, single-soled Gentleman; a Gentleman of low degree.

(1) *And having taken the height of the Sun, stood in for Chely.*) Read, (instead of *stood in for Chely*,) *stood out to Sea*. (*Montagnes en haulte mer*.) Read, likewise (instead of, *having taken the height of the Sun*) About Sun-set (*jus la declination du soleil*, &c. As for taking the Height of the Sun) it is certain the Translator did not take the Height of the Author's Meaning, in this Place: His Words are *seisme, scalle en l'Isle de Chely*. We landed on the Island of *Chely*. *Faire scale*, is to land, set foot on land, to go ashore, says *Cotgrave* expressly. *Far scala* (for *Rabelais* borrows the Expression from the *Italians*) is, to come to a Landing-place, to set foot on shore, says *Torriano's* Great Dictionary in *totidem verbis*: Mr. D. Chat confirms all this by telling us that *scala* signifying a Ladder (in *Italian*) *Far scala* is, to set a Ladder on the Shore from the Ship, in order to get down by it. He proves this from *Ariosto*, Canto 18. To conclude, the Word *Scale* deceived Sir T. U. into a Belief that it meant some mathematical Instrument Astronomers use in making their Observations in the Heavens. In short, this is what *Rabelais* says (and I think it is a more natural Beginning than that of the Translator) *The South-West Wind* (for that's the *Garbino* of the *Italians*, and the *Garbin* of the *French*: See *Torriano* and *Cotgrave*) *blowing full in our Poop, we left these impertinent (mal-plaisants) Alliances with their Ace-of-Clubs Snouts, and stood out to Sea. About Sun-set we went ashore on the Island of Cheli, &c.*

wely

well peopled Island. King St. *Panigon*, first of the Name, reigned there, and attended by the Princes his Sons, and the Nobles of his Court, came as far as the Port to receive *Pantagruel*, and conducted him to his Palace, near the Gate of which, the Queen attended by the Princesses her Daughters and the Court Ladies received us. *Panigon* directed her and all her Retinue to salute *Pantagruel* and his Men with a Kiss; for such was the Civil Custom of the Country, and they were all fairly buffed accordingly, except Friar *John*, who stepped aside and sneaked off amongst the King's Officers. *Panigon* us'd all the Intreaties imaginable, to persuade *Pantagruel* to tarry there that Day and the next, but he would needs be gone, and excused himself upon the Opportunity of Wind and Weather, which being oftener desir'd than enjoy'd, ought not to be neglected when it comes. *Panigon* having heard these Reasons, let us go, but first made us take off some five and twenty or thirty Bumpers each.

Pantagruel returning to the Port, missed Friar *John*, and asked why he was not with the rest of the Company? *Panurge* could not tell how to excuse him, and would have gone back to the Palace to call him, when Friar *John* overtook them, and merrily cried, Long live the noble *Panigon*! as I love my Belly, he minds good eating, and keeps a noble House, and a dainty Kitchen; I have been there, Boys: every thing goes about by Dozens, I was in good Hopes to have stuffed my Puddings there like a Monk. What! Always in a Kitchen, Friend? (said *Pantagruel*.) By the Belly of St. *Crampepon*, quoth the Friar, I understand the Customs and Ceremonies which are used there, much better than all the formal Stuff, antick Postures, and nonsensical Fiddle-faddle that must be used with those Women, *magni, magna, Shittencumshita*, Cringes, Grimaces, Scrapes, Bows, and Congées; double Honours this Way, tripple Salutes that Way, the Embrace, the Grasp, the Squeeze, the Hug, the Leer, the Smack, *baso las manos de vostra mercé, de vostra Maestá*. You are most *tarabin, tarabas*. (2) *Stront*, that's downright Dutch.

(2) *Stront*,] *Bren, ce'st merde à Rouen*, i. e. *Turd, Turd*, is the *Rouen Word*. And indeed it is hardly used any where else but there,

Why all this ado? I don't say but a Man might be for a Bit by the by and away, to be doing as well as his Neighbours; but this little nasty Cringing and Curtisying made me as mad as any (3) *March Devil*. You talk of kissing Ladies; by the worthy and sacred Frock I wear, I seldom venture upon't, lest I be served as was the Lord of *Guyercharois*. What was it? Said *Pantagruel*, I know him he is one of the best Friends I have.

He was invited to a sumptuous Feast, said Friar *John*, by a Relation and Neighbour of his, together with all the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Neighbourhood. Now some of the latter [the Ladies] expecting his coming, dress'd the Pages in Womens Cloths, and *finifed* them (4) like any Babies, then order'd them to meet my Lord at his coming, near the Draw-bridge; so the *comple-menting Monsieur* came, and (5) there kissed the petticoated Lads with great formality. At last the Ladies who minded Passages in the Gallery, burst out with laughing, and made Signs to the Pages to take off their Dress; which the good Lord having observed, the Devil a bit he durst make up to the true Ladies to kiss them, but said, That since they had disguised the Pages, by his Great Grand-father's Helmet, these were certainly the very Footmen and Grooms still more cunningly disguised. Ods Fish, *da Jurandi*, why do not we rather remove our Humanities into some good warm Kitchen of God, that noble Laboratory? And there admire the Turning of the Spits, the harmonious Rattling of the Jacks and Fenders, criticise on the Position of the Lard, the Temperature of the Pottages, the Preparation for the *Dessert*, and the Order of the Wine Service,

nor there but in the Suburbs and Country round about; a rustical, clownish Word.

(3) *March Devil*.] After this add, *St. Benedict never dissembled for the Matter. St. Benoist n'en mentit jamais*, (a Rhime.) On this *M. du C.* observes, that the *Benedictine*, nor any other Monks ever salute any Body otherwise than by bowing their Head and Body [like our Quakers]

(4) *Like any Babies*.] *An damoiselles biem pimpantes, & atourées.* Like young Girls curiously pranked up and dizen'd out.

(5) *There kiss'd, &c.*] It was then the Custom for a Gentleman as soon as he alighted among Ladies to kiss them all on the Cheek,
and

Service ? (6) *Beati Immaculati in via*: matter of breviary, my Masters.

C H A P. XI.

Why Monks love to be in Kitchens.

THIS, said *Epistemon*, is spoke like a true *Monk* ; I mean like a right (1) *Monking Monk*, not a *bemonk'd* monastical *Monkling*. Truly you put me in mind of some Passages that happen'd at *Florence* some (2) twenty Years ago in a Company of studious Travellers, fond of visiting the Learned, and seeing the Antiquities of *Italy*, among whom I was. As we view'd the Situation and Beauty of *Florence*, the Structure of the Dome, the Magnificence of the Churches, and Palaces, we strove to out-do one another in giving them their due ; when a certain *Monk* of *Amiens*, *Bernard Lardon* by Name, quite angry, scandaliz'd, and out of all Patience, told us, I don't know what the Devil you can find in this same Town, that's so much to be cried up : For my part, I have look'd and por'd and stared as well as the best of you ; I think my Eye Sight's as

and this Mode continued in *France* till *Henry* the III'd's Time. See *H. Stephens*, p. 379. of his *Dial.* concerning the new *Fr. Lang.* Italianized.

(6) *Beati*, &c.] *Blessed are those that are undefiled in their way.* The first Words of the 119th Psalm prophaned by *Friar John*, who applies them to such as get no Spots on their Clothes when they visit from time to time the *Convent-Kitchen*.

(1) *Monking Monk*.] *Moine moinant* is he that has the Direction and Government of the other Monks of his Convent. Whereas a *bemonk'd Monk* (*Moyne Moyne*) means any Monk who is obliged to obey the *Monking Monk*, and to suffer himself to be led by him. In which sense when any Brother (*Friar*) seems to make scorn of the Post he's advanced to in the House, they tell him jocularly by way of Consolation, *it's better however to be a Horse than a Cart*.

(2) *Twenty Years ago*.] Read *twelve Years ago*, according to the Edition of 1547. This happened to *Rabelais*, during his Travels, at *Rome*, where he was in 1536. as appears by his Letter to the Bishop of *Maillezais*.

clear as another Body's, and what can one see after all ? There are fine Houses indeed, and that's all. But the Cage does not feed the Birds : God and *Monfieur St. Bernard* our good Patron be with us, in all this same Town I have not seen one poor Lane of roasting Cooks, and yet I have not a little look'd about, and sought for so necessary a Part of a Common-wealth ; ay, and I dare assure you that I have pried up and down with the Exactness of an Informer ; as ready to number both to the Right and Left, how many and on what Side we might find most roasting Cooks, as a Spy would be to reckon the Bastions of a Town. Now (3) at *Amiens*, in four, nay five times less Ground than we have trod in our Contemplations, I could have shewn you above fourteen Streets of roasting Cooks, most ancient, savoury, and aromatic. I can't imagine what kind of Pleasure you can have taken in gazing on the *Lions*, and *Africans* (so methinks you call their Tigers) near the *Belfry*, or in obliging the *Porcupines* and *Ostridges*, in the Lord *Philip Strozzi's* Palace. Faith and Troth, I had rather see a good fat Goose at the Spit. This Porphyry, those Marbles are fine : I say nothing to the contrary, but our Cheesecakes at *Amiens* are far better in my Mind : These ancient Statues are well made ; I am willing to believe it ; but (4) by *St. Ferreol* of *Abbeville*, we have young Wenches in our Country which please me better a thousand Times.

What is the Reason, asked Friar *John*, that *Monks* are always to be found in Kitchens ; and Kings, Emperors and Popes are never there ? Is there not, said *Rhizotomus*, some latent Virtue and specific propriety

(3) At *Amiens*.] The Reason of the vast Number of Cooks Shops, with which, for a long time the whole Province of *Picardy*, and especially the City of *Amiens* have abounded, is because the Inns there find Travellers in nothing but a Table-cloth, a Cover (*i. e.* a Plate with a Napkin, Knife, Fork and Spoon) with Glasses, not forgetting Bread and Wine you may be sure. See *Jodoc. Sincer. Itiner. Gall.* page 315.

(4) By *St. Ferreol*.] Friar *Bernard Lardon* lov'd the Fat-bacon-like-Lasses of this Country, and he swears it too by the Saint that has the Superintendency of the fat'ning of Geese. See *Apol. for Herodotus*, ch. 38.

hid in the Kettles, and Pans, which as the Load-stone attracts Iron, draws the *Monks* there, and cannot attract Emperors, Popes, or Kings? Or is it a natural Induction and Inclination, fix'd in the Frocks and Cowles, which of itself leads and forceth those good religious Men into Kitchens, whether they will or no? He means Forms following Matter, as *Averroës* calls them, answered *Epistemon*. Right, said Friar *John*.

I'll not offer to solve this Problem, said *Pantagruel*; for it is somewhat ticklish, and you can hardly handle it without coming off scurvily, but I'll tell you (5) what I have heard.

Antigonus King of *Macedon* one Day coming into one of the Tents, where his Cooks use to dress his Meat, and finding there *Poet Antagoras* frying a Conger, and holding the Pan himself, merrily ask'd him, pray, Mr. *Poet*, was *Homer* frying Congers when he writ the Deeds of *Agamemnon*? *Antagoras* readily answered; But do you think, Sir, that when *Agamemnon* did them, he made it his Business to know if any in his Camp were frying Congers? The King thought it an Indecency that a *Poet* should be thus a frying in a Kitchen; and the *Poet* let the King know that it was a more indecent Thing for a King to be found in such a Place. I'll clap another Story upon the Neck of this, quoth *Panurge*, and will tell you what (6) *Breton Villandry* answer'd one Day to the Duke of *Guise*.

They were saying that at a certain Battle of King *Francis* against the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, *Briton* arm'd *Capapé* to the Teeth, and mounted like *St. George*; yet sneak'd off, and play'd least in sight during the Engagement. Blood and Oons, answer'd *Breton*, I was there and can prove it easily; nay, even where you, my Lord

(5) What I have heard.] *What I have read*, it should be *avois leu*. It is in *Plutarch's* notable Sayings of ancient Kings, Princes and Captains.

(6) *Breton Villandry*.] *John le Breton*, Lord of *Villandry*, Favourite of *Francis* the First, and Secretary to that Prince and *Henry* the Second in 1537. See *Cardan, de vita propria*, ch. 32. He wrote several Memoirs of the most considerable Occurrences of *France* under the Kings his Masters, and *la Croix-du-Maine* was possess'd of some written with the Author's own Hand.

dar'd not have been. The Duke began to resent this as too rash and sawcy : But *Breton* easily appeas'd him, and set them all a Laughing. I gad, my Lord, quoth he, I kept out of Harm's Way ; I was all the while with your Page *Jack* sculking in a certain Place where you had not dar'd hide your Head as I did. Thus discourfing, they got to their Ships, and left the Island of *Chely*.

C H A P. XII.

How Pantagruel pass'd thro' the Land of Pettifogging, and of the strange way of living among the Catchpoles.

STeering our Course forwards the next Day we pass'd thro' *Pettifogging*, a Country all blurred and blotted, so that I could hardly tell what to make on't. There we saw some Pettifoggers and Catchpoles, Rogues that will hang their Father for a Groat. They neither invited us to eat or drink, but with a multiplied Train of Scrapes and Cringes said they were all at our Service, (1) for the *Legem pone*.

One of our *Droggermen* (Interpreters) related to *Pantagruel* their strange Way of Living, diametrically opposite to that of our modern *Romans* : For at *Rome* a World of Folks get an honest Livelihood by poisoning, drubbing, lambasting, stabbing and murdering, but the (2) *Catchpoles* earn theirs by being thrash'd, so that if they were long without a tight lambasting, the poor Dogs with their Wives and Children would be starved. This is just, quoth *Panurge*, like those who, as *Galen*

(1) For the *Legem pone*.] *En payant* : For a valuable Consideration ; provided we paid him well, or came down with the Crop as we say.

(2) *Catchpoles*.] *Rabelais's* Word is *Chicquanou*, which is properly what we call a *Barretor* (Wrangler.) *Catchpole*, I think, means nothing but a Bum-Baily.

tells us, cannot erect the cavernous Nerve towards the Equinoctial Circle, (3) unless they are soundly flogged. By *St. Patrick's Slipper*, whoever should jirk me so, would soon, instead of setting me right, throw me off the Saddle, in the Devil's Name.

The Way is this, said the Interpreter : When a *Monk*, Levite, close sifted Usurer or Lawyer owes a Grudge to some neighbouring Gentleman, he sends to him one of those *Catchpoles* or *Apparitors*, who nabs, or at least cites him, serves a Writ or Warrant upon him, thumps, abuses and affronts him impudently by natural Instinct, and according to his pious Instructions ; insomuch that if the Gentleman (4) hath but any Guts in his Brains, and is not more stupid than a (5) *Gyrin Frog*, he will find himself oblig'd either to apply a Faggot-stick or his Sword to the Rascal's Jobbernot, give him the gentle Lash, or make him cut a Caper out at the Window by Way of Correction. This done, *Catchpole* is rich for four Months at least, as if *Basinadoes* were his real Harvest ; for the *Monk*, Levite, Usurer, or Lawyer will reward him roundly, and my Gentleman must pay him such swindging Damages, that his Acres may bleed for't, and he be in danger of miserably rotting within a stone Doublet, as if he had struck the King.

Quoth *Panurge*, I know an excellent Remedy against this ; used by the (6) Lord of *Basché* ; what is it ? Said *Pantagruel*. The Lord of *Basché*, said *Panurge*,

(3) Unless they are soundly flogged.] *Cælius Rhodiginus*, l. 6. c. 37. of his ancient Readings, and before him the Count de la *Mirandola*, l. 3. of his Treatise against judicial Astrology, speak of a certain Man, who to raise his Letchery would cause himself to be flogged with Rods steep'd in Vinegar, till he was all over of a Gore-blood. *Simon Goulard*, l. 4. p. 635. of his wonderful and memorable Stories, relates this Fact as a very singular and uncommon Thing, and it may have been so perhaps in his time, but now-a-days some People will tell ye the Thing is frequently practised in *France* and elsewhere, in Houses of bad Repute.

(4) Hath but, &c.] Hath not the dead palsy.

(5) *Gyrin Frog*.] A Tad-pole.

(6) Lord of *Basché*.] Doubtless a Descendant of *Perron de Basche*, Steward of the Household to King *Charles VIII.* who sent him into *Italy* before he went thither himself at the Head of his Army. See *Commines*, l. 7. c. 3.

was a brave honest noble-spirited Gentleman, who at his return from the long War in which the Duke of *Ferrara*, with the Help of the *French*, bravely defended himself against the Fury of Pope *Julius* the Second, was every Day cited, warn'd and prosecuted at the Suit and for the Sport and Fancy of the fat Prior of (7) *St. Louant*.

One Morning as he was at Breakfast with some of his Domesticks (for he loved to be sometimes among them,) he sent for one *Loire* his Baker and his Spouse, and for one *Oudart* the Vicar of his Parish, who was also his Butler, as the Custom was then in *France*; then said to them before his Gentlemen and other Servants. You all see how I am daily plagued with these rascally *Catchpoles*, truly if you do not lend me your helping Hand, I am finally resolv'd to leave the Country, and go fight for the *Sultan*, or the Devil, rather than be thus eternally teas'd. Therefore to be rid of their damn'd Visits, hereafter, when any of them come here, be ready you Baker and your Wife, to make your personal Appearance in my great Hall in your wedding Clothes, as if you were going to be affianc'd; here take these Ducats which I give you to keep you in a fitting Garb. As for you, Sir, *Oudart*, be sure you make your personal Appearance there in your fine Surplice and Stole, not forgetting your Holy Water, as if you were to wed them. Be you there also, *Trudon*, said he to his Drummer, with your Pipe and Taber. The Form of Matrimony must be read, and the Bride kiss'd [at the beat of the 'Tabour] then all of you, as the Witnesses use to do in this Country, shall give one another the Remembrance of the Wedding, (which you know is to be a Blow with your Fist, bidding the Party struck remember the Nuptials by that Token) This will but make you have the better 'Stomach to your Supper.: But when you come to the Catchpole's Turn, thrash him thrice and threefold, as you would a Sheaf of green Corn, don't spare him; maul him, drub him, lambast him, swinge him off, I pray you. Here take these steel Gantlets covered with Kid.

(7) *St. Louant*.] *St. Lovant*, *Liventius*, The Priory of *St. Louens*, in the Diocese of *Tours*, &c.

Head, Back, Belly, and Sides, give him Blows innumerable ; he that gives him most, shall be my best Friend. Fear not to be call'd to an account about it, I'll stand by you ; for the Blows must seem to be given in jest, as it is Customary among us at all Weddings.

Ay, but how shall we know the Catchpole, said the Man of God, all sorts of People daily resort to this Castle ? I have taken Care of that, replied the Lord. When some Fellow either on foot or on a scurvy Jade, with a large broad Silver (8) Ring on his Thumb comes to the Door, he is certainly a Catchpole : The Porter having civilly let him in, shall ring the Bell ; then be all ready, and come into the Hall, to act the Tragi-Comedy, whose Plot I have now laid for you.

That numerical Day, as Chance would have it, came an old fat ruddy Catchpole. Having knock'd at the Gate, and then piss'd, as most Men will do, the Porter soon found him out, by his large greasy Spatterdashes, his jaded hollow flank'd Mare, his Bag-full of Writs and Informations dangling at his Girdle, but above all, by the large silver Hoop on his left Thumb.

The Porter was civil to him, admitted him in kindly, and rung the Bell briskly. As soon as the Baker and his Wife heard it, they clapt on their best Clothes, and made their personal Appearance in the Hall, keeping their Gravities like a new-made Judge. The *Domine* put on his Surplice and Stole, and as he came out of his Office, met the Catchpole, had him in there, and made him suck his Face a good while, while the Gauntlets were drawing on all Hands, and then told him, you are come just in Pudding Time, my Lord is in his right Cue ; we shall feast like Kings anon, here's to be fwindging doings ; we have a Wedding in the House, here, drink and cheer up, pull away.

While these two were at it hand to fist, *Basché*, seeing all his People in the Hall in their proper Equipage, sends for the Vicar. *Oudart* comes with the Holy Water Pot, followed by the Catchpole, who as he came in-

(8) Ring.] To seal the Writs and Writings, belike, for they were not signed in those Days.

to the Hall, did not forget to make good store of aukward Cringes, and then serv'd *Basché* with a Writ. *Basché* gave him *Grimace* for *Grimace*, slipt an Angel into his Mutton-Fist, and pray'd him to assist at the Contract and Ceremony. Which he did. When it was ended, thumps and fisticuffs began to fly about among the Assistants; but when it came to the Catchpole's Turn, they all laid on him so unmercifully with their Gauntlets, that they at last settled him, all stunn'd, and batter'd, bruis'd and mortified, with one of his Eyes black and blue, eight Ribs bruis'd, his Brisket sunk in, his *Omo-plates* in four Quarters, his under Jaw-bone in three Pieces, and all this in jest and no harm done. God wot how the *Levite* belabour'd him, hiding within the long Sleeve of his Canonical Shirt, his huge Steel Gauntlet lin'd with Ermin, for he was a strong built *Ball*, and an old Dog at Fisticuffs. The Catchpole all of a bloody (9) Tyger-like hue, with much ado, crawl'd home to *P Isle Bou-chart*; well pleas'd and edified however with *Basché's* kind Reception, and with the Help of the good Surgeons of the Place, liv'd as long as you'd have him. From that time to this, not a Word of the Business; the Memory of it was lost with the Sound of the Bells that rung for Joy at his Funeral.

C H A P. XIII.

How, like Master Francis Villon, the Lord of Basché commanded his Servants.

TH E Catchpole being pack'd off on blind Sorrel (so he call'd his one ey'd Mare) *Basché* sent for his Lady, her Women and all her Servants into the Arbour of his Garden; had Wine brought, attended with good store of Pasties, Hams, Fruit, and other Table-Ammunition for a Nunchion, drank with them joyfully, and then told them this Story.

(9) *Tyger-like hue.*] Dappled with Variety of Contusions,

Master *Francis Villon* in his old Age, retired to St. *Maixent* in *Poitou*, under the Patronage of a good honest Abbot of the Place. There to make Sport for the Mob, he undertook to get the *Passion* acted after the Way, and in the Dialect of the Country. The Parts being distributed, the Play having been rehearsed, and the Stage prepar'd, he told the Mayor and Aldermen, that the Mystery would be ready after *Niort* Fair, and that there only wanted Properties and Neccessaries, but chiefly Clothes fit for the Parts; so the Mayor and his Brethren took care to get them.

Villon, to dress an old clownish Father Grey-Beard, who was to represent G—d the *Father*, begg'd of Friar *Stephen Tickletoby*, Sacristan to the *Franciscan* Friars of the Place, to lend him a Cope and a Stole. *Tickletoby* refus'd him, alledging that by their provincial Statutes, it was rigorously forbidden to give or lend any thing to *Players*. *Villon* reply'd, That the Statute reached no farther than Farces, Drolls, Anticks, loose and dissolute Games, and that he ask'd no more than what he had seen allow'd at *Brussels* and other Places. *Tickletoby*, notwithstanding, peremptorily bid him provide himself elsewhere if he would, and not to hope for any thing out of his monastical Wardrobe. *Villon* gave an Account of this to the *Players*, as of a most abominable Action, adding, that God would shortly revenge himself, and make an Example of *Tickletoby*.

The *Saturday* following, he had Notice given him, that *Tickletoby* upon the Filly of the Convent (so they call a young Mare that was never leap'd yet) was gone a Mumping to (1) St. *Ligarius*, and would be back about two in the Afternoon. Knowing this, he made a Cavalcade [Must] of his Devils of the *Passion* through the Town. They were all rigged (2) with Wolves, Calves,

(1) St. *Ligarius*.] *Lidorius*, call'd also *Ligorius*: In the Territory of *Niort*.

(2) With Wolves, &c. Skins.] An ancient Penance-Book, cited by Menage in his *Dictiō. Etym.* at the Word *Biche*, *Si quis in Cervolo aut Vitula vadit; id est, si qui, in ferarum habitu se commutant. & vestiuntur vestibus pecudum, adsumunt capita bestiarum. Qui taliter in ferinas species se transformant, tribus annis pœniteant, quia hoc* demo-

Calves, and Ram Skins, lac'd and trim'd with Sheep Heads, Bulls Feathers, and large Kitchen Tenter-Hooks girt with broad Leathern Girdles, whereat hang'd dangling huge Cow-Bells and Horse-Bells which made a horrid Din. Some held in their Claws black Sticks full of Squibs and Crackers; others had long lighted Pieces of Wood, upon which at the Corner of every Street they flung whole Handfuls of Rosin-Dust, that made a terrible Fire and Smoak: Having thus led them about, to the great Diversion of the Mob, and the dreadful Fear of little Children, he finally carried them to an Entertainment at a Summer-House without the Gate that leads to St. Ligarius.

As they came near the Place, he spied *Tickletoby* afar off, coming home from Mumping, and told them in Macaronic Verse.

(3) *Hic est Mumpator natus de gente Cucowli,
Qui solet antiquo scrappas portare ** bisacco.*

* A Monks double Pouch.

A Plague on his Friarship (said the Devils then) the lowfy Beggar would not lend a poor Cope (4) to the Fatherly Father, let us fright him. Well said, cried *Villon*; but let us hide our selves till he comes by, and then charge home briskly with your Squibs and burning Sticks. *Tickletoby* being come to the Place, they all rush'd on a sudden into the Road to meet him, and in a frightful Manner threw Fire from all sides upon him and his Filly Foal, ringing and tingling their Bells, and howling like so many real Devils, hho, hho, hho, hho, brrou, rrou, rrou, rrou, hoo, hou, hou, hho,

dæmoniacum est. This Mascarade which generally was performed on New-Years-Day, was, you see, prohibited as impious, but *Villon* gave himself very little concern about that.

(3) *Hic, &c.*] It runs in the Original, thus;

*Hic est de patria, natus de gente ** Belistra,
Qui solet antiquo bribas portare bisacco.*

* A beggarly Scrub

(4) *To the Fatherly Father.*] In the Original, *à Dieu le Pere.*
hho,

hho, hhoi. Friar *Stephen*, don't we play the Devils rarely? The Filly was soon scar'd out of her seven Senses, and began to start, to sunk it, to squirt it, to trot it, to fart it, to bound it, to gallop it, to kick it, to spurn it, to calcitrate it, to winse it, to frisk it, to leap it, to curvet it, with double Jirks and Bummotions; insomuch that she threw down *Tickletoby*, though he held fast by the Tree of the Pack-Saddle with might and main. Now his Straps and Stirrups were of Cord; and on the right Side, his Sandal was so entangled and twisted, that he could not for the Heart's Blood of him get out his Foot. Thus he was dragg'd about by the Filly through the Road, scratching his bare breech all the Way; she still multiplying her Kicks against him, and straying for fear over Hedge and Ditch; insomuch that she trepan'd his thick Scull so, that his Cockle Brains were dash'd out near the *Osanna* or *High-Crofs*. Then his Arms fell to Pieces, one this Way, and t'other that Way, even so were his Legs serv'd at the same Time: Then she made a bloody Havock with his Puddings, and being got to the Convent, brought back only his right Foot and twisted Sandal, leaving them to guess what was become of the rest.

Villon seeing that things had succeeded as he intended, said to his Devils, you will act rarely, Gentlemen Devils, you will act rarely; I dare engage you will top your Parts. I defy the Devils of *Saumur*, *Douay*, *Montmorillon*, *Langez*, *St. Espain*, *Angers*; nay, by Gad, even those of *Poitiers*, for all their bragging and vapouring, to match you.

Thus, Friends, said *Basché*, I foresee, that hereafter you will act rarely this Tragical Farce, since the very first Time you have so skilfully hamper'd, bethwack'd, belamm'd, and bebump'd the Catchpole. From this Day I double your Wages. As for you, my dear (said he to his Lady) make your Gratifications as you please; you are my Treasurer, you know. For my part, first and foremost, I drink to you all. Come on, box it about, 'tis good and cool. In the second Place, you, Mr. Steward, take this Silver Bason, I give it you freely. Then, you, my Gentleman of the Horse, take these two Silver gilt Cups, and let not the Pages be

Horse-

Horse-whip'd these three Months. My dear, let them have my best white Plumes of Feathers with the Gold Buckles to them. Sir *Oudart*, this Silver Flaggon falls to your Share; This other I give to the Cooks. To the *Valets de Chambre*, I give this Silver Basket; to the Grooms this Silver gilt Boat; to the Porter these two Plates: To the Hostlers these ten Porringers, *Trudon*, take you these Silver Spoons and this Sugar-Box. You Footman, take this large Salt. Serve me well, and I'll remember you. For on the Word of a Gentleman, I had rather bear in War one hundred Blows on my Helmet in the Service of my Country, than be once cited by these knavish Catchpoles, merely to humour this same gorbelly'd Prior.

C H A P. XIV.

A further Account of Catchpoles who were drub'd at Basché's House.

FOUR Days after, another, young, long-shank'd raw-bon'd Catchpole coming to serve *Basché* with a Writ at the fat Prior's Request, was no sooner at the Gate, but the Porter smelt him out, and rung the Bell; at whose second pull, all the Family understood the Mystery. *Loire* was kneading his Dough, his Wife was sifting Meal; *Oudart* was toping in his Office; the Gentlemen were playing at Tennis; the Lord *Basché* at In and Out with my Lady; the Waiting-men and Gentle-women at Push-Pin: The Officers at Lanterlue, and the Pages at Hotcockles, giving one another smart Bangs. They were all immediatly informed that a Catchpole was hous'd.

Upon this, *Oudart* put on his Sacerdotal, and *Loire* and his Wife their nuptial Badges. *Trudon* Pip'd it, and then Taber'd it like mad: all made haste to get ready, not forgetting the Gauntlets. *Basché* went into the outward Yard; there the Catchpole meeting him fell on his Marrow-bones, begg'd of him not to take it ill,

if

if he serv'd him with a Writ at the Suit of the fat Prior ; and in a pathetick Speech, let him know that he was a publick Person, a Servant to the Monking Tribe Apparitor to the *Abbatial* Mitre, ready to do as much for him, nay, for the least of his Servants, whensoever he would imploy and use him.

Nay, truly, said the Lord, you shall not serve your Writ till you have tasted some of my good *Quinquenays* Wine, and been a Witness to a Wedding which we are to have this very Minute. Let him drink and refresh himself, added he, turning towards the *Levitical* Butler, and then bring him into the Hall. After which, Catchpole, well stuffed and moisten'd, came with *Oudart* to the Place where all the Actors in the Farce stood ready to begin. The Sight of their Game set them a Laughing, and the Messenger of Mischief grinn'd also for Company's sake. Then the (1) mysterious Words were mutter'd to and by the Couple, their Hands joined, the Bride bus'd, and all besprinkled with Holy Water. While they were bringing Wine and Kickshaws, thumps began to trot about by dozens. The Catchpole gave the *Levite* several Blows. *Oudart* who had his Gauntlet hid under his canonical Shirt, draws it on like a Mittin, and then with his clench'd Fist, souce he fell on the Catchpole, and maul'd him like a Devil ; the junior Gauntlets dropt on him likewise like so many battering Rams. Remember the Wedding by this, by that, by these Blows, said they. In short they stroak'd him so to the Purpose that he pist Blood out at Mouth, Nose, Ears, and Eyes, and was bruised, thwackt, batter'd, bebump'd, and crippled at the Back, Neck, Breast, Arms, and so forth. Never did the Batchelors at *Avignon* in carnival Time play more melodiously at *Raphe*, than was then play'd on the Catchpole's Microcosm : At last down he fell.

They threw a great deal of Wine on his Snout, tied round the Sleeve of his Doublet, a fine yellow and green Favour, and got him upon his snotty Beast, and God knows how he got to *l'Isle Bouchart*, where I cannot truly tell you whether he was dress'd and look'd after

(1) *Mysterious Words.*] Sacramental Words,

or no, both by his Spouse and the able Doctors of the Country, for the Thing never came to my Ears.

The next Day they had a third Part to the same Tune, because it did not appear by the lean Catchpole's Bag, that he had served his Writ. So the fat Prior sent a new Catchpole at the Head of a Brace of Bums for his *Guard du Corps* to summon my Lord. The Porter ringing the Bell, the whole Family was overjoy'd, knowing that it was another Rogue. *Basché* was at Dinner with his Lady and the Gentlemen, so he sent for the Catchpole; made him sit by him, and the Bums by the Women, and made them eat till their Bellies cracked with their Breeches unbutton'd. The Fruit being serv'd, the Catchpole arose from Table, and before the Bums cited *Basché*, *Basché* kindly ask'd him for a Copy of the Warrant, which the other had got ready: He then takes Witness and a Copy of the Summons. To the Catchpole and his Bums he order'd four Ducats for Civility Money. In the meantime all were withdrawn for the Farce. So *Trudon* gave the Alarm with his Tabor. *Basché* desir'd the Catchpole to stay and see one of his Servants married, and witness the Contract of Marriage, paying him his Fee. The Catchpole slapdash was ready, took out his Ink-horn, got Paper immediately, and his Bums by him.

Then *Loire* came into the Hall at one Door, and his Wife with the Gentlewomen at another in Nuptial Accoutrements. *Oudart*, in *Pontificalibus*, takes them both by the Hands, asked them their Will; giveth them the matrimonial Blessing, and was very liberal of Holy Water. The Contract written, sign'd, and register'd, on one side was brought Wine and Comfits; on the other, white and orange-tauny-colour'd Favours were distributed; on another, Gauntlets privately handed about.

C H A P. XV.

*How the ancient Custom at Nuptials is renewed
by the Catchpole.*

THE Catchpole having made shift to get down a swindling Streaker of Briton Wine, said to *Basché*, pray, Sir, what do you mean? You do not give one another the Momento of the Wedding. By St. *Joseph's* wooden Shoe all good Customs are forgot. We find the Form, but the Hare's scamper'd; and the Nest, but the Birds are flown. There are no true Friends now-a-days, you see how in several Churches the ancient laudable Custom of Tippling on account of the (1) blessed Saints O O at *Christmas* is come to nothing. The World is in its Dotage, and Dooms-day is certainly coming all so fast. Now come on; the Wedding, the Wedding, the Wedding, remember it by this. This he said, striking *Basché* and his Lady, then her Women and the *Lewite*. Then the Tabor beat a Point of War, and the Gauntlets

(1) *Blessed Saints O O at Christmas.*] It was formerly a Custom throughout *France*, and is still in some Parts of it, to make, in the Parish Church about seven o'Clock in the Evening for the nine Days next before *Christmas* Day certain Prayers or Anthems call'd, *The Christmas O O's*, because in the Books which prescribe these Anthems they begin with O O, as *O Sapientia*, *O Adonai*, *O Radix*, &c. To him that was last married in the Parish, especially if he be one in good Circumstances, is carried a very large O, represented in burnish'd Gold on a large Piece of very thick Parchment, with several Ornaments of Gold or other fine Colours. This O was every Evening of the nine Days put on the Top of the *Lettrin*, *Reading-Desk*, I suppose; same as *Lutrin*: I won't be positive though, (because all my Dictionaries are silent in the Case, and I have no Time to consult Friends, nor have had since I began this Work) well, be the *Lettrin* what it will, there staid the O all the Time that the Anthem was singing. The Person to whom the O had been sent, was wont, in return, to make a Present of a Piece of Money to the Curate, who, on his Part, spent some of it in regaling his Friends. After the Holidays, the O was carried back to the new-married Man, who set it up in the most honourable Place of his House. It was this ancient Custom the Catchpole laments the Loss of, because most commonly he had a Share in the Booty, either from the Curate or the married Man.

began

began to do their Duty, insomuch that the Catchpole had his Crown crack'd in no less than nine Places. One of the Bums had his right Arm put out of joint, and the other his upper Jaw-Bone or Mandibule dislocated; so that it hid half his Chin, with a Denudation of the *Uvula*, and sad Loss of the molar, masticatory and canine Teeth. Then the Tabor beat a Retreat; the Gauntlets were carefully hid in a Trice, and sweet-Meats afresh distributed to renew the Mirth of the Company. So they all drank to one another, and especially to the Catchpole and his Bums. But *Oudart* curs'd and damn'd the Wedding to the Pit of Hell, complaining that one of the Bums had utterly discomfited his nether Shoulder-blade. Nevertheless he scorn'd to be thought a Flincher, and made shift to tope to him on the Square.

The jawless Bum shrug'd up his Shoulders, join'd his Hands, and by Signs begg'd his Pardon; for speak he could not. The sham Bridegroom made his Moan, that the crippled Bum had struck him such a horrid Thump with his Shoulder-of-Mutton-Fist on the nether Elbow, that he was grown quite esperruquanchuzelubelouzeriliced down to his very Heel, to the no small Loss of Mistress Bride.

But what harm had poor I done (cried *Trudon* hiding his left Eye with his Kerchief, and shewing his Tabor crack'd on one side) they were not satisfied with thus poaching, black and bluing, an morambozevezengouzequoquemorgasacbaquevezine---maffreliding my poor Eyes, but they have also broke my harmless Drum. Drums indeed are commonly beaten at Weddings, (and 'tis fit they should) but Drummers are well entertain'd, and never beaten. Now let *Belzebub* e'en take the Drum to make his Devilish (2) a Night-Cap. Brother, said the lame Catchpole, never fret thyself, I will make thee a Present of a fine, large, old Patent which I have here in my Bag to patch up thy Drum, and for Madam St. *Ann's* sake I pray thee forgive us. By'r Lady of *Riviere*, the blessed Dame, I meant no more harm than the Child unborn.

(2) *A Night-Cap.*] Either Top or Bottom was beat out.

One of the Querries, who hopping and halting like a mumping Cripple, mimick'd the good limping Lord *de* (3) *la Roche Posay*, directed his Discourse to the Bum with the pouting Jaw, and told him, what, Mr. *Manbound*, was it not enough thus to have morcrocastebezafteverestegrigeligoscopapopondrillated us all in our upper Members with your botch'd Mittens, but you must also apply such morderegrippiatabirofreluchamburelurecaquelurintimpaniments on our Shin-bones with the hard Tops and Extremities of your cobbl'd Shoes? Do you call this Childrens play? By the *Mafs*, 'tis no Jest. The Bum wringing his Hands, seem'd to beg his Pardon, muttering with his Tongue, mon, mon, mon, vrelon, von, von, like a dumb Man. The Bride crying, laught, and laughing cried, because the Catchpole was not satisfied with drubbing her without Choice or Distinction of Members, but had also rudely rous'd and tous'd her; pull'd off her Topping, and not having the Fear of her Husband before his Eyes, treacherously trepignemanpenillorfrizonoufresturfumbledtumbled and squees'd her lower Parts. The Devil go with it said *Basche*, there was much need indeed that this same (4) Master King (this was the Catchpole's Name) should this break my Wives Back: However I forgive him now: these are little nuptial Careffes. But this I plainly perceive, that he (5) cited me like an Angel, and drubb'd me like a Devil. He hath something in him of Friar *Thumpwell*. Come, for all this I must drink to him, and to you likewise his trusty Esquires. But said his Lady, why hath he been so very liberal of his manual Kindness to

(3) *La Roche Posay*.] See his Story, and how he came to have his Leg shatter'd by a Musket-ball, &c. in *Du Chat*.

(4) *Master King*.] In ch. 5. of l. 3. of *Fœnesté*, the Serjeant of *Doué*, who came to serve a Writ on *la Roche-Boufféau* is likewise nam'd Monsieur *le Roy* (Mr. King): either because all of that Profession execute their Commission in the King's Name, and because, as is said before, he that strikes one of them had as good strike the King, or perhaps because this Man being a Cleric, his Habit was of a tawny dun Colour, like the King's.

(5) *Cited me like an Angel, and drubb'd me like a Devil*.] They call *Angels of the Court* the Ushers and Serjeants. To *Drub*, *Dauber*, from *dealapare*, is properly what that Angel of Satan did, who buffetted St. Paul.

me without the least Provocation? I assure you, I by no Means like it; but this I dare say for him, that he hath the hardest Knuckles that ever I felt on my Shoulders. The Steward held his left Arm in a Scarf, as if it had been rent and torn in twain: I think it was the Devil, said he, that mov'd me to assist at these Nuptials; shame on ill luck, I must needs be meddling, with a Pox, and now see what I have got by the Bargain, both my Arms are wretchedly engoulevezinematid and bruis'd. Do you call this a Wedding? By St. *Briget's* Tooth, I had rather be at that of a *Tom-T—d Man*; this is o' my Word e'en just such another Feast as was that of the *Lapithæ*, describ'd by the (6) Philosopher of *Samosate*. One of the Bums had lost his Tongue. The two other, though they had more need to complain, made their excuse as well as they could, protesting that they had no ill Design in this Dumbfounding; begging that for goodness sake they would forgive them, and so tho' they could hardly budge a Foot, or wag along, away they crawl'd. About a Mile from *Basché's* Seat, the Catchpole found himself somewhat out of sorts. The Bums got to *P' Isle Bouchard*, publicly saying, That since they were born, they had never seen an honest Gentleman than the Lord of *Basché*, or civiller People than his, and that they had never been at the like Wedding (which I verily believe) but that it was their own Faults if they had been tickled off and tois'd about from Post to Pillar, since themselves had began the beating. So they liv'd I can't exactly tell you how many Days after this. But from that time to this it was held for a certain Truth, That *Basché's* Money was more pestilential, mortal and pernicious to the Catchpoles and Bums, than were formerly the *Aurum Tholosanum*, and the *Sejan* Horse to those that possessed them. Ever since this, he lived quietly, and *Basché's* Wedding grew into a common Proverb.

(6) Philosopher.] *Lucian*, in his *Lapithæ*.

CHAP. XVI.

*How Friar John made Trial of the Nature
of the Catchpoles.*

THIS Story would seem pleasant enough, said *Pantagruel*, were we not to have always the Fear of God before our Eyes. It had been better, said *Epistemon*, if those Gaunlets had fallen upon the fat Prior. Since he took a Pleasure in spending his Money partly to vex *Basché*, partly to see those Catchpoles bang'd, good lusty Thumps would have done well on his shav'd Crown, considering the horrid Concussions now-a-days among those puny Judges. What harm had done those poor Devils the Catchpoles? This puts me in mind, said *Pantagruel*, of an ancient Roman named (1) *L. Neratius*; he was of noble Blood, and for some time was rich; but had this tyrannical Inclination, that whenever he went out of Doors, he caused his Servants to fill their Pockets with Gold and Silver, and meeting in the Street your spruce Gallants and better Sort of Beaux, without the least Provocation, for his Fancy, he us'd to strike them hard on the Face with his Fist, and immediately after that, to appease them and hinder them from complaining to the Magistrates, he would give them as much Money as satisfied them according to the Law of the twelve Tables. Thus he us'd to spend his Revenue, beating People for the Price of his Money. By *St. Bennet's* sacred Boot, quoth Friar *John*, I will know the Truth of it presently.

They said, he went on shore, put his Hand in his Fob, and took out twenty Ducats, then said with a loud Voice in the Hearing of a Shoal of the Nation of Catchpoles, who will earn twenty Ducats, for being beaten like the Devil? Io, Io, Io, said they all; you will cripple us for ever, Sir, that's most certain, but the Money is tempting. With this they were all thronging

(1) *L. Neratius.*] See *Aulus Gellius*, l. 20. c. 1.

who should be first, to be thus preciously beaten. Friar *John* singled him out of the whole Knot of these Rogues in grain, a red-Snout Catchpole, who upon his right Thumb wore a thick broad Silver Hoop, wherein was set a good large Toad-stone. He had no sooner pick'd him out from the rest, but I perceiv'd that they all mutter'd and grumbled, and I heard a young thin-jaw'd Catchpole, a notable Scholar, a pretty Fellow at his Pen, and, according to publick Report, much cried up for his Honesty at (2) *Doctors-Commons*, making his Complaint, and Muttering; because this same crimson Phyz carried away all the Practice, and that if there were but a Score and a Half of Bastinadoes to be got, he would certainly run away with eight and twenty of them. But all this was look'd upon to be nothing but mere Envy.

Friar *John* so unmercifully thrash'd, thump'd and belabour'd Red-Snout, Back and Belly, Sides, Legs and Arms, Head, Feet, and so forth, with the home and frequently repeated application of one of the best Members of a Faggot, that I took him to be a dead Man; then he gave him the twenty Ducats; which made the Dog get on his Legs, pleas'd like a little King, or two. The rest were saying to Friar *John*, Sir, Sir, Brother Devil, if it please you to do us the Favour to beat some of us for less Money, we are all at your Devilship's Command, Bags, Papers, Pens and all. Red-Snout cried out against them, saying with a loud Voice: Body of me, you little Prigs, will you offer to take the Bread out of my Mouth? Will you take my Bargain over my Head? Would you draw and inveigle from me my Clients and Customers? Take notice, I summon you before the Official this Day seven-night; I will Law and Claw you like any old Devil, that I will.——Then turning himself towards Friar *John*, with a smiling and joyful Look, he said to him, Reverend Father in the Devil, if you have found me a good Hide, and have a Mind to divert your self once more, by beating your humble Servant, I will bate you half in half this Time,

(2) *Doctors-Commons.*] In the Ecclesiastical Court: *En-Court d'Ecclise*: The old Way of spelling *Eglise* (Church.)

rather than lose your Custom ; do not spare me I beseech you ; I am all, and more than all yours, good Mr. Devil, Head, Lungs, Tripes, Guts and Garbage, and that at a Pennyworth I'll assure you. Friar *John* ne'er heeded his Proffers, but e'en left them. The other Catchpoles were making Addresses to *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, *Gymnast*, and others, entreating them charitably to bestow upon their Carcasses a small Beating, for otherwise they were in danger of keeping a long Fast : but none of them had a Stomach to it. Sometimes after, seeking fresh Water for the Ship's Company, we met a Couple of old Female Catchpoles of the Place, miserably howling and weeping in Consort. *Pantagruel* had kept on Board, and already had caus'd a Retreat to be sounded. Thinking they might be related to the Catchpole that was bastinado'd. We ask'd them the Occasion of their Grief. They replied, That they had too much Cause to weep, for that very Hour from an exalted Triple Tree, two of the honestest Gentlemen in *Catchpoleland* had been made to cut a Caper on nothing. Cut a Caper on nothing, said *Gymnast* ? my Pages use to cut Capers on the Ground ; to cut a Caper on nothing, should be hanging and choaking, or I am out. Ay, ay, said Friar *John*, you speak of it like (3) *St. John de la Palisse*.

We ask'd them why they treated those worthy Persons with such a choaking Hempen Sallad ; they told us they had only borrow'd, *alias* stolen (4) the Tools of the Mass, and hid them under (5) the Handle of the Parish. This is a very allegorical Way of speaking, said *Epistemon*.

(3) *St. John de la Palisse*.] Allusion to the old Fashion of saying, *l'Apocalice* for *Apocalypse*. By a Syncope. See *Froissart*, Vol. 2. cap. 173.

(4) *The Tools of the Mass*.] *Ferremens de la Messe*. A *Poitouin* Expression. The Ornaments, Implements, or Instruments belonging to the Mass.

(5) *Handle of the Parish*.] The Belfrey. Another *Poitouin* Word, used only by the Villagers of *Poitou*, in Way of Metaphor, stupid and coarse as themselves. So *Ferremens* (which strictly means *Iron-tools*, from *Ferrum*) is used for what I have already said, by none but the Clowns of *Poitou*.

CHAP. XVII.

How Pantagruel came to the Island of Tohu and Bohu, and of the strange Death of Widenostrils the Swallowers of Windmills.

THAT Day *Pantagruel* came to the two Islands of *Tohu* and *Bohu*, (1) where the Devil a-bit we could find any Thing to fry with. For one (2) *Wide-nostrils*, a huge Giant, had swallowed every individual Pan, Skillet, Kettle, Frying-pan, Dripping-pan, and Brass and Iron Pot in the Land, for want of Windmills, which were his daily Food. Whence it happen'd, that somewhat before Day, about the Hour of his Digestion, the greedy Churl, was taken very ill with a kind of a Surfeit, or Crudity of Stomach, occasion'd (as the Physicians said) by the Weakness of the concocting Faculty of his Stomach, naturally dispos'd to digest whole Wind-

(1) *Where the Devil a-bit we could find any thing to fry with.*] This is not exact to the French. *Rabelais* uses a Proverbial Phrase; *Ne trouvasmes que frire*, which properly means, *the Devil a Bit found we there to fry*; that is, as *Du Chat* observes, we found neither Fish nor Flesh. He goes on: This is the very *Sacrum sine Fume* of the Ancients, mentioned by *Erasmus* in his *Adages*.]

Thus all the French Dictionaries, *Il n'y a que frire*; *there's nothing to fry*; i. e. *There's nothing to be had, they have not wherewithal*. *Il n'y a plus que frire*. *All is consumed, wasted, spent, gone*. *I have nothing to depend on*, says *Boyer*. *To be special poor*, as we say: And as the Greeks say, *Ἀναπνοὴ θυμιά*, *A Sacrifice without Smoke*, as above. The Dutch call this, *A small Banquet of three Hazel-Nuts*: *Bancketje van drie Hazel-Nooten* (not *Haxen-Nooten*, as in *Sartorius*.) *De nimium tenui convivio, & in quo nihil cocti obsonii apponitur*. *Translatum à pauperulorum sacris, molas, thusculum, lac, aut corollas offerentium, cum Dii illi poetici nidorem illum expectent, una cum fumo subvolantem*. The poor Peoples Offerings of Milk, Meal, Garlands, &c. had no Savour in the Nostrils of the Fabled Gods, who lov'd the Smell of Roast-meat as well as their Priests the Taste.

(2) *Wide-nostrils.*] *Bringuenarilles*. *Nose-flitter*, says *M. Du Chat*, from the German *Brechen*, and *Narilles* for *Nasilles*, after the *Paris* manner of pronouncing that Word. *Cotgrave*, from whom *M. M* takes it, says it means *Wide-nostrils*.

mills at a Gust, yet unable to consume perfectly the Pans and Skillets ; though it had indeed pretty well digested the Kettles and Pots, as they said they knew by the (3) *Hypostases* and *Eneoresmes* of four Tubs of second-hand Drink which he had evacuated at two different Times that Morning. They made use of divers Remedies, according to Art, to give him Ease : But all would not do, the Distemper prevail'd over the Remedies, inso-much that the famous *Widenostrils* dy'd that Morning, of so strange a Death, that, I think, you ought no longer to wonder at that of the Poet *Æschylus*. It had been foretold him by the Sooth-sayers, that he would die on a certain Day, by the Ruin of something that should fall on him ; that fatal Day being come in its Turn, he remov'd himself out of Town, far from all Houses, Trees, Rocks, or any other Things that can fall, and indanger by their Ruin ; and stay'd in a large Field, trusting himself to the open Sky, there very secure, as he thought, unless indeed the Sky should happen to fall, which he held to be impossible. Yet, they say, that the Larks are much afraid of it, for if it should fall, they must all be taken.

The *Celtæ* [*Celtes*] that once liv'd near the *Rhine* (they are our noble valiant *French*) in ancient Times were also afraid of the Sky's falling ; for being ask'd by *Alexander* the Great, what they fear'd most in this World, hoping well they would say that they fear'd none but him, considering his great Atchievements, (5) they made answer, That they fear'd nothing but the Sky's falling ; however, not refusing to enter into a Confederacy with so brave a King : If you believe *Strabo*, Lib. 7. and *Arrian*, Lib. 1.

(3) *Hypostases*.] A Residence in Urine flitting towards the bottom thereof. *Cotgr.*

(4) *Eneoresmes*.] So 'tis printed in both Editions of the *English*. *Cotgrave* says *Encoremes*, the Signs of Urine, especially those that swim on the Top thereof. I don't think there's any such Word as *Encoremes*, for all what *Cotgrave*, or any body else says. *Rabelais* has it *Encoremes*, which I take to be derived from the *Greek* *Εν* in, *Νέω*, *No*, *Nato*, *To swim* ; and *Οὔρον*, *Urina*.

(5) *They made answer*.] See *Arrian*, l. 1. of his History.

Plutarch also, in his Book of the Face that appears on the Body of the Moon, speaks of one (6) *Phenaces*, who very much fear'd the Moon should fall on Earth, and pitied those that live under that Planet, as the *Æthiopians* and *Taprobanians*, if so heavy a Mass ever happened to fall on them; and would have fear'd the like of Heaven and Earth, had they not been duly prop'd up and born by the (7) *Atlantic Pillars*, as the Ancients believed, according to *Aristotle's* Testimony, *Lib. 5. Metaphys.* Notwithstanding all this, poor *Æschylus* was kill'd by the Fall of the Shell of a Tortoise, which falling from betwixt the Claws of an Eagle high in the Air, just on his Head, dash'd out his Brains.

Neither ought you to wonder at the Death of another Poet, I mean, old jolly *Anacreon*, who was choak'd with a Grape-stone; nor at that of *Fabius* the Roman Prætor, who was smothered [choak'd] with a single Goat's Hair as he was (8) supping up a Porringer of Milk. Nor at the Death of that bashful Fool who by holding in his Wind, and for want of letting out a Bum-gunshot, died suddenly in the Presence of the Emperor *Claudius*. Nor at that of the *Italian* buried on the *Via Flaminia* at *Rome*, who, (9) in his Epitaph, com-

(6) *Phenaces.*] *Rabelais*, for all what he says, did not take this out of *Plutarch*, who has it *Pharnaces*; at least the best *Greek* Editions have it so: He took it from that Adage of *Erasmus* which is intitled, *Quid si cælum ruat?* Where it is *Phenaces* in *Frobenius's* Editions.

(7) *Atlantic Pillars.*] *Colomnes de Atlas*, in *Rabelais*.

(8) *Supping up, &c.*] Thus far these Examples are taken out of *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 7.

(9) *In his Epitaph, &c.*] It is to be seen in the Church of the Monks of *St. Austin*; and *Francis Schottus*, a Senator of *Antwerp*, gives it in these Words in his *Travels over Italy*.

*Hospes, discenovum mortis genus, improba felis
Dum trahitur, digitum mordet, & intereo.*

Hear a new kind of Death, ye Goers-by;
A Cat my Finger bit, and lo! I die.

Some Historians have it *Dum teneo*, instead of *Dum trahitur*. 'Tis all one.

plains

plains that the (10) Bite of a she Puss on his Little Finger was the Cause of his Death. Nor of that of *Lecanius Bassus*, who died suddenly of so small a prick with a Needle on his Left Thumb, that it could hardly be discern'd. Nor of *Quenelault*, a Norman Physician, who dy'd suddenly at *Montpellier*, merely for having Side-ways took a Worm out of his Hand with a Penknife. Nor of (11) *Philomenes*, whose Servant having got him some new Figs for the first Course of his Dinner, whilst he went to fetch Wine, a straggling well-hung Ass got into the House, and seeing the Figs on the Table, without further Invitation, soberly fell to: *Philomenes* coming into the Room, and nicely observing with what Gravity the Ass eat its Dinner, said to his Man, who was come back, Since thou hast set Figs here for this reverend Guest of ours to eat, me-

(10) *Bite, &c.*] *Fût mort par estre mords d'une chatte, &c.* Instead of *Mordu* (Bit) in *Rabelais's* Time they used to say *Mords*; and *H. Stephens*, pag. 144. of his *Dialogues du nouveau-lang. Fran. Italianise*, insists upon it, that, according to Analogy, that Way of speaking was right, and ought to be continued. And indeed, for Proof that they did not in those Days say *mordu* but *mords*, I shall transcribe honest *Clem. Marot's* Epigram, intitul'd, *Epousée farouche*:

*L'epousé la premiere nuit
Asséuroit sa femme farouche :
Mordex-moi, dit-il, s'il vous cuit,
Voila mon doigt en vostre bouche.
Elle y consent, il s'ercarmouche,
Et après qu' il l'eust desbousée,
Or ça, dit-il, tendre rosée,
Vous-ay-je fait du mal ains !
Adonc, respondit l'epousée,
Jene vous ay pas mords aussi.*

One, married to a Country-Flirt
Full Skittish, said the Youth,
*Bite me, my Dear, if you I hurt ;
My Finger's in your Mouth.*

When all was o'er, he ask'd his Bride,
If any Thing did sting her ?
She, by a Question too, reply'd,
And did I bite your Finger ?

(11) *Philomenes.*] See *Valerius Maximus* and *Lucian*.

thinks it is but Reason thou also give him some of this Wine to drink. He had no sooner said this, but he was so excessively pleased, and fell into so exorbitant a Fit of Laughter, that the use of his Spleen took that of his Breath utterly away, and he immediately dy'd. Nor of (12) *Spurius Saufei*us, who dy'd supping up a soft boyl'd Egg as he came out of a Bath. Nor of him who, as *Boccace* tells us, dy'd suddenly by picking his Grinders with a (13) Sage-stalk. Nor of *Philipot Placut*, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old Debt; which causes, perhaps, many not to pay theirs, for fear of the like Accident. Nor of the Painter (14) *Zeuxis*, who kill'd himself with laughing at the Sight of the antick Jobbernot [Phyz] of an old Hag drawn by him. Nor, in short, of a Thousand more of which Authors write; as *Verrius*, *Pliny*, *Valerius*, *J. Baptista*, *Fulgosius*, and (15) *Baccabery* the Elder. In short, Gaffer *Widenoftrils* choak'd himself with eating a huge Lump of fresh Butter at the Mouth of a hot Oven, by the Advice of Physicians.

They likewise told us there, that the King of *Cullan* in *Bobu* had routed the Grandees of King of *Mecloth*, and made sad Work with the Fortresses of *Belima*.

After this, we sail'd by the Islands of (16) *Nargues* and *Zargues*; also by the Islands of (17) *Teleniabin* and

(12) *Spurius Saufei*us.] *Rabelais* might as well have call'd him by his right Name, *Appius Saufei*us, as *Pliny* does, l. 7. c. 53. but having a mind to bamboozle his Readers, and lead 'em a Wildgoose-Chase, he chuses to err with *Fulgosius*, who gives this *Saufei*us the Prænomen of *Spurius*, l. 9. c. 12.

(13) *Sage-stalk*.] A huge Toad had just before cast its Venom upon it.

(14) *Zeuxis*.] See *Verrius Flaccus*, *Cælius Rhodiginus*, &c.

(15) *Bacabery the Elder*.] Mr. *du Chat* declares he does not well know who this means. There are two *Bac ou-barys* on the River *Oise*. Perhaps the Person who relates this comical Death of *Philipot Placut* was born at one of them; as Writers often assume the Name of the Place of their Birth.

(16) *Nargues*.] A vulgar Word for expressing *A Fig for one*; by snapping the Middle Finger against the Thumb.

(17) *Teleniabin*.] Or *Tereniabin*, an *Arabian* Word, says the old *Dutch* Scholiast, signifying Liquid Manna; and on account of its being heretofore used to make Clysters, by first dissolving it, the Author,

and (18) *Geneliabin*, very fine and fruitful in Ingredients for Clysters; and then by the Islands of (19) *Enig* and *Ewig*, on whose Account formerly the Landgrave of *Hesse* was swindg'd off with a Vengeance.

thor, according to his Custom, makes an Island of it, very productive of Ingredients for Clysters.

(18) *Geleniabin*.] Or *Gelenabin*, according to the same Dutch Scholiast, another Arabian Word, signifying *Mel rosatum*, with which they often made Clysters; and therefore *Rabelais* creates an Island out of it, very fruitful in Ingredients for Clysters.

(19) *Enig* and *Ewig*.] *Cotgrave* would make us believe *Enig* and *Ewig* in the German Tongue are two Prepositions, and signify *With* and *Without*: So likewise the Dutch Scholiast, and, after him Mr. M—x, in his Notes on this Chapter. They are indeed German Words, but neither of 'em Propositions, nor mean any such Thing as *With* and *Without*. *Enig* is a Pronoun, and signifies *Any* (and I'm apt to think our *Any* come from *Enig*.) As for *Ewig*, it is an Adjective, and signifies *Everlasting*; (perhaps too from *Ewig* we have our Word *Ewer*.) However this Matter stands, the Case *Rebelais* refers to was this. One Clause of the Treaty between *Charles V.* and the Landgrave of *Hesse*, was, That the latter should remain in the Court of the former among his Retinue *ohne einige gefangnus*, *without* any Confinement; as much as to say, It was by no means as a Prisoner that the Landgrave should be obliged to abide a certain Time about the Emperor, but purely and only that the Conqueror might be sure the Conquered would undertake nothing to the Prejudice of the Treaty. Instead of the Word *einige*, *any*, which joined with the Particle *ohne*, *without*, manifestly means *without any*; the Emperor had got the Word *ewige*, *perpetual*, slipped into the Act. So that the Landgrave, who reckon'd upon being oblig'd to follow the Emperor no longer than till the Agreement made between them was fully executed, was fill'd with Surprise when he was given to understand, that by Virtue of the Word *ewige*, foisted into the Place *einige*, he had made and own'd himself the Emperor's Prisoner for as many Years as it should please that Monarch to have him continue so. This is the foul Play which *Rabelais* calls the *estafilade*, or being swindg'd off as it were with *Leather-straps*; for that's the proper Meaning of *Estafilade*.

C H A P. XVIII.

How Pantagruel met with a great Storm at Sea.

TH E next Day we espied (1) nine Sail that came spooning before the Wind ; they were full of *Dominicans, Jesuits, Capuchins, Hermits, Austins, Bernardins, Celestins, Theatins, Egnatins, (2) Amadeans, Cordeliers, Carmelites, Minims, (3)* and the Devil and all of other holy Monks and Friars, who were going to the Council of *Chesil*, to sift and garble some Articles of Faith against the new Hereticks ; *Panurge* was overjoy'd to see them, being most certain of good Luck for that Day, and a long Train of others. So having courteously saluted the goodly (blessed) Fathers, and recommended the Salvation of his precious Soul to their devout Prayers and private Ejaculations, he caus'd Seventy-eight Dozen of *Westphalia* Hams, Units of Pots of Caviar, Tens of *Bolonia* Sauzages, Hundreds of *Bortargoes*, and Thousands of fine Angels, for the Souls of the Dead to be thrown on board their Ships. *Pantagruel* seem'd metagraboliz'd, dozing, out of sorts, and as melancholick as a Cat : Friar *John*, who soon perceiv'd it, was enquiring of him whence should come this unusual Sadness ? When the Master, whose Watch it was, observing the fluttering of the Ancient above the Poop, and seeing that it began to overcast, judg'd

(1) *Nine Sail.*] *M. du Chat* says, and it is manifest by the next Chapter, that there was but one Sail, which *Rabelais* calls *une Orque*. An *Orque* is properly a Sea-fish, Enemy to the Whale, of a prodigious, and indeed, monstrous Size, and almost round, known in *Saintonge* by the Name of *Epaulart* : From the largeness of this Fish, perhaps it comes about that the biggest Sort of Ships designed for the Ocean are called *Orques*.

(2) *Amadeans.*] *Augustin* Monks, founded at *Ripaille* by *Amadeus* Duke of *Savoy*, 1448. after he had renounc'd the Papacy in Favour of *Nicholas V.* They are a Branch of the *Franciscans*.

(3) *And the Devil and all of other holy Monks and Friars.* *Rabelais* only says, *Et aultres SS. Religieux* ; i. e. and other holy Monks and Friars.

that

that we should have (4) Wind, therefore he bid the Boatswain call Hands upon Deck, Officers, Sailers, Fore-mast Men, Swabbers, and Cabbin Boys, and even the Passengers; made them first settle their Top-sails, take in their Spreet-sail, then he cry'd, in with your Top sails, lower the Fore-sail, Tallow under the Parrels, brade up close all them Sails, strike your Top-Masts to the Cap, make all sure with your Sheeps-feet, lash your Guns fast. All this was nimbly done. Immediately it blow'd a Storm, the Sea began to roar, and swell-Mountain high: The Rut of the Sea was great, the Waves breaking upon our Ship's Quarter; the North-West-Wind bluster'd and overblow'd; boisterous Gusts; dreadful Clashings and deadly Scuds of Wind whistled thro' our Yards, and made our Shrouds rattle again. The Thunder grumbled so horridly, that you would have thought Heaven had been tumbling about our Ears; at the same Time it lighten'd, rain'd, hail'd; the Sky lost its transparent Hue, grew dusky, thick and gloomy, so that we had no other Light than that of the Flashes of Lightning and rending of the Clouds: The Hurricanes, Flaws and sudden Whirl-winds began to make a Flame about us by the Lightnings, fiery Vapours, and other aerial Ejaculations. Oh how our Looks were full of Amazement and Trouble, while the saucy Winds did rudely lift up above us the mountainous Waves of the Main. Believe me, it seem'd to us a lively Image of the Chaos, where

(4) *Wind.*] Rather an exceeding rough and sudden Storm: For that's the Meaning of *Rabelais's Tyrannique grain and fortunal*, &c. The last Word is from the *Italian Fortunale* a Hurricane, as we call it. The first, *viz. Grain*, a Term used by the Mariners of *Normandy*, for a Sort of a Whirlwind which stops the Ship on a sudden, and then in an Instant rages so violently, that it is a Miracle if the Vessel escapes being turn'd Keel upwards. These stormy Gusts are always mix'd with Rain, but seldom continue above a Quarter of an Hour. The Mariners see them coming at a Distance, and accordingly prepare for them by taking in, lowering or furling all the Sails, or carrying as little as possible. During the Storm, the Sea is extremely turbulent, and appears all in a Flame. It often happens these *Grains* return several Times in one and the same Day, so that the Ship's Crew always keep a sharp Look-out; a dead Calm generally follows this raging Storm, and that in a few Minutes.

Fire, Air, Sea, Land, and all the Elements were in a refractory Confusion. Poor *Panurge*, having, with the full Contents of the Inside of his Doublet, penitently fed the Fish, greedy enough of such odious Fare, sat on the Deck all in a Heap, with his Nose and Arse together, most sadly cast down, moping and half dead; invoc'd and call'd to his Assistance all the Blessed he and the Saints he could muster up, swore and vow'd to confess in Time and Place convenient, and then bawl'd out frightfully, Steward, *Maître d'Hôtel*, see hoe, (5) my Friend, my Father, my Uncle, prythee let's have a Piece of powder'd Beef or Pork, (6) we shall drink but too much anon, for ought I see. Eat little and drink the more will hereafter be my Motto, I fear. Would to our dear Lord and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred Lady, I were now, I say, this very Minute of an Hour, well on Shore on *Terra firma*, hale and easy. O twice and thrice happy those that plant Cabbages! O Destinies, why did you not *Spin* me for a Cabbage-Planter? O how few are they to whom *Jupiter* hath been so favourable as to predestinate them to plant Cabbage! They have always one Foot on the Ground, and the other not far from it. Dispute who will of Felicity, and *summum bonum*, for my part, whosoever plants Cabbage, is now by my Decree proclaim'd most happy; for as good a Reason as the Philosopher (7) *Pyrrho* being in the same Danger, and seeing a Hog near the Shore eating some scatter'd Oats, declar'd it happy in two respects, first, because it had Plenty of Oats, and

(5) *My Friend, &c.*] *Panurge* considers this Steward as his All, because he was now the only Person could do him any Service, by giving him his Fill of Victuals, before an unlucky Wave should have carried off both the One and the Other.

(6) *We shall drink but too much anon.*] A certain notable old Tofspot, being in the same Circumstances *Panurge* is now in, had, before, the same Thought: *Quidam*, says *Babelius* in his merry Tales, *or-tâ tempestate in mari, cœpit avidissime comedere carnes salitas, dicens bodiè plus se habiturum ad bibendum quam nunquam antea.*

(7) *Pyrrho.*] I know not where *Rabelais* picked up what he makes *Pyrrho* say here, but *Plutarch* makes that Philosopher reason quite otherwise, and like a true Stoick, who once in the Height of a Tempest shewed no more concern than a Pig that was just by him gobbling up the Oats that had been thrown him.

besides

besides that was on Shore. Hah, for a divine and princely Habitation, commend me to the Cows Floor.

Murther! This Wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour! O my Friends! A little Vinegar. I sweat again with mere Agony. Alas, the Misen Sail's split, the Gallery's wash'd away, the Masts are sprung, the Main-Top-Mast-Head dives into the Sea; the Keel is up to the Sun; our Shrouds are almost all broke, and blown away. Alas! Alas! Where is our main Course? (8) *Alis verlooren by Godt*, our Top-Mast is run adrift. Alas! Who shall have this Wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these Whales. Your Lanthorn is fallen, my Lads. Alas! Don't let go the main Tack nor the Bowlin. I hear the Block crack, is it broke? for the Lord's sake, let us save the Hull, and let all the Rigging be damn'd. Be be be bous, bous, bous. Look to the Needle of your Compass, I beseech you, good Sir *Astrophil*, and tell us if you can whence comes this Storm. My Heart's sunk down below my Midriff. By my troth I am in a sad Fright; bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, I am lost for ever. I conskite myself for mere Madness and Fear. Bou, bou, bou, bou, Otto to to to to ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bous. I sink, I'm drown'd, I'm gone good People, I'm drown'd.

(8) *Alis verlooren by Godt*.] Low-Dutch; *all is lost by G——d*. It is in the Original *Tout est frelore bigoth*, which means the same Thing. When the *Swissers* were beaten at the Battle of *Marignan* there was a Song for four Voices, set to Musick by the famous *Clement Jannequin*, and reprinted at *Venice*, by *Jer. Scot*, 1550. the Burthen of which was:

*Tout est frelore
La tintelore
Tout est frelore, bigor.*

After the Farce of *Patefin*, which has these Words in it, they became *French*, and the late gay *Mademoiselle de Limueil* sung them as she was dying, *All is lost, by G——d*. A gay Lady indeed! *Bigott* or by *G——d*, is the *St. Picaut* of *Panurge*, l. 3. c. 29. *Peter Larriuey*, Act 2d, last Scene of his Comedy call'd *Morsfondu*, calls him *Saint Picot*: So to save the Oath, they make the Oath itself a Saint: For there's no such Saint as *St. Picault* in reality, nor ever was.

CHAP. XIX.

What Countenances Panurge and Friar John kept during the Storm.

P*Antagrue*l having first implor'd the help of the Great and Almighty Deliverer, and pray'd publicly with fervent Devotion, by the Pilot's advice held tightly the Mast of the Ship. Friar *John* had strip'd himself to his Waistcoat, to help the Seamen. *Epistemon*, *Ponocrates*, and the rest did as much. *Panurge* alone sat on his Breech upon Deck, weeping and howling. Friar *John* espy'd him, going on the Quarter-Deck, and said to him: Odzooks, *Panurge* the Calf, *Panurge* the Whiner, *Panurge* the Brayer, would it not become thee much better to lend us here a helping hand, than to lie lowing like a Cow, as thou dost, sitting on thy Stones like a bald breech'd Baboon? Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, return'd *Panurge*, Friar *John*, my Friend, my good Father, I am drowning, my dear Friend! I drown; I am a dead Man, my dear Father in God, I am a dead Man, my Friend: your cutting Hanger cannot save me from this: Alas! Alas! We are (1) above *Ela*. Above the pitch, out of Tune, and off the Hinges. Be, be, be, bou, bous. Alas we are now above *G sol re ut*. I sink, I sink, hah my Father, my Uncle, my All. The Water is got into my Shoes by the Collar; bous, bous, bous, païsch, hu, hu, he, he, he, ha, ha, I drown. Alas! Alas! Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be be bous, bous, bobous, bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Alas! Alas! Now am I like your Tumblers, my Feet stand higher than my Head: Would to Heaven I were now with those good, holy Fathers bound for the Council, (2) whom he met this Morning,

(1) *Above Ela.*] Allusion from (*Helas*) *Alas*, to *Ela*, a term in Music. *Panurge*'s meaning is that in their present imminent danger of Death, their *Alas*'s would do no good.

(2) *Whom we met this Morning.*] Add, in the Ork, *de dans l'Orque*. This confirms *M. du Chat*'s Assertion that there was but one

Morning, so Godly, so Fat, so Merry, so Plump and Comely. Holos, holos, holas, holas, alas. This Devilish Wave, (*mea culpa Deus*) I mean (3) this Wave of God will Sink our Vessel. Alas, Friar *John*, my Father, my Friend, Confession. Here I am down on my Knees, *Confiteor*; your holy Blessing. Come hither and be damn'd, thou pitiful Devil and help us (said Fryar *John*) who fell a swearing and cursing like a Tinker; in the Name of thirty Legions of black Devils, come, will you come? Don't let us swear at this time, said *Panurge*, Holy Father, my Friend, don't swear I beseech you; To-morrow as much as you please. Holos, holos, alas, our Ship leaks. I drown, alas, alas, I will give eighteen hundred thousand Crowns to any one that will set me on shoar all beray'd, and bedawb'd as I am now, if ever there was a Man in my Country in the like pickle. *Confiteor*, alas! a Word or two of Testament or Codicil at least. A thousand Devils seize the cuckoldy cow-hearted Mungril, cry'd Fryar *John*; Ods Belly, art thou talking here of making thy Will, now we are in danger, and it behoveth us to bestir our stumps lustily, or never. Wilt thou come, ho Devil? Midship-man my Friend, O the rare Lieutenant, here *Gymnast*, here on the Poop. We are by the *Mas*, all beshit now, our Light is out. This is hastening to the Devil as fast as it can—Alas, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas, alas, alas, alas, said *Panurge*, was it here we were born to perish? Oh! hoh! Good People, I drown, I die. *Consummatum est*. I am sped—*Magna, gna, gna*, said Fryar *John*. Fye upon him, how ugly the shitten howler looks.——Boy, Younger, see hoyh.——Mind the Pumps, or the Devil choak thee.——Hast thou hurt thy self? Zoons, here fasten it to one of these Blocks. On this side in the Devil's Name, hay——so my Boy.——Ah Fryar *John*, said *Panurge*, good Ghostly Father, dear Friend, don't let us swear,

one Sail loaded with Monks. See the first Line of the preceding Chapter.

(3) *This Wave of God.*] *Panurge*, who had just uttered a prophane Expression corrects himself in complaisance to a Friend who represents to him the Danger they are all in.

you

you fin. Oh ho, Oh ho, be be be bous, bous, bhous, I sink, I die, my Friends. I die in Charity with all the World. Farewel, *In manus*. Bohous bhous, bhous-fowwauwaus. St. *Michael of Aure!* St. *Nicholas!* now, now or never. I here make you a solemn Vow and to our Saviour, that if you stand by me but this time, I mean if you set me ashoar out of this Danger, I will build you (4) a fine large little Chappel or two between *Cande* and *Monforeau*, where neither Cow nor Calf shall feed. Oh oh, Oh oh. Above eighteen Palefuls or two of it are got down my Gullet, bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how damn'd bitter and salt it is. — By the virtue (said Friar *John*) of the Blood, the Flesh, the Belly, the Head, (5) if I hear thee again howling, thou cuckoldy Cur, I'll maul thee worse than any Sea-Wolf. Ods fish, why don't we take him up by the Lugs, and throw him over board to the bottom of the Sea? Here, Sailor, ho honest fellow. Thus, thus, my Friend, hold fast above. — In truth here is a sad Lightning and Thundering; I think that all the Devils are got-loose, 'tis Holy-day with 'em, or else Madam *Proserpine* is in Child's Labour, all the Devils dance a Morrice.

(4) *A fine large little Chappel or two between Cande and Monforeau.* Panurge would say, a fine large Chappel, or two little ones, but fear had disorderd his senses. What he adds, viz. *Where neither Cow nor Calf shall feed*, alludes to the Proverb:

Entre Cande & Monforeau
La ne paist brebis ne veau
 Between Cande and Montforreu
 There feeds nor Sheep, nor Calf [nor Cow.]

By this Proverb we are inform'd that there's but a very small Extent of Land, and that too very barren, between the Manor of *Monforeau* and the *Village of Candé*, which are only parted by the *Vienne* and the Sands on each side of that River:

(5) *If I hear thee, &c.* It runs thus in *Rabelais*. *If I hear thee again pieping like a Chicken, I'll scratch thy Back worse than a File.* By this he compares Panurge to a Hen, and himself to a Cock, who would scratch him where he did not itch, and as it were *en loup marin*, i. e. with a Sea-wolf's Skin, (such as Joyners use to polish their Work with.) That Fish, (call'd also a *Requiem*), is very rough-skinn'd, ravenous, and wide mouthed, but good Meat, says Cotgr.

C H A P. XX.

*How the Pilots were forsaking their Ships in
the greatest Strefs of Weather.*

OH, said *Panurge*, you fin, Friar *John*, my former Crony, former, I say, for at this time I am no more, you are no more. It goes against my Heart to tell it you ; for I believe this swearing doth your Spleen a great deal of good ; as it is a great ease to a Wood-cleaver to cry hem, at every blow ; and as one who plays at nine Pins, is wonderfully help'd, if, when he hath not thrown his Bowl right, and is like to make a bad cast, some ingenious stander-by leans and screws his Body half way about, on that side which the Bowl should have took to hit the Pins. Nevertheless you offend, my sweet Friend. But what do you think of eating some kind of (1) *Cabirotadoes* ? Would n't this secure us from this Storm ? I have read that in a Storm at Sea no harm ever befel the Ministers of

(1) *Cabirotadoes.*] Mind how our Author drolls upon the name of this Dish of Meat equivocating to that of the Gods *Cabiri*, and how amidst a storm he brings in their Priests who were alway smiraculously preserv'd in storms at Sea, how violent soever they were, says the Commentator of *Apollonius*. These *Kάβειροι* were Gods highly rever'd in *Samothrace*, as being the *Penates* of those Islanders. *Cabir* in *Syriac* signifies potent. (See *Jos. Scaliger*, in 4 Varr. ling. Lat.) Not only the Priests belonging to the *Cabiri*, but all others of that Sodality (or Masonhood) were secure in time of storm tho' the Sea went never so high. As for the Dish call'd *Cabirotades*, or *Capilotades*, according to *Boyer*, it is a French Rago of Remnants of Meat, *Capilotade*, *Cotgr.* says, is stew'd Meat, compounded of Veal, Capon, Chicken, or Partridge, minced, spiced, and laid upon several Beds of Cheese. [They must love Cheese better than I do, that can eat Beds of it. I'm sure 'twould make me keep my Bed a Month after.] Again ; *Cabirots*, says *Cotgrave*, is the Sperm, or Spawn of Sturgeons, (*Cavear*) spread upon Bread, and eaten with Vinegar, Oyl and Pepper. I was once so polite as to eat of this same Cavear, but I'm sure it turn'd my Inside, Outward ; worse by far than any Cow-turd. Instead of *Sturgeon-Spawn*, let it be call'd *Stir-John-Spawn*, I say, for it did *Movere Johannem*, with a witness. Why mayn't *John Oxell* pun a bit as well as *Francis Rabelais*, especially now he is explaining that jocosse Writer's Puns.

the

the Gods *Cabiri* so much celebrated by *Orpheus*, *Apollonius*, *Pherecides*, *Strabo*, *Pausanias*, and (2) *Herodotus*. He doats, he raves, the poor Devil, said Friar *John*. A thousand, a million, nay, a hundred millions of Devils seize the hornify'd Doddipole. Lend's a Hand here, hoh, Tiger, wouldst thou? Here on the Starboard side; Ods me, thou Buffalo's-Head stuffed with Relicks, what Ape's *Pater-Noster* art thou muttering and chattering here between thy Teeth? That Devil of a Sea-Calf is the cause of all this Storm, and is the only Man who doth not lend a helping Hand. By G—— if I come near thee, I'll fetch thee out by the Head and Ears with a vengeance, and chastise thee like any Tempestative Devil. Here Mate, my Lad, hold fast till I have made a double Knot. O' brave Boy! Would to Heaven thou wert Abbot of *Talemouze*, and that he that is, were Guardian of *Croul-lay*. Hold Brother *Ponocrates*, you will hurt your self Man. *Epistemon*, pr'y-thee stand off out of the Hatch-way. Methinks I saw the Thunder fall there but just now. Con the Ship, so ho—— Mind your Steerage. Well said, thus, thus, steady, keep her thus, get the long Boat clear.—— Steady. Ods fish, the Beakhead is stav'd to Pieces. Grumble, Devils, fart, belch, shite a T——d o' the Wave. If this be Weather, the Devil's a Ram. Nay, by G—— a little more would have wash'd me clear away into the Current. I think all the Legions of Devils hold here their Provincial

(2) *Herodotus* He doats.] I'm afraid I shall punish the Reader with Puns. But it is the Author's fault, not mine. *Rabelais* concludes this Sentence with *Herodotus* (*Herodate*) and begins the next with *Il radote*; he dotes. Can there be a more manifest Pun than *Herodate* and *Il radote* to such as speak French right: Nay 'tis so plain that the famous *Menage* tells us, (under the word *radoter*) several have been induced, from this allusion of *Rabelais*, to believe that *radoter* properly signifies to tell stories as unlikely to be true as many Things seem to be that are related by the Historian *Herodotus*. Tho' by the Way, *Huetius* affirms *Herodotus* has much fewer untruths than many people believe he has. To conclude: *Mensbeu* tells us, *Radoter quasi redoubter, hesitant enim & dubitant etiam de rebus apertis & manifestis homines deliri*. So much for the French *radoter*. Whether our Word doat, (*restius* dote) comes from that or from the Low-Dutch *dotten*, I shall not take upon me to determine.

Chapter,

Chapter, or are Polling, Canvassing and Wrangling for the Election of a new Rector—Starboard; well said.

—Take heed; have a care of your Noddle, Lad, in the Devil's Name. So ho, Starboard, Starboard, Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, cry'd *Panurge*, bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am lost. I see neither Heaven nor Earth; of the four Elements we have here only Fire and Water left, Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the Pleasure of the worthy Divine Bounty, that I were at this present hour in the Close at *Seville*, or at *Innocent's* the Pastry-cook, over against the painted Wine-Vault at *Chinon*, though I were to strip to my Doublet. And bake the *petti Paffies* my self.

Honest Man, could not you throw me ashoar, you can do a World of good Things, they say. I give you all *Salmigondinois*, and my large Shore full of Whilks, Cockles and Periwinkles, if by your Industry, I ever set foot on firm Ground. Alas, alas, I drown. Hark'ee, my Friends, since we cannot get safe into Port, let us come to an Anchor into some Road, no matter whither. Drop all your Anchors, let us be out of danger I beseech you. Here honest Tar get you into the Chains and heave the Lead, an't please you. Let us know how many fathom Water we are in. Sound, friend, in the Lord *Harry's* Name. Let us know, whether a Man might here drink easily without stooping. I am apt to believe One might. Helm a lee, hoh, cry'd the Pilot. Helm a lee, a Hand or two at the Helm, About Ships with her, Helm a lee, Helm a lee—Stand off from the Leech of the Sail.—Hoh, Belay, here make fast below, hoh, Helm a lee, lash sure the Helm a lee, and let her drive. Is it come to that, said *Pantagruel*, our good Saviour then help us. Let her lie under the Sea, cry'd *James Brabier*, our chief Mate, let her drive. To Prayers, to Prayers, let all think on their Souls, and fall to Prayers; nor hope to scape but by a Miracle. Let us, said *Panurge*, make some good pious kind of Vow, alas, alas, alas, bou, bou, be be be bous, bous, bous, Oho, Oho, Oho, Oho, let us make a Pilgrim; come, come, let every Man club his penny towards it, come on. Here, here, on this side, said

Friar

Friar *John* in the Devil's name. Let her drive, for the Lord's sake unhang the Rudder, hoh, let her drive, let her drive, and let us drink, I say of the best and most cheering, d'ye hear, Steward, produce, exhibit, for d'ye see this, and all the rest will as well go to the Devil out of hand. A pox on that Wind-broker *Æolus* with his Flusterblusters, Sirrah, Page, bring me here my Drawer (for so he call'd his Breviary) stay a little here, hawl Friend, thus—Odzoons here's a deal of Hail and Thunder to no purpose. Hold fast above, I pray you. When have we All-Saints Day? I believe 'tis the unholy holy Day of all the Devil's Crew. Alas, said *Panurge*, Friar *John* damns himself here as black as Buttermilk for the noance. Oh what a good Friend I lose in him. Alas, alas, this is another gats bout than last Year's. We are falling out of *Scylla* into *Charybdis*. Oho! I drown *Confiteor*, one poor word or two by way of Testament, Friar *John* my Ghostly Father, good Mr. Abstractor, my Crony, my *Achates*, *Xenomanes*, my All. Alas I drown, two words of Testament here upon this Ladder.

CHAP. XXI.

A Continuation of the Storm, with a short Discourse on the Subject of making Testaments at Sea.

TO make ones last Will, said *Epistemon*, at this time that we ought to bestir our selves and help our Seamen, on the penalty of being drown'd, seems to me as idle and ridiculous a Maggot as that of some of *Cæsar's* Men, who at their coming into the *Gauls*, were mightily busy'd in making Wills and Codicils, bemoan'd their Fortune, and the Absence of their Spouses and Friends at *Rome*, when it it was absolutely necessary for them to run to their Arms, and use their utmost strength against *Ariovistus* their Enemy.

This

This also is to be as silly, as that Jolt-headed Loblo-ly of a Carter, who, having laid his Waggon fast in a Slough, down on his Marrow-bones, was calling on the strong-back'd Deity *Hercules*, might and main, to help him at a dead lift, but all the while forgot to goad on his Oxen, and lay his Shoulder to the Wheels, as it behoved him, as if a *Lord have mercy upon us*, alone, would have got his Cart out of the Mire.

What will it signify to make your Will now ? For either we shall come off, or drown for't. If we scape, it will not signify a straw to us ; for, Testaments are of no Value, or Authority, but by the Death of the Testators. If we are drown'd, will it not be drown'd too ? Pr'ythee who will transmit it to the Executors ? Some kind Wave will throw it ashoar, like *Ulysses*, reply'd *Panurge*, and some King's Daughter, going to fetch a Walk in the fresco on the Evening, will find it, and take care to have it prov'd and fulfill'd ; Nay, and have some stately *Cenotaph* erected to my Memory as (1) *Dido* had to that of her good Man *Sichæus* ; (2) *Æneas* to *Deiphobus* upon the *Trojan* shoar near *Rhæte* ; (3) *Andromache* to *Hector* in the City of *Buthrotos* ; (4) *Aristotle* to *Hermias* and *Eubulus* ; (5) the *Athenians* to the Poet *Euripides* ; (6) the *Romans* to *Drusus* in *Germany*, and to (7) *Alexander Severus* their Emperor in the *Gauls* ; (8) *Argentier* to *Callaischre* ; (9) *Xenocrates*

(1) *Dido* to her good Man *Sichæus*.] Whence *Rabelais* had this, I know not. Perhaps he took for a *Cenotaph* the Funeral Pile which gave occasion to *Dido* to burn her self with the Sacrifice she had been offering to the Manes of *Sichæus*. See *Justin*. l. 18. c. 6.

(2) *Æneas* to *Deiphobus*.] *Æneid*. l. 6. v. 505.

(3) *Andromache* to *Hector*.] *Æneid*. l. 3. v. 302.

(4) *Aristotle* to *Hermias* and *Eubulus*.] *Diogenes Laertius*, in the Life of *Aristotle*.

(5) The *Athenians* to the Poet *Euripides*.] See the *Anthologia*, l. 3. pag. 394. *Wechel's* Edition.

(6) The *Romans* to *Drusus*.] See *Suetonius* in the Life of the Emperor *Claudius*.

(7) *Alexander Severus*.] See *Lampridius* in the Life of that Emperor.

(8) *Argentier* to *Callaischre*.] Read, *Callaischrus* : Καλλαισχρος. He perishing at Sea, the Poets, doubtless, well paid by his Heirs, set themselves at work to make *Cenotaphs*, (Honorary Tombs,) to his Memory :

tes to *Lyfſidices*; *Timares* to his Son *Teleutagoras*; (10) *Eupolis* and *Ariſtodice* to their Son *Theotimus*; (11) *Onestus* to *Timocles*; (12) *Callimachus* to *Sopolis* the Son of *Diocliides*; (13) *Catullus* to his Brother; (14) *Statius* to his Father; (15) *Germain* of *Brie* to *Herve* the Breton

Memory: two of which are extant, l. 3. of the *Anthologia*, c. 22. One made by *Leonidas* the other by *Argentarius*, beginning

Οἷτος ὁ Καλλιόχρη κενεὸς ταφός

(9) *Xenocrates* to *Lyfſidices*.] Read, *Xenocrites*. See the *Anthologia*, l. 3. p. 367. *Wechels* Edition.

(10) *Eupolis*, &c.] I have not been able to find out any thing of this nor the preceding.

(11) *Onestes* to *Timocles*.] See the *Anthologia*, l. 3. p. 366. *Wechel's* Edition.

(12) *Callimachus* to *Sopolis*.] See the Epigram of *Callimachus*, Epigr. 22.

(13) *Catullus* to his Brother.] See the 102. Epigr. of *Catullus*.

(14) *Statius* to his Father.] See the *Sylvæ* of *Statius*, l. 5. Epiced. 3.

(15) *Germain* of *Brie* to *Hervé*, &c.] In the year 1512. on St. Lawrence's day, there was off of St. *Mabe* in *Bretagne*, a great Sea-fight, between the *French* Fleet and the *English*, who were above two to one in number of Ships. [So says M. du Chat, of the *English*.] He goes on; The *English* seeing their *Admiral* in danger, threw Fire into that of *France*, commanded by Captain *Hervé* a Breton. He, after having in vain endeavoured to save his Ship, finding the Loss of her inevitable, grappled with the *English* Ship, to which the Wind having carry'd the Fire, the Regente of *England*, and the Cordeliere (*Franciscan* Nun) of *France*, (so were the two Ships call'd) perish'd with all that were on board. *Germain de Brie*, in Latin *Germanus Brixius*, wrote, upon this occasion, a Poem intituled *Cbordigera*, (*Cordeliere*) dedicated to *Queen Anne*, at the Conclusion whereof he raised this following Cenotaph to the memory of Captain *Herve*:

Hervei Cenotaphium.

Magnanimi manes Hervei, nomenque verendum

Hic lapis observat, non tamen ossa tegit:

Aufus enim Anglorum numerosæ occurrere classi,

Quæ patrium infestans jam prope littus erat,

Cbordigerâ invehctus regali puppe: Britannis

Marte prius sævo comminus edomitis,

Arfit Cbordigeræ in flammâ, extremoque cadentem

Servavit moriens excidio patriam.

Prista duos ætas Decios miratur: at unum

Quem conferre queat, nostra duobus habet.

To this Sir *Thomas More*, made the following sharp Answer.

Hervei

Breton Tarpawlin. Art thou mad, said Friar *John*, to run on at this rate? Help here, in the name of five hundred thousand millions of Cart-loads of Devils. help; may a Shanker gnaw thy Mustachio's, and three Rows of Pock-royals and Colliflowers cover thy Bum and Turd-barrel instead of Breeches and Codpiece. Codsoaks our Ship is almost overfet. Ods death, how shall we clear her? 'Tis well if she don't founder. What a devilish Sea there runs? She'll neither try, nor hull, the Sea will overtake her, so we shall never 'scape; the Devil 'scape me. Then *Pantagruel* was heard to make a sad Exclamation, saying with a loud Voice; Lord save us, we perish; yet not as we would have it, but thy holy Will be done. The Lord, and the blessed Virgin be with us, said *Panurge*. Holos, alas, I drown; Be be be bous, be bous, bous; *In manus*. Good Heaven, send me some Dolphin to carry me safe on Shoar, like a pretty little *Arian*. I shall make shift to found the Harp if it be not unstrung. Let nineteen Legions of black Devils seize me, said Friar *John* (the Lord be with us, whisper'd *Panurge* between his chattering Teeth) if I come down to thee I'll shew thee to some purpose, that the Badge of thy Humanity dangles at a *Calf's Breech*, (16) thou ragged horn'd Cuckoldy Booby;

*Herveæ cum Deciis unum conferre duobus
Ætas, te, Brixi, judice, nostra potest.
Sed tamen hoc distant; illi quod sponte peribant;
Hic periit, quoniam non potuit fugere.*

See the Epigrams of Sir *Thomas More*, and the Poems of *Germ de Bré*. The latter have been reprinted in the Collection, made by *Gruterus*, under the name of *Rhanutius Gberus*, of the Latin Poems publish'd by the French, in the 16th Century. It is in 16mo. in 3 Vol. Printed in 1599. I shall add nothing to this Article, only that Sir *Thomas More* gives to the Accusative of *Herveus*, a Greek termination: *Herveæ* for *Herveum*. Thus *Ulysses* in Greek Οὐλύσσεια.

(16) Thou ragged-born'd Cuckoldy Booby.] Mr. M—x here not only mistakes the Meaning of the Word *Cornart*; for how cou'd *Panurge* be a Cuckold, that was not yet married? but likewise the rest of the Sentence. *Rabelais's* Words are, *Veau Coquart*, *Cornart*, *Escorné*. Upon which *D. Chat* says, *Veau Coquart*, raw Sot, Cockaded Prig, who is always trimm'd up with a Cock's Feather in his Cap; the Beaux of that Age being used to adorn their Bonnets with

by ; Mgna, mgnan, mgnan : Come hither and help us thou great weeping Calf, or may thirty Millions of Devils leap on thee ; Wilt thou come, Sea Calf ? Fye, how ugly the howling Whelp looks. What always the same Ditty ? Come on now, my bonny Drawer. This he said, opening his Breviary, come forward, thou and I must be somewhat serious for a while ; (17) let me peruse thee (18) stify. *Beatus vir qui non abiit*. Pshaw, I know all this by Heart ; let's see the Legend of Monsieur St. Nicholas.

Horrida Tempestas montem turbavit acutum.

(19) *Tempeste* was a mighty Flogger of Lads at *Mountaigne* College. If Pedants be damn'd for whipping poor little innocent Wretches, their Scholars, he is, upon my Honour, by this time fix'd within *Ixion's* Wheel, lashing the Crop-ear'd Bob-tail'd Cur that gives

a Cock's Feather ; from whence our Word *Cockade*, I suppose ; tho' we ought to write it as the *French* do, *Coquarde*. M. du Chat goes on to the next Word *Veau Cornart*, (which M. M——x, as I said above, took for *Cuckold*, as if it came from *Corne*, Horn.) Whereas *Veau Cornart* is an ignorant-Doctor, who, to procure the more Respect, is never seen abroad without his Tippet or Hood (*Cornette*, in *French*) to shew he is graduated. See Chap. VIII. *Des illustres Proverbes*. Lastly, *Veau escorné*, arrant Scrub, who has, by his base Pranks, already loaded himself with Contempt and Scorn ; *escorno* in *Italian*, from whence *Rabelais* borrows it.

(17) *Let me peruse thee*.] Friar John speaks to his Breviary.

(18) *Stify*.] *A contrepoil*, in the Original ; which means the contrary Way (not *stify* : I know not what *stify* means.) He turn'd the Leaves of his Breviary from Left to Right, which is the wrong Way, to find the Psalm, *Beatus vir qui non abiit*, &c.

(19) *Tempeste*, &c.] *Antony Tempeste*, Doctor of *Paris*, Principal of *Mountaigne* College, where his Picture is still to be seen. *Eutrapel's* Tales, Chap. 26. *Lupold me disoit*, &c. *Lupold said to me*. —*Ecce montem acutum where our old Master Antony Tempestas used to thunder topically*. A *Franciscan* Friar, call'd *Frere Tempeste*, who, without changing the Habit, preach'd the Reformation at *Montlimar* in 1560, gave Beginning to the Church of that Place. See *Beza's* *Eccle. Hist.*

To conclude, that *Latin* Verse alludes to this of *Horace*.

Horrida Tempestas cælum contraxit & imbres.

it Motion. If they are saved for having whipp'd innocent Lads, he ought to be (20) above the——

C H A P. XXII.

An End of the Storm.

(1) **S**Hoar, Shoar, cry'd *Pantagruel*! Land to, my Friends, I see Land; (2) pluck up a good Spirit, Boys, 'tis within a Kenning; so, we are not far from a Port——I see the Sky clearing up to the Northwards——Look to the South-East! Courage my Hearts, said the Pilot; now she'll bear the Hulloek of a Sail; the Sea is much smother, some Hands aloft, to the Main-Top——Put the Helm a-Weather——Steady, steady!——Hawl your Aftermisen Bowlins——Hawl, hawl, hawl!——Thus, thus, and no near. Mind your Steerage, bring your main Tack abroad——Clear your Sheets; clear you Bowlins; Port, port——Helm a Lee——Now, to the Sheet on the Star-board-side, thou Son of a Whore. Thou art mightily pleas'd, honest Fellow, quoth Friar *John*, with hearing him make mention of thy Mother. Loff, loff, cry'd the Quarter-master that cun'd the Ship, keep her full, loff the Helm. Loff: It is, answer'd the Steer-man; keep her thus——Get the Bonnets fix'd. Steady, steady.

That's well said, said Friar *John*, now this is something like a Tanzy. Come, come, come Children, be nimble——Good——Loff, loff——Thus——Helm a Weather. That's well said and thought on. Methinks the Storm is almost over. It was high time,

(20) *Above the——*] The Period interrupted by *Pantagruel's* crying out *besaw Land*.

(1) *Shoar, Shoar.*] *Terre, terre! Land, Land.* This is the γῆν ὁρῶ, or *terram video* of *Diogenes*, when he found he was got toward the Conclusion of a certain Voluminous Book, with which he was quite tired.

(2) *Pluck up a good Spirit.*] In the Original, *Courage de brebis*: On, with a Sheep's Courage. The nearer Sheep draw to the Fold, the more they bleat.

Faith

Faith; however, the Lord be thanked—Our Devils begin to scamper—Out with all your Sails——Hoist your Sails——Hoist——That's spoke like a Man, Hoist, hoist—Here, agod's Name, honest *Ponocrates*, thou'rt a lusty Fornicator; the Whoreson will get none but Boys. *Eusthenes*, thou art a notable Fellow——Run up to the fore-top Sail—Thus, thus—Well said, I-faith; thus thus. I dare not fear any thing all this while, for it is Holiday. Vea, vea, vea! Huza! This shout of the Seamen is not amiss, and pleases me, for it is Holiday: Keep her full, thus——Good. Cheer up my Merry-mates all, cry'd out *Epistemon*; I see already (3) *Castor* on the Right. Be, be, Bous, bous, bous, said *Panurge*, I am much afraid it is the Bitch *Helen*. 'Tis truly (4) *Mixarchagenas*, return'd *Epistemon*, if thou likest better that Denomination which the *Argives* give him. Ho, ho! I see Land too; let her bear in with the Harbour, I see a good many People on the Beach: I see a Light on an *Obeliscolychny*. Shorten your Sails, said the Pilot; fetch the sounding-Line, we must double that Point of Land, and mind the Sands——We are clear off them, said the Sailors. Soon after, away she goes, quoth the Pilot, and so doth the rest of our Fleet: Help came in good Season.

By *St. John*, said *Panurge*, this is spoke somewhat like: O the sweet Word! There's the Soul of Musick in't: Mnga, mgna, mgna, said Friar *John*, if ever thou taste a Drop on't, let the Devil's Dam taste me, thou Ballocky Devil. Here, honest Soul, here's a full (5) Sneaker of the very best. Bring the Flagons; dost hear, *Gymnast*, and that same large Pasty Jambic, or Gammonic, e'en as you will have it.——Take heed you pilot her in right.

Cheer up, cry'd out *Pantagruel*; cheer up, my Boys: Let's be ourselves again: Do you see yonder, close by our Ship, two Barks, three Sloops, five Ships,

(3) *Castor*——*Helen*.] See *Pliny*. l. 2. c. 37. and the *Scaligerana*, at the Word *Noctiluca*.

(4) *Mixarchagenas*.] Read *Mixarchagevas*; for that's the true Reading. See *Plutarch*, Problem 23. Quest. 63.

(5) *Sneaker*.] *Rabelais* uses our *English* Word Tankard, but spells it *Tanquart*.

eight Pinks, four Yawls, and six Frigates making towards us, sent by the good People of the neighbouring Island to our Relief. But who is this *Ucalegon* below, that cries and makes such a sad Moan? Were it not that I hold the Mast firmly with both my Hands, and keep it straiter than two hundred Tacklings—I'd—It is (said Friar *John*) that poor Devil *Panurge*, who is troubled with a Calf's Ague; he quakes for Fear when his Belly's full. If, said *Pantagruel*, he hath been afraid during this dreadful Hurricane and dangerous Storm, provided (waving that) he hath done his Part like a Man, I do not value him a Jot the less for it. For as to fear in all Encounters, is the Mark of a heavy and cowardly Heart, as *Agamemnon* did, who, for that Reason, is ignominiously tax'd by *Achilles* with having Dog's Eyes, and (6) a Stag's Heart; so, not to fear when the Case is evidently dreadful, is a Sign of want or smallness of Judgment. Now, if any Thing ought to be feared in this Life, next to offending God, I will not say it is Death; I will not meddle with the Disputes of *Socrates*, and the Academics, that Death of itself is neither bad nor to be fear'd: But I will affirm, that this Kind of Death by Shipwrack is to be fear'd, or nothing is. For, as *Homer* saith, it is a grievous, dreadful, and unnatural Thing to perish at Sea. And indeed *Aeneas*, in the Storm that took his Fleet near *Sicily*, was griev'd that he had not dy'd by the Hand of the brave *Diomedes*; and said that those were three, nay four times happy, who perish'd in the Conflagration at *Troy*. No Man here hath lost his Life, the Lord, our Saviour, be eternally prais'd for it: But, in Truth, here is a Ship sadly out of Order. Well, we must take care to have the Damage repair'd. Take heed we do not run a Ground and bulge her.

(6) *Stag's Heart.*] *Iliad* 1st.

C H A P. XXIII.

How Panurge play'd the Good-Fellow when the Storm was over.

WHAT Chear ho, fore and aft, quoth *Panurge*? Oh ho! All is well, the Storm is over. I beseech ye, be so kind as to let me be the first that is set on Shoar, for I would by all Means a little untruss a Point. ——— Shall I help you still? Here, let me see, I'll coyle this Rope; I have plenty of Courage, and of Fear as little as may be. Give it me yonder, honest Tar. ——— No, no, I have not a bit of Fear. Indeed, that same decumane Wave, that took us fore and aft, somewhat alter'd my Pulse. ——— Down with your Sails, well said; how now, Friar *John*, you do nothing? Is it time for us to drink now? Who can tell but (1) *St. Martin's* Running-Footman may still be hatching us some further Mischief? Shall I come and help you again? Pork and Pease choke me, if I do not heartily repent, though too late, not having followed the Doctrine of the good Philosopher, who tells us, *That to walk by the Sea, and to navigate by the Shoar, are very safe and pleasant Things*; just as it is to go on Foot when we hold our Horse by the Bridle. ——— Ha! ha! ha! by G ——— all goes well. Shall I help you here too? Let me see, I'll do this as it should be, or the Devil's in't.

Epistemon (who had the Inside of one of his Hands all flea'd and bloody, having held a tackling with Might and Main) hearing what *Pantagruel* had said, told him; You may believe, my Lord, I had my Share of Fear as well as *Panurge*, yet I spar'd no Pains in lending my helping Hand. I consider'd, that since by fatal and unavoidable Necessity, we must all die, it is the blessed Will of God that we die this or that Hour, and this or that kind of Death; nevertheless, we ought to

(1) *St. Martin's Running Footman*] The Devil. The Legend of *St. Martin* assigns him the Devil for a Running-Footman on a certain Occasion.

implore,

implore, invoke, pray, beseech, and supplicate him ; but yet we must not stop there ; it behoveth us also to use our Endeavours on our Side, and as the Holy Writ saith, *to co-operate with him.*

You know what C. *Flaminius* the Consul said, when by *Hannibal's* Policy he was penn'd up near the Lake of *Peruse*, alias *Thrasymene*: *Friends* (said he to his Soldiers) *you must not hope to get out of this Place barely by Vows or Prayers to the Gods ; no, 'tis by Fortitude and Strength we must escape, and cut our selves a Way with the Edge of our Swords, through the midst of our Enemies.*

Salust likewise makes *M. Portius Cato* say this ; *The Help of the Gods is not obtain'd by idle Vows and Womanish Complaints ; 'tis by Vigilance, Labour, and repeated Endeavours, that all Things succeed according to our Wishes and Designs.* If a Man, in time of Need and Danger, is negligent, heartless, and lazy, in vain he implores the Gods ; they are then justly angry and incens'd against him. The Devil take me, said Friar *John* (I'll go his halves, quoth *Panurge*) if the Close of *Seville* had not been all gather'd, vintag'd, glean'd, and destroy'd, if I had only sung *Contra hostium insidias* (Matter of Breviary) like all the rest of the Monkish Devils, and had not bestir'd myself to save the Vineyard as I did, dispatching the Truant *Piccaroons* of *Lerné* with the Staff of the Cross.

Let her sink or swim a God's Name, said *Panurge*, all's one to Friar *John*, he doth nothing ; his Name is (2) Friar *John Do-little* ; for all he sees me here a sweating and puffing to help, with all my Might, this honest Tar, first of the Name.—— Hark you me dear Soul a Word with you—— but pray be not angry ; How thick do you judge the Planks of our Ship to be ? Some two good Inches and upwards, return'd the Pilot, don't fear Ods-kilderkins, said *Panurge*, it seems then we are (3) within two Fingers breadth of Damnation. Is this (4) one of the

(2) *Friar John Do-little.*] In Opposition to *Panurge*, whose Name comes from *Fac-totum*, Do-all.

(3) *Within two Fingers breadth of Damnation.*] Instead of *Damnation* read *Death* ; for that's *Rabelais's* Word : The Thought is *Anacharsis* the *Scythian's* in *Diogenes Laertius*.

(4) *One of the nine Comforts of Matrimony.*] A pleasant Comparison between a Man, however lucky in marrying, and another that's

the nine Comforts of Matrimony? Ah, dear Soul, you do well to measure the Danger by the Yard of Fear. For my Part, I have none on't; my Name is *William Dreadnought*. As for Heart, I have more than enough on't; I mean none of your Sheeps Heart; but of (5) Wolf's Heart; the Courage of a Bravo, by the Pavilion of *Mars*, I fear nothing but Danger.

CHAP. XXIV.

How Panurge was said to have been afraid, without Reason during the Storm.

GOOD Morrow, Gentlemen, said *Panurge*, Good Morrow to you all: You are in very good Health, Thanks to Heaven, and yourselves? You are all heartily welcome, and in good Time. Let us go on Shoar. — Here, *Coxen*, get the Ladder over the Gunnel, Man the Sides, Man the Pinnance, and get her by the Ship's Side. — Shall I yet lend you a Hand here? I am stark mad for want of Business, and would work like any two Yoaks of Oxen. — Truly this is a fine Place, and these look like a very good People — Children, do you want me still in any Thing? do not spare the Sweat of my Body, for God-sake. *Adam* (that is Man) was made to Labour and Work, as the Birds were made to fly. Our Lord's Will is that we get our Bread with the Sweat of our Brows, not idling and doing nothing like this Tatterdemallion of a Monk

embark'd and on the Sea, however good the Ship be he has under him, yet is he not sure he shall not be cast away.

*He that in Wedlock (twice) ventures his Carcase,
(Twice) ventures a Drowning, and Faith that's a hard Case,*

Says a merry Poet. To return to *Du Chat*; a small Book of the *Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony* was several times reprinted in the 16th Century.

(5) *Wolf's Heart.*] Forced Courage; for a Wolf never turns his Head to flight, but when he can't run away with his Prey.

here,

here, this Friar *Jack*, who is fain to drink to hearten himself up, and dies for fear — Rare Weather. — I now find the Answer of (1) *Anacharfis*, the noble Philosopher, very proper; being ask'd what Ship he reckon'd the safest, he reply'd, that which is in the Harbour. He made yet a better Repartee, said *Pantagruel*, when somebody inquiring which is greater, the Number of the Living, or that of the Dead? He ask'd them, amongst which of the two they reckon'd those that are at Sea? Ingeniously implying, that they are continually in danger of Death, dying live, and living die. (2) *Portius Cato* also said, that there were but three Things of which he would repent; that is, if ever he had trusted his Wife with his Secret, if he had idled away a Day, and if he had ever gone by Sea, to a Place which he could visit by Land. By this dignified Frock of mine, said Friar *John* to *Panurge*, friend, thou hast been afraid during the Storm, without Cause or Reason; for thou wert not born to be drowned, but rather to be hang'd, and exalted in the Air, or to be roasted in the midst of a jolly (3) Bonfire. My Lord, would you have a good Cloke for the Rain, leave me off your Wolf and Badger-skin Mantle: Let *Panurge* but be flead, and cover yourself with his Hide. But do not come near the fire, nor near your Blacksmith's Forges a-God's Name; for in a Moment you will see

(1) *Anacharfis*.] See his Life in *Diogenes Laërtius*.

(2) *Portius Cato*.] See his Life in *Plutarch*.

(3) *Bonfire*.] After *Bonfire*, add, *like a Father*. *Pendu ou brûlé comme un Père*, are *Rabelais's* Words; of which Mr. *M——x* has left out the Conclusion, *like a Father*. *M. du Chat* tells us, that *Rabelais* by *like a Father*, means, *like one of the Lutherans*, or first Reformers, who in *France* were denominated *Fathers* (*Pères* in *French*) because, in those Days, praying in *French*, (as they still do) most of their Prayers begin with, *Father Everlasting* (*Pere Eternal*.) So the returning Thanks in *Latin*, which beginneth with the Verb *Agimus*, has got the Catholics the Surname of *Agimus*. *S. Angé to Mascarat*, who could not endure the Hugonots, says,

*Tu devrois plutôt dire avec moy ;
Pere Eternal & Agimus,
Soyez tour deux les bien venus.*

it in Ashes. Yet be as long as you please in the (4) Rain, Snow, Hail, nay, by the Devil's Maker, throw yourself, or dive down to the very bottom of the Water, I'll ingage you'll not be wet at all. Have some Winter-Boots made of it, they'll never take in a Drop of Water; make Bladders of it to lay under Boys, to teach them to swim, instead of Corks, and they will learn without the least Danger. His Skin then, said *Pantagruel*, should be like the Herb call'd, *True Maidens Hair*, which never takes Wet nor Moistness, but still keeps dry, though you lay it at the bottom of the Water as long as you please, and for that Reason is call'd *Adiantos*.

Friend *Panurge*, said Friar *John*, I pray thee never be afraid of Water; thy Life for mine, thou art threaten'd with a contrary Element. Ay, ay, reply'd *Panurge*, but the Devil's Cooks doat sometimes, and are apt to make horrid Blunders as well as others, often putting to boil in Water, what was design'd to be roasted on the Fire; like the Head Cooks of our Kitchen, who often lard Partridges, Queests, and Stock-Doves, with intent to roast them, one would think, but it happens sometimes, that they e'en turn the Partridges into the Pot to be boil'd with Cabbages, the Queests with Leek-Pottage, and the Stock-Doves with Turnips. But hark you me, good Friends, I protest before this noble Company, that as for the Chapel which I vow'd to Monsieur St. *Nicholas*, between *Conde* and *Monforeau*, I honestly mean that it shall be (5) a Chappel of Rose-

(4) *In the Rain.*] See *Pliny*, l. 22. c. 21.

(5) *A Chapel, &c.*] A Distilling-Chapel, that is, a Lymbeck. The Word *Chapelle* in the Signification of an *Alembick*, is to be found in *Corderius's de corr. serm. emendatione*, in Ch. *habendi summa*, of the Edition of 1531. *Nicot* and *Oudin* have since put it into their Dictionaries. *Marot* (who translated most of the Psalms into *French*, as they are still sung here in *England*, and elsewhere) says in his Epigram to *Mademoiselle de la Chapelle*:

*La Chapelle, ou se font eaües odoriferantes,
Donne par ses liqueurs guerisons differentes.*

—The Chapel

Which Water makes of various fragrant Scents,
Does by its Liqueurs different Cures dispense.

water, which shall be where neither Cow nor Calf shall be fed ; for between you and I, I intend to throw it to the bottom of the Water. Here is a rare Rogue for ye, said *Eusthenes* ; here's a pure Rogue, a Rogue in grain, a Rogue enough, a Rogue and a half. He is resolv'd to make good the *Italian Proverb*, (6) *Passato il pericolo, è gabato il Santo*.

*The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk wou'd be ;
The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was He.*

CHAP. XXV.

How after the Storm, Pantagruel, went on Shore in the Islands of the Macreons.

IMmediately after we went a-shoar at the Port of an Island, which they call'd the (1) Island of the *Macreons* ; the good People of the Place receiv'd us very honourably. An old *Macrobius* (so they call'd their eldest Elderman) desir'd *Pantagruel* to come to the Town-House to refresh himself, and eat something, but he would not budge a foot from the Mole till all Men were

(6) *Passato, &c.*] The Danger once over, the Saint's despised.

(1) *Island of the Macreons.*] Some will have this to be *Great Britain* ; others will have it take in likewise the Province of *Bretagne* (in *France*) wherein, as well as in *England*, The Tales of *Eutrapel*, ch. 33. observe there are still to be seen a World of ancient Monuments and singular Rarities, as are mention'd in this Chapter. The Translator of *Rabelais* into *English*, is of Opinion it means *England*, and no other Country ; but, altho' it is certain that People live there to a very great Age, yet that does not determine the Question. This sole Reason is, those who in *Edward* the VIth's Time, to avoid Persecution in *France* fled into *England*, found the secret there to prolong a Life which they had not fail'd to have lost in their own Country. Again, literally taken, may it not mean the *Isle of Wight*, which, in the Romance of *Perceforest*, is call'd the *Isle of Life* ? And that Romance which extends its Heroes Lives to many Ages, makes 'em live so long for no other Reason, but on Account of his assigning them that Island to reside in ; from whence they are at least forced to be taken, in order to put them into a possibility of Dying.

landed. After he had seen them, he gave Order they should all change Cloaths, and that some of all the Stores in the Fleet should be brought on Shoar, that every Ship's Crew might live well; which was accordingly done, and God wot how they all top'd and carouz'd. The People of the Place brought them Provisions in abundance. The *Pantagruelists* return'd them more: As the Truth is, their's were somewhat damag'd by the late Storm. When they had well stuffed the Insides of their Doublets, *Pantagruel* desired every one to lend their Help to repair the Damage; which they readily did. It was easy enough to refit there; for all the Inhabitants of the Island were Carpenters, and all such Handicrafts as are seen in the *Arsenale* at *Venice*. None but the largest Island was inhabited, having three Ports, and ten Parishes; the rest being over-run with Wood, and desert, much like the Forest of *Arden*. We entreated the old *Macrobius* to shew us what was worth seeing in the Island, which he did; and in the desert and dark Forest we discover'd several old ruined Temples, Obeliskes, Pyramids, Monuments, and ancient Tombs, with divers Inscriptions and Epitaphs, some of them in Hieroglyphic Characters; others in the (2) Gothic Dialect; some in the *Arabic*, *Agarenian*, *Sclavonian*, and other Tongues; of which *Epistemon* took an exact Account. In the interim, *Panurge* said to Friar *John*, Is this the Island of the *Macreons*? *Macreon* signifies in *Greek* an old Man, or one much stricken in Years. What's that to me, said Friar *John*, how can I help it? I was not in the Country when they christen'd it. Now I think on't, quoth *Panurge*, I believe the Name of *Makerel* [that's a *Bawd* in French] was deriv'd from it; for, procuring is the Province of the old as Buttock-riggling is that of the Young. Therefore I don't know but this may be the Bawdyor Mackrel Island, the original and Prototype of the Island of that Name at *Paris*. Let's go and drudge for Cock-Oysters. Old *Macrobius* ask'd in the *Lonick* Tongue, how, and by what Industry and Labour *Pantagruel* got to their Port that Day, there having been such blustering Weather, and

(2) Gothic.] *Rabelais* has it *lonic*.

such a dreadful Storm at Sea. *Pantagruel* told him, that that the Almighty Preserver of Mankind had regarded the Simplicity, and sincere Affection of his Servants, who did not travel for gain or sordid Profit, the sole Design of their Voyage being a studious Desire to know, see, and visit the Oracle of *Bacbus*, and take the word of the Bottle upon some Difficulties offer'd by one of the Company.; nevertheless this had not been without great Affliction, and evident Danger of Shipwreck. After that, he ask'd him what he judg'd to be the cause of that terrible Tempest, and if the adjacent Seas were thus frequently subject to Storms, as in the Ocean are the (3) *Ratz of Sammaieu*, (4) *Maumussou*, and in the Mediterranean Sea the Gulph of (5) *Sataly*, (6) *Montargentan*, *Piombino*, (7) *Capo Melio in Laconia*, the Streights of *Gibraltar*, *Faro di Messina*, and others.

(3) *Ratz of Sammaieu*.] In *Bretagne*, a dangerous Passage because of the Rapidity of the Currents there.

(4) *Maumussou*.] The Canal so call'd, is likewise very dangerous on account of the numberless Banks and *Quick-Sands* there, which are moving up and down continually. It is two Leagues long and one broad, and separates the *Isles of Alvert and Oleron*. See *la Popeliniere's History of France*.

(5) *Sataly*.] Anciently *Attalia*, in *Pamphylia*. It is still very dangerous, but nothing near so much as it was heretofore by reason of a Sea-Monster which *Villamont* in his Travels tells us was wont to infest that part of the Sea, till the Empress *St. Helena*, in her Return from *Jerusalem* from whence she was bringing the Nails with which our Saviour was fasten'd to the Cross, threw one of 'em into the Waves there, which has render'd that Monster so gentle that it is but seldom he now-a days meddles with any of the Ships that come near the Place of his abode. See *Villamont's Voyages*, l. 2. c. 5.

(6) *Montargentan*.] *Porto de Telamone*, in *Tuscany*.

(7) *Capo Melio in Laconia*.] *Cabo de Malvasia*; anciently *Melileum Promontorium*.

C H A P. XXVI.

How the good Macrobius gave us an Account of the Mansion and Decease of the Heroes.

THE good *Macrobius* then answer'd; Friendly Strangers, this Island is one of the *Sparades*, not of your *Sporades* that lye in the *Carpathian* Sea, but one of the *Sporades* of the Ocean; in former times rich, frequented, wealthy, populous, full of Traffick, and in the Dominions of the Ruler of *Britain*: but now by Course of Time, and in these latter Ages of the World, poor and desolate as you see. In this dark Forest above Seventy eight thousand *Persian* Leagues in Compass, is the Dwelling-place of the *Dæmons* and Heroes, that are grown old, and we believe that some one of them dy'd Yesterday; since the Comet, which we saw for three Days before together, shines no more; and now 'tis likely, that at his Death there arose this horrible Storm; for while they are alive all Happiness attends both this and the adjacent Islands, and a settled Calm and Serenity. At the Death of every one of them we commonly hear in the Forest loud and mournful Groans, and the whole Land is infested with Pestilence, Earthquakes, Inundations and other Calamities; the Air with Fogs and Obscurity, and the Sea with Storms and Hurricanes. What you tell us, seems to me likely enough, said *Pantagruel*. For (1) as a Torch or Candle, as long as it hath Life enough and is lighted, shines, round about, disperses it's Light, delights those that are near it, yields them it's Service and Clearness, and never causes any Pain or Displeasure; but as soon as 'tis extinguished, its Smoak and Evaporation infects the Air, offends the By-standers, and is noisome to all; so, as long as those noble and renowned Souls inhabit

(1) *As a Torch, &c.*] Comparison taken from *Plutarch* in his Discourse of the Cessation of Oracles.

their Bodies, Peace, Profit, Pleasure, and Honour never leave the Places where they abide; but as soon as they leave them, both the Continent and adjacent Islands are annoy'd with great Commotions; in the Air, Fogs, Darkness, Thunder, Hail, Tremblings, Pulsations, Agitations of the Earth, Storms and Hurricanes at Sea, together with sad Complaints amongst the People, Broaching of Religions, Changes in Governments, and Ruins of Commonwealths.

We had a sad Instance of this lately, said *Eustemon*, at the Death of that valiant and learned Knight *William du Bellay*, during whose Life *France* enjoy'd so much Happiness, that all the rest of the World look'd upon it with Envy, sought Friendship with it, and stood in awe of its Power; but now after his Decease, it hath for a considerable time been (2) the Scorn of the rest of the World.

Thus, said *Pantagruel*, *Anchises* being dead at *Drepany* in *Sicily*, *Æneas* was dreadfully toils'd and endanger'd by a Storm, and perhaps for the same reason *Herod* that Tyrant and cruel King of *Judea*, finding himself near the Pangs of a horrid kind of Death, (for he dy'd of a *Phthiriasis*, devour'd by Vermin and Lice; as before him dy'd *L. (3) Sylla*; *Pherecides* the *Syrian*; the Preceptor of *Pythagoras*; the Greek Poet *Alcmaeon* and others) and foreseeing that the *Jews* would make fires at his Death, caus'd all the Nobles and Magistrates to be summoned to his *Seraglio* out of all the Cities, Towns, and Castles of *Judea*, fraudulently pre-

(2) *The Scorn of the rest of the World.*] Soon after the Death of *William du Bellay*, the Emperor *Charles Vth*, forc'd the Duke of *Cleves* to depart from the Alliance he had made with *France*, and as *Francis* the Ist. was generally reckon'd to have brought into the *Mediterranean* and even before the *Castle of Nice* the *Corfsair Barbarossa*, the Emperor, at that time Almighty in *Germany* not only hindered the *Ambassadors* sent by the King to the Diet, from setting foot within the Empire, but was going to hang a Herald they had dispatch'd before for Passports, so absolute was the Emperor in *Germany*, after the Death of *M. de Langei*, who being present in all the Diets, never fail'd to support the Glory and Interests of *France*, by representing to the *Germans*, in those Assemblies, their true Interest and the Measures they were to take to preserve their Liberty, See *Sleidan*, l. 15.

(3) *Sylla*, &c.] See *Pliny* for all these.

tending that he had some things of moment to impart to them. They made their personal Appearance; whereupon he caus'd them all to be shut up in the *Hippodrome* of the *Seraglio*; then said to his Sister *Salome*, and *Alexander* her Husband; I am certain that the *Jews* will rejoice at my Death, but, if you will observe and perform what I will tell you, my Funeral shall be honourable, and there will be a general Mourning; As soon as you see me dead, let my Guards, to whom I have already given strict Commission to that purpose, kill all the Noblemen and Magistrates that are secur'd in the *Hippodrome*. By these means all *Jewry* shall in spite of themselves be oblig'd to mourn and lament, and foreigners will imagine it to be for my Death, as if some Heroic Soul had left her Body. A desperate Tyrant wish'd as much, when he said; *When I dye, let Earth and Fire be mix'd together*, which was as good as to say, let the whole World perish: Which saying the (4) Tyrant *Nero* alter'd, saying, *While I live*, as *Suetonius* affirms it. This detestable saying, of which *Cicero lib. 3. de finb.* and *Seneca, lib. 2. de Clementia*, make mention, is ascrib'd to the Emperor *Tiberius*, by *Dion Nicæus* and *Suidas*.

C H A P. XXVII.

Pantagruel's Discourse of the Decease of Heroick Souls; and of the dreadful Prodigies that happen'd before the Death of the late Lord de Langey.

I Would not, continu'd *Pantagruel*, have miss'd the Storm that hath thus disorder'd us, were I also to have miss'd the Relation of these Things told us by this good *Macrobius*. Neither am I unwilling to believe what he said of a Comet that appears in the Sky some Days

(4) *The Tyrant Nero.*] The Scoundrel *Nero*, *Neron le truant*, in the Original.

before such a Decease. For some of those Souls are so Noble, so Precious, and so Heroic, that Heaven gives us notice of their departing, some days before it happens. And as a prudent Physician seeing by some Symptoms that his Patient draws towards his End, some Days before, gives notice of it to his Wife, Children, Kindred, and Friends, that, in that little time he hath yet to live, they may admonish him to settle all things in his Family, to tutor and instruct his Children as much as he can, recommend his Relict to his Friends, in her Widowhood, declare what he knows to be necessary about a Provision for the Orphans, that he may not be surpriz'd by Death without making his Will, and may take care of his Soul and Family: In the same manner the Heavens, as it were, joyful for the approaching Reception of those blessed Souls, seem to make Bonfires by those Comets and blazing Meteors, which they at the same time kindly design should prognosticate to us here, that in a few Days one of those venerable Souls is to leave her Body, and this Terrestrial Globe. Not altogether unlike this was what was formerly done at Athens by the Judges of the *Areopagus*. For when they gave their Verdict to cast or clear the Culprits that were try'd before them, they us'd certain Notes according to the Substance of the Sentences; (1) by Θ. signifying Condemnation to Death; (2) by Τ. Absolution; (3) by Α. Ampliation. Demur, when the Case was not sufficiently examin'd. Thus having publickly set up those Letters, they eas'd the Re-

(1) By Θ signifying Condemnation to Death.] From the Greek Θάνατος, Death. It is therefore Θ and not O as all the Editions, which I have seen have it; and it is to this Signification of the *Theta* in the Judgments pass'd by the Greeks) that this Verse of *Perfius* alludes:

Et potis es vitio nigrum præfigere Theta.

(2) By Τ, Absolution.] In Greek Τελωσις.

(3) By Α, Ampliation.] *Rabelais* follows the Error of *Erasmus* who had no correct *Asconius* to go by. That *Grammarians* says nothing absolutely of what we see here in *Rabelais*, and in the Adages of *Erasmus*, Chil. i. Cent. 5. ch. 56, since Α, according to him, is the Mark of Absolution, C. of Condemnation, and the two Letters Ν Λ, i. e. *Non Liquet*, denotes Ampliation.

lations

lations and Friends of the Prisoners, and such others as desir'd to know their Doom, of their Doubts. Likewise by these Comets, as in etherial Characters, the Heavens silently say to us, Make haste, Mortals, if you would know or learn of the blessed Souls any thing concerning the publick Good, or your private Interest; for their Catastrophe is near, which being past, you will vainly wish for them afterwards.

The good-natur'd Heavens still do more; and that Mankind may be declar'd unworthy of the Enjoyment of those Renown'd Souls they fright and astonish us with Prodigies, Monsters, and other foreboding Signs, that thwart the Order of Nature.

Of this we had an Instance several Days before the Decease of the Heroic Soul of the Learned and Valiant *Chevalier de Langey*, of whom you have already spoken. I remember it, said *Epistemon*, and my Heart still trembles within me, when I think on the many dreadful Prodigies that we saw five or six days before he dy'd. For the Lords of (4) *D' Affier*, *Chemant*, one-ey'd *Mailly*, *St. Ayl*, *Villeneufue-la Guart*, Master *Gabriel*, Physician of *Savillan*, *Rabelais*, *Cobuan*, *Massuan*, *Majorici*, *Bullou*, *Cercu* alias *Bourgmestre*, *Francis Proust*, *Ferron*, *Charles Girard*, *Francis Bourré*, and many other Friends and Servants to the Deceased, all dismay'd, gaz'd on each other without uttering one Word; yet not without foreseeing that *France* would in a short time be depriv'd of a Knight so accomplish'd and necessary for its Glory and Protection, and that Heaven claim'd him again as its due. By the tufted Tip of my Cowle, cry'd Friar *John*, I am e'en resolv'd to become a Scholar before I die. I have a pretty good Head-piece of my own, you must own. Now pray give me leave to ask you a civil Question; Can these same Heroes and Demigods you talk of, die? May I never be damn'd, if I was not so much a Lobcock as to believe they had

(4) *D' Affier*, &c.] See an Account of all these Gentlemen in *M. du Chat*, and what Legacies were left them by the *Chevalier de Langey*. Our Author had fifty *Livres tournois* yearly Rent-charge, till such time as he shou'd have a Benefice, worth at least 300 *Livres per Annum*.

been Immortal, like so many fine Angels; Heaven forgive me! but this most Reverend Father *Macroby* tells us, *They die at last.* (5) We all must, return'd *Pantagruel*.

The *Stoicks* held them all to be Mortal, except one, who alone is Immortal, Impassible, Invisibile. *Pindar* plainly saith, That there is no more Thread, that is to say, no more Life spun from the Distaff and Flax of the hard-hearted Fates for the Goddeesses *Hamadryades*, than there is for those Trees that are preserv'd by them, which are good sturdy downright Oaks, whence they deriv'd their Original according to the Opinion of *Callimachus* and *Pausanias* in *Phoci*. With whom concurs *Martianus Capella*. As for the Demigods, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Sylwans*, *Hobgoblins*, *Ægipanes*, *Nymphs*, *Heroes*, and *Dæmons*, several Men have, from the total Sum, which is the result of the divers Ages calculated by *Hesiod*, reckon'd their Life to be 9720 Years, that sum consisting of four special Numbers orderly arising from one, the same added together and multiplied by four, every Way, amounts to forty; these forties being reduc'd into Triangles by five times, make up the total of the aforesaid Number. See *Plutarch* in his Book about the Cessation of Oracles.

This said Friar *John*, is not Matter of Breviary, I may believe as little or as much of it as you and I please. I believe said *Pantagruel*, that all Intellectual Souls are exempted from *Atropos's Scissers*. They are all immortal whether they be of Angels, of Demons, or Human. Yet I'll tell you a Story concerning this, that's very strange, but is written and affirm'd by several learned Historians.

(5) *We all must, return'd Pantagruel.*] *Not all, return'd Pantagruel: Non tous, respondit Pantagruel:* These are *Rabelais's* Words. The Translator puts an Affirmative for a Negative, in *Pantagruel's* Mouth. Mark the End.

C H A P. XXVIII.

*How Pantagruel related a very sad Story of the
Death of the Heroes.*

(1) **E**PITHERSES the Father of *Æmilian* the Rhetorician, sailing from *Greece* to *Italy*, in a Ship freighted with divers Goods and Passengers, at Night the Wind fail'd 'em near the *Echinades*, some Islands that lye between the *Morea* and *Tunis*, and the Vessel was driven near *Paxos*. When they were got thither, some of the Passengers being asleep, others awake, the rest eating and drinking, a Voice was heard that call'd aloud, *Thamous*; which Cry surpriz'd them all. This same *Thamous* was their Pilot, an *Egyptian* by Birth, but known by Name only to some few Travellers. The Voice was heard a second Time, calling *Thamous*, in a frightful Tone, and none making answer, but trembling and remaining silent, the Voice was heard a third time, more dreadful than before.

This caus'd *Thamous* to answer; here am I, What dost thou call me for? What wilt thou have me do? Then the Voice louder than before, bad him publish when he should come to *Paloda*, That the great God *Pan* was dead.

Epitherses related, that all the Mariners, and Passengers, having heard this, were extreamly amaz'd and frighted; and that consulting among themselves, whether they had best conceal or divulge what the Voice had enjoyn'd, *Thamous* said, his Advice was, That if they happen'd to have a fair Wind, they should proceed without mentioning a Word on't, but if they chanc'd to be becalm'd, he would publish what he had heard: Now when they were near *Paloda* they had no Wind, neither were they in any Current. *Thamous* then getting up on the top of the Ship's Forecastle, and casting his Eyes on the shoar, said that he had been commanded to proclaim, that the great God *Pan* was

(1) *Epitherses.*] See *Plutarch*, in his Treatise of the Cessation of Oracles.

dead.

dead. The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, when deep Groans, great Lamentations, and Shrieks, not of one Person but of many together, were heard from the Land.

The News of this, (many being present then) was soon spread at *Rome*; insomuch that *Tiberius*, who was then Emperor, sent for this *Thamous*, and having heard him, gave credit to his Words, and inquiring of the Learned in his Court and at *Rome*, who was that *Pan*? He found by their Relation that he was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*, as *Herodotus* and *Cicero* in his third Book of the Nature of the Gods, had written before.

For my Part, I understand it of that great Saviour of the Faithful, who was shamefully put to Death at *Jerusalem* by the Envy and Wickedness of the Doctors, Priests, and Monks of the *Mosaic* Law. And methinks, my Interpretation is not improper, for he may lawfully be said in the *Greek* Tongue to be *Pan*, since he is our *All*. For all that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is him, by him, from him, and in him. He is the good *Pan*, the great Shepherd, who as the loving Shepherd *Corydon* affirms, hath not only a tender Love and Affection for his Sheep, but also for their Shepherds. At his Death, Complaints, Sighs, Fears and Lamentations were spread through the whole *Fabric* of the Universe, whether Heavens, Land, Sea, or Hell.

The time also concurs with this Interpretation of mine; for this most good, most mighty *Pan*, our only Saviour, dyed near *Jerusalem* during the Reign of *Tiberius Cæsar*.

Pantagruel having ended this Discourse, remain'd silent, and full of Contemplation; a little while after, we saw (2) the Tears flow out of his Eyes as big as Of-

(2) *The tears flow out of his Eyes.* When, before, l. 3. c. 2. *Rabelais* describes *Pantagruel* as the best little and great Good-man that ever girded a Sword to his side, he seems to hint that the great Qualities of that Prince were mixt with abundance of others not so great. Here, he makes him weep out of the Constitutional Softness of his Temper, and the Tenderness of his Disposition.

tridge's Eggs. God take me presently if I tell you one single Syllable of a Lye in the Matter.

CHAP. XXIX.

How Pantagrue sail'd by the Sneaking Island where Shrove-tide reign'd.

THE Jovial Fleet being refitted and repaired, new Stores taken in, the *Macreons* over and above satisfied, and pleased with the Money spent there by *Pantagrue*, our Men in better Humour yet than they us'd to be, if possible, we merrily put to sea the next Day near Sun-set, with a delicious fresh Gale.

Xenomanes show'd us afar off (1) The Sneaking Island where reign'd (2) *Shrove-tide*, of whom *Pantagrue* had heard much talk formerly; for that Reason, he would gladly have seen him in Person, had not *Xenomanes* advis'd him to the contrary: First because this would have been much out of our way, and then for the *Lean Chear*, [*Manger Maigre*,] which he told us was to be found at that Prince's Court and indeed all over the Island.

You can see nothing there for your Money (said he) but a huge Greedy Guts; a tall woundy Swallower of (3) Hot Wardens, and (4) Muscles; a Long-shank'd (5) Mole-

(1) *The Sneaking Island.*] *The Sneaking Island.* *L'Isle de Tapi-nois*, in *French* means neither more nor less than the Habitations of the Monks, which in ch. 46. of l. 3. and in the Prol. of l. 4. *Rabelais* calls *Taupetiers*, their Churches *Taupetieres*, properly Holes which the Moles root in the Ground; because the Monks are shut up therein like so many Moles (*Taupes*, in *French*, from *Talpa* a Mole in *Latin*.) Lent is said to well in these Monks Convents, where Abstinence from Flesh, is suppos'd, and ought to reign.

(2) *Shrove-tide.*] *Quaresme prenant.* *Rabelais* means the Beginning of Lent, or, if you will, the whole time of Lent: not what we call Shrove-tide, strictly. The Popish Ecclesiastics, as Mr. *M—x* observes, begin their Lent before the Laiety, Shrove-Tuesday is to them a day of Humiliation. See more in Mr. *M—x*'s Notes on this Chapter and likewise *Du Chat*.

(3) *Hot Wardens*, &c.] Grey Pease, in the Original.

(4) *Muscles.*] *Rabelais* rather means *Herrings*: his expression is

ung

(5) Mole-catcher ; an over grown (6) Bottler of Hay ; (7) A Mossy chin'd Demy-giant, with a double shaven Crown, of Lantern Breed ; (8) A very great Loytering Noddy-peak'd Youngster, (9) Banner-bearer to the Fish-eating Tribe, (10) Dictator of Mustard-Land, (11) Flogger of little Children, (12) Calciner of Ashes, (13) Father and Foster-father to Physicians ; (14) Swarming with Pardons, Indulgences, and Stations ; a

ung grand Cacquerotier, (not *Caquerolier*.) Now *Cacquerotier* is *Cacque-rupiter* : one that makes ruptures in Caggs (or Barrels) of Herrings, which in time of Lent the Claustral Folks are often doing, because it is a great Article of their Subsistence.

(5) *Mole-catcher*.] Lent is the chief season of the whole Year, for Mole-catching.

(6) *Bottler of Hay*.] Hay beginning to be scarce in Lent, there's much of it sold by *Bottles*, or Trusses.

(7) *A Mossy-chin'd Demi-Giant, &c.*] *Lent Mossy* or *Downy-chin'd*, because it has not been long on the footing it now is. *Demi-Giant*, because of its *Length*. Of *Lantern-breed*, and with *shaven* Crown, because Lent was first establish'd by the *Ecclesiasticks*, whom *Rabelais* else-where calls *Lanterniers*.

(8) *A very great Loytering Noddy-peak'd Youngster*.] *Bien grand Lanternier*, in *French*, and that's all. On which Word *M. du Cbat* observes : *Lent makes Fools (Lanternier)* of those that keep it : and furthermore, as there are in Lent many Nocturnal Devotions, there are *Lanterns* then to be seen trotting about in proportion.

(9) *Banner bearer to the Fish-eating Tribe*.] *Rabelais* so calls the first day of Lent, because it precedes many other Days on which Fish is always eaten.

(10) *Dictator of Mustard-land*.] Because in many of the Lent-dishes there's Mustard used.

(11) *Flogger of little Children*.] Partly because Fasting, and likewise a melancholy bilious Diet, in Lent, is apt to make Parents and School-Masters very peevish to their Children. And partly because during the Holy Week, the whipping part is redoubled among the cucullated Gentry.

(12) *Calciner of Ashes*.] Both on account of Peoples going to Church on Ash-Wednesday, to have Ashes put on their Heads, and also because in Lent there being plenty of Brands on the Hearths, then, or never, is the time to reduce the same to Ashes for Lye to wash and cleanse their Linen with.

(13) *Father, and Foster-father to Physicians*.] In ch. 29. of l. 5. The Food People use in Lent engenders the Distempers of the whole Year.

(14) *Swarming with Pardons*.] In time of Lent, People run a *Stationing*, (i. e. visit the Churches) to gain the *Pardons* and *Indulgences*, each Church abounds with.

very honest Man ; a good Catholic and as brimful of Devotion as ever he can hold.

He weeps the Three fourth parts of the Day, and (15) never assists at any Weddings : but give the Devil his due, he's the (16) most industrious Larding-stick and Skewer-maker in forty Kingdoms.

About Six Years ago, as I pass'd by [thro'] Sneaking Land, I brought home (17) a large Skewer from thence, and made a Present of it to the Butchers of *Quande*, who set a great Value upon them, and that for a Cause. Sometime or other, if ever we live to come back to our own Country, I will shew you two of them fastened on the great Church-Porch. His usual Food is (18) pickled Coats of Mail, salt Helmets and Head-pieces, and salt Sallads ; which sometimes makes him piss Piss and Needles. As for his Cloathing 'tis comical enough of Conscience, both for Make and Colour ; for he wears (19) Grey and Cold, nothing before, and nought behind, with the Sleeves of the same.

You will do me a kindness, said *Pantagruel*, if, as you have described his Cloaths, Food, Actions, and

(15) *Never assists at any Weddings.*] The Church forbids Marrying in Lent.

(16) *Most industrious Larding-stick and Skewer-maker.*] In Lent, especially towards the End, Butchers begin to busy themselves to make Skewers ; and Cooks, Larding-sticks and the like.

(17) *A large Skewer.*] It shou'd be a *Gross* of Skewers (12 dozen) *J'en emportay une Grosse.* Mr. M——x took *grosse* for the feminine of *Gros* large. But not so Mr. du Chat : *une Grosse de Lardoires*, says he *douze douzaines*. But he too forgot himself in putting *Lardoires* for *Brochettes* ; Larding-sticks for Skewers, for that's *Rabelais's* Word there : Besides, what had Butchers to do with Larding-sticks ? Skewers is their Concern.

(18) *Pickled Coats of Mail, &c.*] The Original has Salt Coats of Mail, Salt Casks, Salt Morrians and Salt Salades. On which *M. du Chat's* Note is : All Lent-food is high-relish'd and hard of digestion, and the name such Meats go by, are those of *Salades* (a sort of Head-piece so call'd : *Morions*, (another sort of Head-piece, &c. Tho' this latter means likewise a small red delicious Mushroom call'd *Morillios*, salted for Winter use.

(19) *Grey and Cold, &c.*] Lent-weather is generally Grey and Cold, but that's not all *Rabelais* means. His *Nothing before, Nothing behind, and Sleeves of the same*, alludes to Saint Francis's Rule, enjoining the Grey Friars to wear no Shirts, and to re-iterate in time of Lent the Discipline (Whip) on their naked Skin.

Pastimes,

Pastimes, you will also give me an Account of his Shape, and Disposition in all his Parts. Prithce do, dear Cod, said Friar *John*, for I have found him in my Breviary, and then follows the moveable Holidays ? With all my heart, answer'd *Xenomanes*, We may chance to hear more of him as we touch at the Wild Island, the Dominion of the Squob *Chitterlings* his Enemies ; against whom he is eternally at odds, and were it not for the help of the noble (20) *Carnival* their Protector, and good Neighbour, this Meagre look'd (21) *Shrovetide* would long before this have made sad work among them, and rooted them out of their Habitation. Are these same *Chitterlings*, said Friar *John*, Male or Female, Angels or Mortals, Women or Maids ? they are, reply'd *Xenomanes*, Female in Sex, Mortal in Condition, some of them Maids, others not. The Devil have me, said Friar *John*, if I been't for them. What a shameful Disorder in Nature is it not, to make War against Women ? Let's go back, and hack the Villain to pieces— What ! (22) Meddle with *Shrovetide*, cry'd *Panurge*. In the name of *Belzebub*, I am not yet so weary of my Life. No, I'm not yet so mad as that comes to. *Quid juris* ? suppose we should find ourselves pent up between the *Chitterlings* and *Shrovetide* ? (23) Between the Anvil and the Hammers ? Shankers, and Buboes ! Stand off ; Godszoooks let's make the best of our way. I bid you good Night, sweet Mr. *Shrovetide*, I recommend to you the *Chitterlings*, and pray don't forget the Puddings.

(20) *Carnival*.] *Mardigras*, properly Shrove Tuesday. He is Protector of the *Chitterlings*, against Lent.

(21) *Shrovetide*.] *Carejme-prenent*. It means Lent all along, or at least the first Days of it ; tho' continually called by the Translator *Shrovetide*.

(22) *Meddle with Shrovetide*.] That is, meddle with Lent ! &c.

(23) *Between the Anvil, and the Hammers*.] It is Lent, (called by the Translator *Shrovetide*) that is the Striker and Persecutor. The *Chitterlings* are the Sufferers, the Party struck and Persecuted.

C H A P. XXX.

*How Shrovetide is anatomiz'd and described
by Xenomanes.*

AS for the inward Parts of (1) *Shrovetide*, said *Xenomanes*, (2) His *Brain*, is (at least it was in my time) in Bigness, Colour, Substance and Strength, much like the left Cod of a He-hand-worm.

The *Ventricles* of his sad Brain, like an Augre.
The Worm-like *Excrescence*, like a Christmas-box.
The *Membranes*, like a Monk's Cowle.
The *Funnel*, like a Mason's Chissel.
The *Fornix*, like a Casket.
The *Glandula pinealis*, like a Bagpipe.
The *Rete Admirabile*, like a Gutter.
The *Dug-like Processus*, like a Patch.
The *Tympanums*, like a Whirly-Gig.
The *Rocky bones*, like a Goose-wing.
The *Nape* of the Neck, like a Paper Lanthorn.
The *Nerves*, like a Pipkin.
The *Uvula*, like a Sackbutt.
The *Palate*, like a Mittain.
The *Spittle*, like a Shuttle.
The *Almonds*, like a Telescope.
The *Bridge* of his *Nose*, like a Wheel-barrow.

(1) *Shrovetide*, &c.] *Carefme-prenant* in French. Tho' this Word ordinarily means the Carnival, says *M. du Chat*, and particularly *Mardigras* (Shrove-tuesday.) Yet here it means Ash-Wednesday, or even Lent it self, since it is set in opposition to *Mardigras*, Protector of the Chitterlings. Thus the grotesk Picture of Lent drawn here by *Xenomanes*, not being applicable to the odd extravagant *Mascarades* of the Carnival, this Picture must needs, on one Hand, refer in general to the *Whimsicalness* of the Habits of the *Monks*, who by their Rules are tied to a continual Lent, and on the other Hand it certainly animadverts on the Error of those who place great part of the Christian Religion in the Observance of Lent and its Devotions.

(2) *His Brain*, in Bigness, &c.] Whoever invented Lent, in *Rabelais's* Opinion, he had no great Share of Wisdom.

The

- The *Head* of the *Larynx*, like a Vintage Basket.
 The *Stomach*, like a Belt.
 The *Pylorus*, like a Pitchfork.
 The *Windpipe*, like an Oyster-knife.
 The *Throat*, like a Pincushion stuff'd with Oakham.
 The *Lungs*, like a Prebend's Furgown.
 The *Heart*, like a Cope.
 The *Mediaſtin*, like an earthen Cup.
 The *Pleura*, like a Crows-bill.
 The *Arteries*, like a Watch-coat.
 The *Midriff*, like a Mounteer-cap.
 The *Liver*, like a double Tongu'd Mattock.
 The *Veins*, like a Sash-window.
 The *Spleen*, like a Catcal.
 The *Guts*, like a Trammel.
 The *Gall*, like a Cooper's Ads.
 The *Entrails*, like a Gantlet.
 The *Meſentery*, like an Abbot's Miter.
 The *Hungry Gut*, like a Button.
 The *Blind Gut*, like a Breast-plate.
 The *Colon*, like a Bridle.
 The *Arſe-Gut*, like a Monk's leathern Bottle.
 The *Kidnies*, like a Trowel.
 The *Loyns* like a Padlock.
 The *Urēters*, like a Pot-hook.
 The *Emulgent Veins*, like two Gilly-flowers.
 The *Spermatick Veſſels*, like a Cully-mully-puff.
 The *Paraſtata's*, like an Ink-pot.
 The *Bladder*, like a Stone-bow.
 The *Neck*, like a Mill-clapper.
 (3) The *Mirach*, or lower parts of the *Belly*, like a High crown'd Hat.
 (4) The *Siphach*, or its *Inner Rind*, like a Wooden Cuff.
 The *Muscles* like a pair of Bellows.

(3) *The Miraeb.*] An *Arabian Word*, thus defin'd by *Leonellus Faventinus*, in his *de medendis morbis*: *Mirach*, ſays he, *dicitur pars ventris exterior, compoſita ex cute, pinguedine, & octo muſculis ventris.*

(4) *Siphach.*] *Eſt Siphac*, ſays the ſame Author, *panniculus nervoſus, ſolidus, continens inter ſe Zirbum, Stomachum, & Hepar.*

The

The *Tendons*, like a Hawking Glove.

The *Ligaments*, like a Tinker's Budget.

The *Bones*, like three corner'd Cheefe-cakes.

The *Marrow*, like a Wallet.

The *Cartilages*, like a (5) Field Tortoise, *alias* a Mole.

The *Glandules* in the *Mouth*, like a Pruning-Knife.

The *Animal Spirits*, like swindging Fifty-cuffs.

The *Blood* fermenting, like a Multiplication of Flurts on the Nose.

The *Urine*, like a Fig-pecker.

The *Sperm*, like a hundred of Tenpenny-nails.

And his Nurse told me, that (6) being married to *Mid-Lent*, he only begot a good number of *Local Adverbs*, and certain double *Fasts*.

His *Memory*, he had like a Scarf.

His *Common Sense*, like a buzzing of Bees.

His *Imagination*, like the Chime of a Set of Bells.

His *Thoughts*, like a Flight of Starlings.

His *Conscience*, like the unnestling of a parcel of young Hens.

His *Deliberations*, like a Set of Organs.

His (7) *Repentance*, like the Carriage of a double Cannon.

(5) *Field Tortoise, alias a Mole.*] *Alias a Mole* is of Mr. M—x's own putting in: *Rabelais* says *tortue de guarriges*. Which is a sort of Land Tortoise (nothing of the Mole-kind. It is not so large as the Water Tortoise, but has a much finer Shell, and its Belly is Yellow. There's plenty of them in *Languedoc*, where the *Fields* and *Bushes* are call'd *Guarriges*.

(6) *Being married to Mid-Lent, &c.*] During the whole time of *Lent*, except on *Midlent-day*, none, in the *Romish* Communion, are allowed to marry. This suggested to *Rabelais* the Thought of making a Match between *la Mi Careme*, i. e. *Mid-lent* and *le Careme*, i. e. *Lent* himself and as *Lent*, in point of Marriages, is barren, thence it comes that from such a Match can proceed nothing but *local Adverbs*, and certain Double-Fasts: the Fastings indeed beginning to increase after *Mid-lent*, and every Body desiring to know, *Whither* they must go, [i. e. *to what Church*.] *Whence* [from what Church,] they must come, and lastly *Through* what Church they must pass to gain the Indulgencies.

(7) *Repentance, &c.*] Slow and attended with great Preparatives.

His *Undertakings*, like the Ballast of a Gallion.
 His *Understanding*, like a torn Breviary.
 His *Notions*, like Snails crawling out of Strawberries.
 His *Will*, like three Filberts in a Porrenger.
 His *Desire*, like six Truffles of Hay.
 His *Judgment*, like a Shoeing-horn.
 His *Discretion*, like the truckle of a Pully.
 His *Reason*, like a Cricket-stool.

C H A P. XXXI.

Shrovetide's outward parts Anatomiz'd.

S*hrovetide*, continued *Xenomanes*, is somewhat better proportion'd in his outward Parts excepting the seven Ribs which he had over and above the common Shape of Men.

His Toes, were like a Virginal on an Organ.
His Nails, like a Gimlet.
His Feet, like a Guitar.
His Heels, like a Club.
The Soles of his Feet, like a Crucible.
His Legs, like a Hawk's Lure.
His Knees, like a Joint-stool.
His Thighs, like a Steel-cap.
His Hips, like a Wimble.
His Belly, as big as a Tun, button'd after the old Fashion,
with a Girdle riding over the middle of his Bosom.
His Navel, like a Cymbal.
His Groyn, like a minc'd Pye.
His Member, like a Slipper.
His Purse, like an Oyl-cruet.
His Genitals, like a Joyners Plainer.
Their Erecting Muscles, like a Racket.
The Perineum, like a Flageolet.
His Arse-hole, like a Chrystal-looking-glass.
His Bum, like a Harrow.
His Loyns, like a Butter-pot.
The Peritonæum, or Caul wherein his Bowels were
wrap'd, like a Billiard-table.

His

His Back, like an overgrown rack-bent Cross-bow.

The Vertebrae, or Joynts of his Back-bone, like a Bag-pipe.

His Ribs, like a Spinning-wheel.

His Brisket, like a Canopy.

His Shoulder Blades, like a Mortar.

His Breast, like a Game at Nine-pins.

His Paps, like a Horn-pipe.

His Arm-pits, like a Chequer.

His Shoulders, like a Hand-barrow.

His Arms, like a Riding-hood.

His Fingers, like a Brotherhood's Andirons.

The Fibulae, or lessor Bones of his Legs, like a pair of Stilts.

His Shin-bones, like Sickles.

His Elbows, like a Mouse-trap.

His Hands, like a Curry-comb.

His Neck, like a Talboy.

His Throat, like a Felt to distil Hippocras.

The Knob in his Throat, like a Barrel, where hang'd two brazen Wens, very fine and harmonious, in the shape of an Hour-glass.

His Beard, like a Lanthorn.

His Chin, like a Mushroom.

His Ears, like a Pair of Gloves.

His Nose, like a Buskin.

His Nostrils, like a Forehead-cloth.

His Eye-brows, like a Dripping-pan.

On his left Brow, was a mark of the Shape and Bigness of an Urinal.

His Eyelids, like a Fiddle.

His Eyes, like a Comb-box.

His Optick Nerves, like a Tinder-box.

His Forehead, like a false Cup.

His Temples, like the Cock of a Cistern.

His Cheeks, like a Pair of Wooden Shoes.

His Jaws, like a Cawdle-cup.

(1) His Teeth, like a Hunter's Staff. Of such Colts

(1) His Teeth, like a Hunter's Staff.] Long, by much Fasting.

*Teeth as his, you will find one at Colonges les Roy-
aux in Poitou, (2) and two at la Brosse in Xain-
tonge, on the Cellar door.*
His Tongue, like a Jew's-harp.
His Mouth, like a Horse-cloth.
His Face, imbroider'd like a Mule's Pack-saddle.
His Head, contriv'd like a Still.
His Scull, like a Pouch.
*The Suturae, or Seams of his Skull, like the Annulus Pif-
catoris or the (3) Fisher's Signet.*
His Skin, like a Gabardine.
His Epidermis, or outward Skin, like a Boulting-cloth.
His Hair, like a Scrubbing-brush.
His Fur, such as abovesaid.

C H A P. XXXII.

*A Continuation of Shrovetide's Countenance,
Postures, and Way of Behaving.*

TIS a wonderful Thing, continu'd *Xenomanes*, to
hear and see the State of *Shrovetide*.

*If he chanc'd to spit, it was whole Baskets full of Gold-
finches.*
If he blow'd his Nose, it was pickled Grigs.
When he wept, it was Ducks with Onion Sauce.
When he trembled, it was large Venison Pasties.
When he did sweat, it was old Ling with Butter Sauce.
When he belch'd, it was Bushels of Oysters.
When he sneez'd, it was whole Tubs full of Mustard.
When he cough'd, it was Boxes of Marmalade.
When he sob'd, it was Water-creffes.
When he yawn'd, it was Pots full of pickled Pease.
When he sigh'd, it was dry'd Neats Tongues.

(2) *And two at la Brasse, &c.]* Baccace in his Genealogy of
the Gods, gives an Historical Account of some Giants Teeth, two
whereof were found at *Drepano* in *Sicily*, fasten'd to the roof of our
Lady's Church there, by two Iron-Chains.

(3) *Fisher's Seal.]* The Pope's Seal doubtless is meant by this.

When he whistled, it was a whole Scuttle full of green Apes.

When he snor'd, it was a whole Pan full of fry'd Beans.

When he frown'd, it was sow's'd Hog's Feet.

When he spoke, it was coarse brown Russet Cloth so little it was like Crimson Silk, with which Parisatis desir'd that the Words of such as spoke to her Son Cyrus, King of Persia, should be interwoven.

When he blow'd, it was Indulgence Money-boxes.

When he wink'd, it was butter'd Buns.

When he grumbled, it was March Cats.

When he nodded, 'twas Iron-bound Waggon.

When he made Mouths, it was broken Staves.

When he mutter'd, it was Lawyers Revels.

When he hopp'd about, it was Letters of Licence and Protections.

When he step'd back, it was Sea-cockle-shells.

When he slabber'd, it was common Owens.

When he was hoarse, it was an Entry of Morrice-dancers.

When he broke wind, it was Dun Cows Leather Spatterdash.

When he funck'd, it was Wash'd Leather Boots.

When he scratch'd himself, it was new Proclamations.

When he sung, it was Pease in Cods.

When he evacuated, it was Mushrooms and Morilles.

When he puffed, it was Cabbages with Oil, alias (1) Caules Ambolif.

When he talk'd, it was the last Year's Snow.

When he dreamt, it was of a Cock and a Bull.

When he gave nothing, so much for the Bearer.

(2) If he thought to himself, it was Whimsies and Maggots.

If he doz'd, it was Leases of Land.

What

(1) Caules Ambolif.] *Caules amb'ollif*, in Rabelais: On which M. du Ghat says, Cabbages or Coleworts with Oil is a common Dish among the People of Gascony and Languedoc, who abound more with Oil than Butter. *Ambé d'Oli*; *avec d'Huile*, is the true Languedocian Word, tho' Rabelais spells it otherwise.

(2) If he thought to himself, it was Whimsies and Maggots.] Rabelais

What is yet more strange, he us'd to work doing nothing, and did nothing, tho' he work'd; carous'd sleeping, and slept carousing, with his Eyes open, like the Hares in our Country, for fear of being taken napping by the Chitterlings, his inveterate Enemies; biting he laugh'd, and laughing bit; eat nothing fasting, and fasted eating nothing; mumbled upon Suspicion, drank by Imagination, swam on the Tops of high Steeples, dry'd his Cloaths in Ponds and Rivers, fish'd in the Air, and there us'd to catch *Decumane* Lobsters; hunted at the bottom of the Herring-pond, and caught there *Ibices*, (3) *Stamboucs*, *Shamois*, and other wild Goats; us'd to (4) put out the Eyes of all the Crows which he took sneakingly; (5) fear'd nothing but his own Shadow, and the Cries

Rabelais says, *S'il songeoit*, that is, if he dreamt, (*songer*, in its primary Signification, is to dream, from the Latin *Somniare*.) *S'il songeoit*, c'étoient vits volants & rampans contre une muraille, are *Rabelais's* Words. If he dreamt, it was (not *Whimsies*, as Mr. M---s Translates it, but) *Whim-whams*, *Mens Pissing-tools*, flying in the Air, or creeping up a Wall. Such Dreams prove sometimes dangerous, especially to the Fair Sex, as we learn from *Verville's Moyen de parvenir*. *Mademoiselle de Lascar*, says he, dreaming one Night that she was in a Plough'd Field where they were sowing Catzoes, she sprung out of Bed on a sudden, and broke her Arm, in straining to catch a Catzone, one of the largest size, as it was falling to the Ground. This she confest to the King's Surgeon.

(3) *Stamboucs*.] From the German Word *Stein-bock*, i. e. Rock or Mountain Goats, not unlike a Roe-buck. Their Flesh is equally savoury and delicate. See *Misson's Travels*. They are found in the Mountains, on the Road from *Inspruck* to *Trent*.

(4) Put out the Eyes of all the Crows which he took sneakingly.] In the Sneaking Island rather. *En Tapinois*. By the Crows whose Eyes he put out, may be meant the Monks, who, the Moment they make Profession, are to see nothing but with their Superior's Eyes. Here *M. du Chat* tells us there is a Proverb among *Erasmus's* Adagia *Cornicum oculos configere*; to put out the Crow's Eyes; but does not tell us the Meaning of that Saying. My *Sartorius*, revis'd by *Schrevelius*, says, *Perinde valere videtur, quasi dicas, novo quodam invento, veterum eruditionem velle obscurare, efficereque, ut superiores nihil scisse, nihil vidisse censeantur. Fortassis cornicum vivacitas, atque concordia, huic adagioni locum fecit. Siquidem cornix antiquitus concordiae symbolum erat. Dicitur itaque cornicum oculos configere, quisquis ea, quæ antiquitas magno consensu comprobavit, damnare, ac rescindere, convellereque conetur*. The learned Reader will not think the above Quotation to be at all out of its Place here, since it so well falls in with the Character of Senior *Skrovetide*.

(5) Fear nothing but his own Shadow, and the Cries of fat Kids.]

Cries of fat Kids: us to gad abroad some Days like a Truant School-boy; (6) play'd with the Ropes of Bells on Festival Days of Saints; made a Mallet of his Fist, and (7) writ on hairy Parchment Prognostications and Almanacks with his huge Pin-Cafe.

Is that the Gentleman, said Friar *John*, he is my Man; this is the very Fellow I look'd for; I'll send him a Challenge immediately. This is, said *Pantagrue*, a strange and monstrous Sort of a Man, if I may call him a Man. You put me in mind of the Form and Looks of *Amodunt* and *Dissonance*. How were they made, said Friar *John*? May I be peel'd like a raw Onion, if ever I heard a Word of them. I'll tell you what I read of them in some ancient Apologues, reply'd *Pantagrue*.

Phyfis (that is to say Nature) at her first Burthen begat Beauty and Harmony, without carnal Copulation, being of herself very fruitful and prolifick: (8) *Anti-phyfis*,

Rabelais seems here to point at such Monks as long to eat Flesh, but are afraid of two Things; first, lest their *Companion* shou'd betray them; secondly, lest the Cries of the Kid they have a Mind to feast upon, shou'd discover them. The learned need not be told that *Umbra*, the Author's Word (from the *Latin Umbra*) signifies not only a *Shadow*, but a *Champion*, who follows his Friend like his *Shadow*. The same in the *Greek*, ΣΚΙΑ, *umbra*; item *Socius*, says *Robertson*, διὰ τὸ ἑῶν, ἂν ἑῶν, *vado, quia nos comitatur*. I shall conclude with observing, that I never saw either Monks or Nuns go abroad by themselves, but always in Couples; two of 'em together; to visit the Sick, or gather Contributions of Provisions, &c. &c. &c.

(6) *Play'd with the Ropes of Bells on Festival Days of Saints.*] This is far from what *Rabelais* means by *Se jouoit és cordes des ceinets*. *Ceinct* (from *cinctus* in *Latin*) is one that is girded about or *cinctured*, as the *Cordeliers* are with a *Cord* (*Corde* in *French*;) with which *Cord* or *Rope* they play and divert themselves, when they are within the Walls of their Convent, but abroad they trumpet forth its Praises, and extol its Merit and Virtue to the Skies. Some of the new Editions of *Rabelais* have it indeed *Se jouoit és cordes des saints*: But *Rabelais*, even in that Case, does not allude at all to Church Bell-ropes, but puns upon the Co-incidence of Sounds between *cordes* and *corps des saints*: As if he had said, *they play with the Bodies of Saints and Reliques*, and make use of 'em as Ways and Means to get Money.

(7) *Writ on hairy Parchment.*] Took a great deal of Pains to no Purpose. To write with a Pen on hairy Parchment, is losing one's Labour and Time too.

(8) *Antiphyfis, who was ever the Counter-part of Nature, &c.*] Wrong translated. Read, *Antiphyfis, who was ever an Antagonist*
to

physis, who ever was the Counter-part of Nature, immediately, out of a malicious Spite against her for beautiful and honourable Productions, in Opposition, begot (9) *Amodunt* and *Dissonance*, (10) by Copulation with *Tellumon*. Their Heads were round like a Football, and not gently flatted on both Sides, like the common Shape of Men. Their Ears stood prick'd up like those of Asses: their Eyes, as hard as those of Crabs, and without Brows, star'd out of their Heads, fix'd on Bones like those of our Heels; their Feet were round like 'Tennis-Balls; their Arms and Hands turn'd backwards towards the Shoulders, and they walk'd on their Heads, continually turning round like a Ball, Topsy-turvy, Heels over Head.

Yet (as you know that Apes esteem their Young the handsomest in the World) *Antiphyfis* extoll'd her Offspring, and strove to prove, that their Shape was handsomer and neater than that of the Children of *Physis*; saying, that thus to have spherical Heads and Feet, and walk in a circular manner, wheeling round, had something in it of the Perfection of the Divine Power, which makes all Beings eternally turn in that fashion; and that

to Nature, (*parte adverse de Nature*, says *Rabelais*.) Counter-part implies Agreement with something else, like a Pair of Indentures; whereas *Rabelais*'s Words infer absolute *Disagreement*, and so does the Greek Preposition *anti*, prefix'd to *Physis* (*natura*.) *Antiphyfis*, is as much as to say, *contra Naturam*.

(9) *Amodunt* or *Amodun*.] That is, says the Dutch Schol'ast, *sine modo*, (from the Primitive *alpha*, and the Noun *modus*.) A deform'd, irregular, enormous Thing. Thus says our Author, *Amodunt* and *Discordance* were the Offspring of *Antiphyfis*, i. e. repugnant to, or against Nature.

(10) *By Copulation with Tellumon*.] As all the learned Men I have hitherto consulted (says *M. du Chat*) on this pretended ancient Apologue, have confess'd themselves to be utter'y ignorant who was the Author of it; till such time as 'tis discover'd, adds he, supposing it not to be *Rabelais* himself, which is very possible, I shall only take Notice, after *Varro* in the Fragments of his *de Diis*; *S. Augustin*, l. 7. c. 23. of the *City of God*; and *Stuckius de Gentilium Sacris*, &c. Zurich Edition, 1598. I say, I shall content myself with observing, that the Romans, who made *Tellumon* one of their Divinities, distinguish'd her from their Goddess *Tellus* in this, viz. the latter, *Tellus*, according to their Theology, was the Earth, as to Conception and *Tullumon*, the same Earth as to Production.

to have our Feet uppermost, and the Head below them, was to imitate the Creator of the Universe, (11) the Hair being like the Roots, and the Legs like the Branches of Man; for Trees are better planted by their Roots, than they could be by their Branches. By this Demonstration, she imply'd, that her Children were much more to be prais'd for being like a standing Tree, than those of *Phyffs*, that made a Figure of a Tree upside down. As for the Arms and Hands, she pretended to prove that they were more justly turn'd towards the Shoulders, because that Part of the Body ought not to be without Defence, while the Fore-part is duly fenc'd with Teeth, which a Man cannot only use to chew, but also to defend himself against those Things that offend him. Thus by the Testimony and Astipulation of the brute Beasts, she drew all the witless Herd and Mob of Fools into her Opinion, and was admir'd by all brainless and nonsensical People.

Since that, she begot the hypocritical Tribes of Evesdropping Diffemblers, superstitious Pope-mongers, and Priest-ridden Bigots, the frantic (12) *Pistolets*, the Scrapers of Benefices, Apparitors with the Devil in them, and other Grinders and Squeezers of Livings; your mad (13) Herb-stinking Hermits, gulligutted Dunces of the Cowl, Church Vermin, false Zealots, Devourers of the

(11) *The Hair being, &c.*] Hardly intelligible. Read therefore as Rabelais writ it: *Seeing the Hair is in Man like Roots, and the Legs like Branches.*

(12) *Pistolets.*] Under the Name of *Pistolets*, Rabelais alludes to the Black and White Factions, a Sort of *Guelphs* and *Gibelins*, who, about the Year 1300, sprung up in Italy, in the little Town of *Pistoia*; which Place likewise gave Name afterwards to (*Pistolets de poche*) Pocket Pistols. [*Pox on the Maker*, says this Translator, whose Brother lost his Right Leg by happening to carry one of 'em in his Pocket. The first of these Pocky Pistols came from *Pistoia*, it seems; and if they returned to the Place from whence they came, there wou'd be no great Harm done.]

(13) *Herb-stinking Hermits.*] *Enraigez putherbes*, it is in Rabelais, who does not thereby allude to any Herb-stinking Hermits, but to a certain Monk, a great Enemy to our Author, whose Name was *Puy-Herbaut*; who had but ill latiniz'd his own Name to a Book he wrote against Rabelais, calling himself *Puterbeus*; which, in old French, signifies *A Well infected with Herbs which make Folks mad.*

Substance of Men, and many other deform'd and ill-favour'd Monsters, made in spite of Nature.

C H A P. XXXIII.

How Pantagruel discover'd a monstrous Physetere, or Whirlpool, near the Wild Island.

ABOUT Sun-set, coming near the *Wild Island*, Pantagruel spy'd afar off a huge monstrous (1) *Physetere*, a sort of a Whale (which some call a Whirlpool) that came right upon us neighing, snorting, rais'd above the Waves higher than our Main-tops, and spouting Water all the Way into the Air, before itself, like a large River falling from a Mountain: *Pantagruel* shew'd it to the Pilot, and to *Xenomanes*.

By the Pilot's Advice, the Trumpets of the *Thalamege* were sounded, to warn all the Fleet to stand close and look to themselves. This Alarm being given, all the Ships, Gallions, Frigats, Brigantines (according to their Navel Discipline) placed themselves in the Order and Figure of an Y. [*Upsilon*,] the Letter of *Pythagoras*, as Cranes do in their Flight; and like (2) an Angle, in whose Cone and Basis the *Thalamege* plac'd herself ready to fight smartly: Friar *John* with the (3) Grenadiers, got on the Forecastle.

Poor *Panurge* began to cry and howl worse than ever: *Babiliebabou*, said he, shrugging up his Shoulders, quivering all over with fear, there will be the Devil upon Dun. This is a worse Business than that t'other Day;

(1) *Physetere*.] A sort of Whale, seen sometimes on the *French Ocean*, particularly towards *Bayonne*. The *Greeks* have nam'd this Fish *Physetere*, as much as to say, *The Blower*, on account of the vast Quantity of Water it blows, as it were out of a Hole in the upper Part of his Head. See *Rondeletius de Piscibus*, l. 16. c. 14. where he quotes *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 4.

(2) *An Angle*.] An acute Angle in *Rabelais*. This Observation on the manner of the Crane's flying, is *Plutarch's* in the Treatise where he examines what Creatures shew most Sense.

(3) *Grenadiers*.] Bombardiers in *Rabelais*.

let us fly, let us fly ; old Nick take me if it is not *Leviathan*, describ'd by the noble Prophet *Moses*, in the Life of patient *Job*. It will swallow us all, Ships and Men, Shag, Rag, and Bobtail, like a Dose of Pills. Alas, it will make no more of us, and we shall hold no more room in its hellish Jaws, than a Sugar-plumb in an Ass's Throat. Look, look, 'tis upon us ; let's wheel off, whip it away, and get ashoar. I believe 'tis the very individual Sea Monster, that was formerly design'd to devour *Andromeda* ; we are all undone. Oh ! for some valiant *Perseus* here now to kill the Dog.

I'll do its Business presently, said *Pantagruel*, fear nothing. Odds-belly, said *Panurge*, remove the Cause of my fear then ; when the Devil would you have a Man be afraid, but when there is so much Cause ? If your Destiny be such, as Friar *John* was saying (4) a while ago (reply'd *Pantagruel*) you ought to be afraid of *Pyrois*, *Eous*, *Æthon*, and *Phlegon*, the Sun's Coach-horses, that breathe fire at the Nostrils ; and not of *Physetters*, that spout nothing but Water at the Snout and Mouth. Their Water will not endanger your Life ; and that Element will rather save and preserve, than hurt or endanger you.

Ay, ay, trust to that, and hang me, quoth *Panurge*, yours is a very pretty fancy ; Odd's Fish, did I not give you a sufficient Account of the Elements Transmutation, and the Blunders that are made of roast for boil'd, and boil'd for roast ? Alas, here 'tis ; I'll go hide myself below. We are dead Men every Mother's Son of us ; I see upon our Main-top that merciless Hag (5) *Atropos*, with her Scissars new ground, ready to cut our Threads all at one Snip. Oh ! how dreadful and abominable thou art ; thou hast drown'd a good many besides us, who never made their Brags of it. Did it but spout good brisk, dainty, delicious White-wine, instead of this damn'd bitter Salt-water, one might better bear with it,

(4) *A while ago.*] In ch. 24. Friar *John* advises *Panurge* not so much to fear Water as Fire.

(5) *Atropos.*] The *Physetere* which *Panurge*'s Fear represented to him as lifting-up its Head higher than the Main-Top.

and there would be some Cause to be patient, like (6) that *English* Lord, who being doom'd to die, and had Leave to chuse what kind of Death he would, chose to be drown'd in a Butt of *Malmsey*. Here it is.— Oh, oh, Devil, Sathanas, Leviathan, I can't abide to look upon thee thou art so abominably ugly.— Go to the Bar, go take the Pettifoggers.

C H A P. XXXIV.

How the monstrous Phytetere was slain by Pantagruel.

THE *Phytetere* coming between the Ships and the Gallions, threw Water by whole Tuns upon them, as if it had been the *Catadupes* of the *Nile* in *Ethiopia*. On the other Side, Arrows, Darts, Gleaves, Javelins, Spears, Harping-Irons, and Partizans flew upon it like *Hail*. Friar *John* did not spare himself in it. *Panurge* was half dead for fear. The Artillery roar'd and thun-

(6) *That English Lord.*] *George* Duke of *Clarenc*, whom his Brother, *Edward IV.* King of *England*, put to that sort of Death in *February* 1477, or, according to the *Roman Kalendar*, 1478, thro' a Conceit that *Merlin's* Prophecies were relative to the Duke of *Clarence*, as the Person that wou'd one Day deprive his (the King's) Children of the Crown. See the Continuation of *Monstrelet*. fol. 196. *Fulgosus*, l. 9. c. 12. and *Martin du Bellai's* Memoirs, l. 1. on the Year 1514. Some Historians [see *Georg. Lili Chronicon*. 1568,] satisfy themselves with saying, that this unfortunate Duke *George*, was suffocated in the Tower of *London*, without specifying whether it was by means of Wine or otherwise; but supposing that the Duke had really made Choice of this Way of going out of the World, as is related by *Rabelais*, yet this Lord's mad Fancy wou'd not be without Example, witness the following Epigram, among the *Tombeaux* of *Michael Harssob*, of *Berlin*, printed in 8vo at *Frankfort* on the *Oder*, in the Year 1571.

*In Cyatho vini pleno cum musca periret,
Sic, at Oeneus, sponte perire velim.*

Anglicè.

When in a Cup of Wine a Fly was drown'd,
So, said *Vinarius*, may My Days be crown'd!

der'd like mad, and seem'd to gaul it in good earnest, but did but little good ; for the great Iron and Brass Cannon-Shot entering its Skin, seem'd to melt like Tiles in the Sun.

Pantagruel then considering the Weight and Exigency of the Matter, stretch'd out his Arms, and shew'd what he could do. You tell us, and it is recorded, that *Commodus*, the *Roman* Emperor, could shoot with a Bow so dextrously, that at a good Distance he would let fly an Arrow through a Child's Fingers, and never touch them. You also tell us of an *Indian* Archer, who liv'd when *Alexander* the Great conquer'd *India*, and was so skilful in drawing the Bow, that at a considerable Distance he would shoot his Arrows through a Ring, though they were three Cubits long, and their Iron so large and weighty, that with them he us'd to pierce Steel (1) Cutlasses, thick Shields, Steel Breast-plates, and generally what he did hit, how firm, resisting, hard and strong soever it were. You also tell us Wonders of the Industry of the ancient *Franks*, who were preferred to all other in point of Archery ; and when they hunted either Black or Dun Beasts, us'd to rub the Head of their Arrows with Hellebore, because the Flesh of the Venison struck with such an Arrow, was more tender, dainty, wholesome, and delicious (paring off, nevertheless, the Part that was touch'd roundabout.) You also talk of the *Parthians*, who us'd to shoot backwards more dextrously than other Nations forwards ; and also celebrate the Skill of the *Scythians* in that Art, who sent once to *Darius* King of *Persia* an (2) Ambassador, that made him a Present of a Bird, a Frog, a Mouse, and five Arrows, without speaking one Word ; and being ask'd what those Presents meant, and if he had Commission to say any Thing, answer'd that he had not ; which puzzled and gravell'd *Darius* very much ; till *Gobrias* one of the seven Captains that had kill'd the *Magi*, explain'd it ; saying to *Darius* by these Gifts and Offerings the *Scythians* silently tell you, that except the *Persians*, like

(1) *Cutlasses.*] Read *Cuirasses.*

(2) *An Ambassador.*] See the 4th Book of *Herodotus*.

Birds, fly up to Heaven, or, like Mice, hidethemselves near the Centre of the Earth, or, like Frogs, dive to the very bottom of Ponds and Lakes, they shall be destroyed by the Power and Arrows of the *Scythians*.

The noble *Pantagruel* was, without Comparifon, more admirable yet in the Art of Shooting and Darting; for with his dreadful Piles and Darts, nearly refembling the huge Beams that fupport the Bridges of *Nantes*, *Saumur*, *Bergerac*, and at *Paris* the Millers and the Changers Bridges, in Length, Size, Weight, and Iron-work, he, at a Mile's Distance, would open an Oyfter, and never touch the Edges; he would snuff a Candle, without putting it out; would shoot a Magpy in the Eye, take off a Boot's Under-sole, or a Riding-hood's Lining, without foiling them a-bit; turn over every Leaf of Friar *Johns's* Breviary one after another, and not tear one.

With fuch Darts, of which there was good Store in the Ship, at the firft Blow he ran the *Phyfitere* in at the Forehead fo furiously, that he pierc'd both its Jaws and Tongue, fo that from that Time to this it no more open'd its guttural Trap-door, nor drew and fpouted Water. At the fecond Blow he put out its right Eye, and at the third its left; and we had all the Pleafure to fee the *Phyfitere* bearing thofe three Horns in its Forehead, fomewhat leaning forwards in an equilateral Triangle.

Mean while it turn'd about to and fro, staggering and ftraying like one ftunn'd, blinded, and taking his leave of the World. *Pantagruel* not fatisfy'd with this, let fly another Dart, which took the Monster under the Tail likewise ftoping; then with three other on the Chine in a perpendicular Line divided its Flank from the Tail to the Snout, at an equal Distance; then he larded it with fifty on one fide, and after that to make even work, he darted as many on its other fide; fo that the Body of the *Phyfitere* feem'd like the Hulk of a Gallion with three Mafts, join'd by a competent Dimension of its Beams, as if they had been the Ribs and Chainwales of the Keel, which was a pleafant fight. The *Phyfitere* then giving up the Ghof, turn'd it felf upon its back, as all dead Fifhes do, and being thus overturn'd with the Beams and

Darts

Darts upside down in the Sea, it seem'd a *Scolopendria* or *Centipede*, as that Serpent is describ'd by the ancient Sage *Nicander*.

C H A P. XXXV.

How Pantagruel went on shoar in the Wild Island, the antient abode of the (1) Chitterlings.

THE Boat's Crew of the Ship *Lantern* tow'd the *Physetere* ashoar on the Neighbouring Shoar (which happened to be (2) the Wild Island) to make an Anatomical Dissection of its Body, and save the fat of its Kidnies, which, they said, was very useful and necessary for the cure of a certain Distemper, which they call'd *Want of Money*. As for *Pantagruel*, he took no manner of notice of the Monster, for he had seen many such, nay bigger in the *Gallick Ocean*. Yet he condescended to land in the Wild Island, to dry and refresh some of his Men (whom the *Physetere* had wetted and bedawb'd) at a small Desert Sea-port towards the South, seated near a fine pleasant Grove, out of which flow'd a delicious Brook of fresh, clear and purling water. Here they pitch'd their Tents, and set up their Kitchens, nor did they spare Fewel.

Every one having shifted, as they thought fit, Friar *John* rang the Bell, and the Cloth was immediately laid and Supper brought in. *Pantagruel* eating chearfully with his Men, much about the second Course, per-

(1) *Chitterlings.*] *Andouilles*, which is the Word *Rabelais* has all along used, is properly, A big Hog's Gut stuff'd with *Chitterlings* cut small, and other Entrails cut into small Pieces, and season'd with Pepper and Salt, not forgetting sweet Herbs. You may have of 'em at the French Stalls in *Newport-Market*.

(2) *The Wild Island.*] There is reason to believe, that by the *Wild Island*, *Rabelais* means *Culinary Fire*: Fire in the Kitchens. The Company go thither to dry themselves, and the Ships Crews to melt the *Physetere's* Fat. What's more; It is the very Element of *Chitterlings*, and lastly, Nothing's so *Wild* as Fire is, since it devours every thing.

ceived certain little sly Chitterlings clambering up a high Tree near the Pantry as still as so many Mice. Which made him ask *Xenomanes*, what kind of Creatures these were, taking them for Squirrels, Weefels, Martins, or Hermins. They are Chitterlings, replied *Xenomanes*. This is the Wild Island, of which I spoke to you this Morning: There hath been an irreconcilable War this long time between them and *Shrovetide* their malicious and antient Enemy. I believe that the Noise of the Guns which we fir'd at the *Physetere* hath alarm'd 'em, and made them fear their Enemy was come with his Forces to surprize them, or lay the Island waste, as he hath often attempted to do, tho' he still came off but bluely; by reason of the Care and Vigilance of the Chitterlings, who (as *Dido* said to *Æneas's* Companions that would have landed at *Carthage* without her Leave or Knowledge) were forc'd to watch and stand upon their Guard, considering the Malice of their Enemy and the Neighbourhood of his Territories.

Pray, dear Friend, said *Pantagruel*, if you find that by some honest means we may bring this War to an end, and reconcile them together, give me notice of it, I will use my endeavours in it, with all my Heart, and spare nothing on my side to moderate and accommodate the Points in dispute between both Parties.

That's impossible at this time, answer'd *Xenomanes*. About four Years ago passing incognito by this Country, I endeavour'd to make a Peace, or at least a long Truce among them, and I had certainly brought them to be good Friends and Neighbours, if both one and the other Parties would have yielded to one single Article. *Shrovetide* would not include in the Treaty of Peace the Wild Puddings, nor the Highland Sausages their ancient Gossips and Confederates. The Chitterlings demanded that (3) The Fort of *Caques* might be under their Government, as is (4) the Castle of *Sullou-
air*,

(3) *The Fort of Caques.* *Caque* is what we call a *Cagg*, or *Barrel*, or other *Vessel*, to keep *Salt-Fish* in, and *Herrings*, which two are *Shrovetide's* chief Ammunition.

(4) *The Castle of Sullouir.* In some Editions, *Sallouir*. Allusion between the Castle of *Solleure* in *Switzerland* (*Castrum Salodorense*)

air, and that a parcel of I don't know what (5) Stinking Villains, Murtherers, Robbers, that held it then, should be expell'd. But they could not agree in this, and the Terms that were offer'd seem'd too hard to either Party. So the Treaty broke off, and nothing was done. Nevertheless, they became less severe, and gentler Enemies than they were before: But since the Denunciation of the National Council of *Chelfil*, whereby they [Chitterlings] were (6) roughly handled, hamper'd, and cited, whereby also *Shrovetide* was declared filthy, beshitten, and (7) beray'd, in case he made any League, or Agreement with them, they are grown wonderfully inveterate, incens'd, and obstinate against one another, and there is no Way to remedy it. You might sooner reconcile Cats and Rats, or Hounds and Hares together.

C H A P. XXXVI.

How the Wild Chitterlings laid an Ambuscade for Pantagruel.

WHILE *Xenomenes* was saying this, Friar *John* spy'd twenty five or thirty young slender-shap'd

rense) and *Saloir* a Powdering-tub : which is commonly shaped like an *Antique Tower*, and the *Chitterlings* for the most part keep garrison therein.

(5) *Stinking, &c.*] Stinking Herrings, and putrify'd *Stock-Fish*, which are in the Caggs, enough to poison such as come near them or eat of 'em.

(6) *Roughly handled, hamper'd and cited.*] Read, *Towz'd*, *Groped*, *Grabbed*, *Ruffled*, *Tumbled*, *Crumpled*, and *Berumped*. [*Farfouillees*, *Godelurees*, &c.] It means the Council branded the *Chitterlings* with Infamy for suffering themselves and their Entrails to be so handled.

(7) *Beray'd.*] Add *Unfledg'd* and *Stock-fishyfy'd* : *Hallebrene*, and *Stockfise*. *Hallebrene* ; Uncapable of supporting themselves, or flying, like unfledg'd wild *Ducklings*, called *Hallebreins*. *Stockfise*, excommunicated, or Headless like a dry'd *Cod*, which the *Germans* call *Stoc-fish*, from a Word which in their Language signifies a *Fish without a Head*. *Stock-fisch*, ex *Stock & Fisch*, ob *capita truncata* says H. Ottius. pag. 194. of his *Franco-Gallia*.

Chit-

Chitterlings in posting as fast as they could towards their Town, Citadel, Castle and Fort of *Chimney*, and said to *Pantagruel*, I smell a Rat, (1) There will be here the Devil upon two Sticks, or I am much out. These Worshipful Chitterlings may chance to mistake you for *Shrovetide*, though you are not a bit like him. Let us once in our lives leave our Junketting for a while, and put our selves in a posture to give 'em a Belly full of fighting if they would be at that sport. There can be no false Latin in this, said *Xenomanes*, Chitterlings are still Chitterlings, always (2) Double hearted, and treacherous.

Pantagruel then arose from Table, to visit and scoure the Thicket, and return'd presently, having discover'd on the left an Ambuscade of squab Chitterlings, and on the right about half a League from thence, a large Body of huge Giant-like arm'd Chitterlings rang'd in Battalia along a little Hill, and marching furiously towards us at the sound of Bag-pipes, Sheep's Paunches and Bladders, the merry Fifes and Drums, Trumpets and Clarions, hoping to catch us as *Moss* caught his Mare. By the Conjecture of seventy eight Standards which we told, we guess'd their Number to be two and forty thousand at a modest Computation.

Their Order, proud Gate, and resolute Looks, made us judge that they were none of your raw poultry Links, but old Warlike Chitterlings and Sauages. From the foremost Ranks to the Colours they were all arm'd *Cap a pié* with small Arms as we reckoned them at a distance, yet very sharp, and case-harden'd. Their right and left Wings were lin'd with a great number of Forest-Puddings, heavy Patti-pans, and Horse Sauages, all of them tall and proper Islanders, (3) Banditti, and Wild.

(1) *There will be here the Devil upon two Sticks.*] *Rabelais* says, *Il y aura icy de l'asne, je le prevoy.* We shall having the Braying Scene here, or I am much out. That is, says, *M. du Chat*, There will be a Scene of Errors, as between the two Country-Bumpkins, in *Don Quixote*, who by their counterfeit Brayings, always met each other instead of meeting with the As they were in quest of.

(2) *Double-hearted.*] He quibbles upon *Andouilles* being (*doublées*) lined with small Guts.

(3) *Banditti.*] *Bandoliers*, *Rabelais* says. See *Du Chat*.

Pantagruel was very much daunted, and not without Cause, tho' *Epistemon* told him that it might be the Use and Custom of the *Chitterlingonians* to welcome and receive thus in Arms their foreign Friends, as the Noble Kings of *France* are received and saluted at their first coming into the chief Cities of the Kingdom, after their Advancement to the Crown. Perhaps, said he, it may be the usual Guard of the Queen of the Place; who having notice given her, by the Junior Chitterlings of the Forlorn-hope, whom you saw on the Tree, of the Arrival of your fine and pompous Fleet, hath judg'd that it was without doubt, some rich and potent Prince, and is come to visit you in Person.

Pantagruel little trusting to this, call'd a Council to have their advice at large in this doubtful Case. He briefly shew'd them how this way of Reception with Arms had often under colour of Compliment and Friendship, been fatal. Thus, said he, the Emperor *Antonius Caracalla* at one time destroy'd the Citizens of *Alexandria*, and at another time cut off the Attendants of *Artabanus* King of *Persia*, under colour of marrying his Daughter; which by the way did not pass unpunished, for a while after, this (4) Cost him his Life.

Thus *Jacob's* Children destroy'd the *Sichemites*, to revenge the Rape of their Sister *Dina*. By such another hypocritical trick, *Gallienus* the Roman Emperor put to Death the military Men in *Constantinople*. Thus under colour of Friendship, *Antonius* inticed *Artavasdes* King of *Armenia*, then having caused him to be bound in heavy Chains, and shackled, (5) at last put him to death.

We find a thousand such Instances in History; and *K. Charles* the 6th is justly commended for his Prudence to this Day, in that coming back victorious over the *Ghenters* and other *Flemmings* to his good City of *Paris*, and when he came to *Bourget*, (a League from thence) hearing that the Citizens with their Mallets (whence

(4) Cost him his Life.] All this is taken from *Herodian*, l. 4. *Antonius Caracalla's* Life.

(5) At last put him to Death.] See *Tacitus's Annals*, l. 2.

they got the Name of (6) *Maillotins*) were march'd out of Town till they had laid down their Arms, and retir'd to their respective Homes, tho' they protested to him, that they had taken Arms with no other Design, than to receive him with the greater Demonstration of Honour and Respect.

C H A P. XXXVII.

How Pantagruel sent for Colonel Mawl-Chitterling, and Colonel Cut-Pudding, with a Discourse well worth your hearing, about the Names of Places and Persons.

THE Resolution of the Council was, that let things be how they would. it behov'd the *Pantagruelists* to stand upon their Guard. Therefore *Carpalim* and *Gymnast* were order'd by *Pantagruel*, to go for the Soldiers that were on Board the Cup-Gally, under the Command of Colonel *Mawl-Chitterling*, and those on Board the Vine-Tub-Frigat, under the command of Colonel *Cut-pudding* the younger. I'll ease *Gymnast* of that trouble, said *Panurge* who wanted to be upon the Run: You may have occasion for him here. By this worthy Frock of mine, quoth Friar *John*, thou hast a mind to slip thy Neck out of the Collar, and absent thy self from the Fight, thou white-liver'd Son of a Dunghill, upon my Virginity thou'l't never come back. Well, there can be no great loss in thee; for thou would'st do nothing here but howl, bray, weep, and dishearten the good Soldiers. I'll certainly come back, said *Panurge*, Friar *John* my ghostly Father, and speedily too; do but take care that these plaguy *Chitterlings* don't board our Ships. All the while you'll be fighting, I'll pray heartily for your Victory, after the Example of the valiant Captain and Guide of

(6) *Maillotins*.] The *Parisians*, had taken these two-headed Hammers, (*Maillets*) out of the Town-house, and this happened in 1413.

the People of *Israel*, *Moses*; having said this, he wheel'd off.

Then said *Epistemon* to *Pantagruel*, the Denomination of these two Colonels of yours, *Maul-Chitterling* and *Cut-pudding* promiseth us Assurance, Success and Victory, if those *Chitterlings* should chance to set upon us. You take it rightly, said *Pantagruel*, and it pleaseth me to see you foresee and prognosticate our Victory by the Name of our Colonels.

This Way of foretelling by Names is not new; it was in old times celebrated, and religiously observ'd by the *Pythagoreans*. Several great Princes and Emperors have formerly made good use of it. (1) *Octavianus Augustus*, second Emperor of the *Romans*, meeting on a Day a Country Fellow nam'd *Eutychius*, (that is, fortunate) driving an Ass nam'd *Nicon* (that is in Greek, *Victorian*) mov'd by the Signification of the Ass's, and Ass-driver's Names, remain'd assur'd of all Prosperity and Victory.

The Emperor *Vespasian* being once all alone at Prayers in the Temple of *Serapis*, at the sight and unexpected coming of a certain Servant of his, nam'd *Basilides* (that is Royal) whom he had left sick a great way behind, took hopes and assurance of obtaining the Empire of the *Romans*. *Regilian* was chosen Emperor by the Soldiers for no other reason, but the Signification of his Name. See the *Cratylus* of the Divine *Plato*. (By my Thirst I will read him, said *Rhizotomus*; I hear you so often quote him.) See how the *Pythagoreans* by reason of the Names and Numbers conclude that *Patroclus* was to fall by the Hand of *Hector*; *Hector* by *Achilles*; *Achilles* by *Paris*; *Paris* by *Philoctetes*. I am quite lost in my Understanding, when I reflect upon the (2) admirable Invention of *Pythagoras*, who by the Number, either even or odd, of the Syllables of

(3)

(1) *Octavianus Augustus*.] See *Suetonius*, ch. 96. of the Life of *Augustus*.

(2) *Admirable Invention of Pythagoras, &c.*] Besides *Pliny*, l. 2. c. 4. You may turn to *Cornelius Agrippa's Dis. on Van. of Science*. ch. 15. against *Cardan*, Exerc. 266.

(3) *Every Noun*.] Read, Every Person's proper Name, d'un *thascum*

(3) every Noun would tell you of what side a Man was Lame, Hulch-back'd, Blind, Gouty, troubled with the Palsy, Pleurisy, or any other Distemper incident to human kind, allotting even Numbers to the Left, and odd ones to the Right side of the Body.

Indeed, said *Epistemon*, I saw this way of Syllabifying try'd at *Xaintes* at a general Procession in the Presence of that Good, Virtuous, Learned and Just President *Brian Valée* Lord of *Doubait*. When there went by a Man or Woman that was either Lame, Blind of one Eye, or Hump'd-back'd, he had an Account brought him of his or her Name, and if the Syllables of the Name were of an odd Number, immediately without seeing the Persons he declar'd them to be deform'd, blind, lame, or crooked of the Right-side; and of the Left, if they were even in Number: and such indeed we ever found them.

By this Syllabical Invention, said *Pantagruel*, the Learned have affirm'd, that *Achilles* kneeling was wounded by the Arrow of *Paris*, in the right Heel, for his Name is of odd Syllables: (here we ought to observe that the Ancients us'd to kneel the right Foot.) And that *Venus* was also wounded before *Troy* in the Left-hand; for her Name in Greek is ἀφροδίτη, of four Syllables; *Vulcan* lam'd of his Left-foot for the same reason; *Philip* King of *Macedon*, and *Hannibal*, Blind of the Right-eye; not to speak of *Sciatica's* broken Bel-lies, and *Hemicrania's* which may be distinguish'd by this *Pythagorean* reason.

But returning to Names, Do but consider how *Alexander* the Great, Son to King *Philip*, of whom we spoke just now, compals'd his Undertaking, merely by the Interpretation of a Name. He had besieged the strong City of *Tyre*, and for several Weeks battered it with all his Power; but all in vain; his Engines and Attempts were still baffled by the *Tyrians*. Which made him finally resolve to raise the Siege, to his great Grief, foreseeing the great Stain, which such a shameful Retreat

chascum nom propre. *Nom*, in *French*, does indeed sometimes signify that Part of Speech we call a *Noun*, but not here, as is plain by the Sense. Besides, *Nom propre*, is One's Surname, *Nom de batême*, One's Christ'n Name says *Boyer*.

would

would be to his Reputation. In this Anxiety and Agitation of Mind he fell asleep, and dream'd that a Satyr was come into his Tent, capering, skipping, and tripping it up and down, with his Goatish-hoofs, and that he strove to lay hold on him. But the Satyr still slip'd from him, till at last having pen'd him up into a Corner, he took him: With this he awak'd, and telling his Dream to the Philosophers, and Sages of his Court, they let him know, that it was a Promise of Victory from the Gods, and that he should soon be Master of *Tyre*; the Word *Satyros* divided in two being *Sa Tyros*, and signifying, *Tyre* is thine; and in truth, at the next Onset he took the Town by Storm, and by a compleat Victory, reduc'd that stubborn People to Subjection.

On the other Hand, see how by the Signification of one Word, *Pompey* fell into Despair. Being overcome by *Cæsar* at the Battle of *Pharsalia*, he had no other way left to escape but by flight; which attempting by the Sea, he arrived near the Island of *Cyprus*, and perceiv'd on the Shoar near the City of *Paphos* a beautiful and stately Palace; now asking the Pilot what was the Name of it, he told him, (4) that it was call'd *κακοβασιλεια*, that is, *Evil-King*, which struck such a Dread and Terror in him, that he fell into Despair, as being assured of losing shortly his Life; insomuch that his Complaints, Sighs, and Groans were heard by the Mariners and other Passengers. And indeed a while after a certain strange Peasant call'd *Achilles* cut off his Head.

To all these Examples might be added what happen'd to (5) *L. Paulus Emilius*, when the Senate elected him Emperor [*Imperator*,] that is, Chief of the Army which they sent against *Perses* King of *Macedon*; that Evening returning home to prepare for his Expedition, and kissing a little Daughter of his call'd *Trafia*, she seem'd somewhat sad to him. What is the matter, said he, my Chicken, why is my (6) *Trafia* thus sad

(4) That it was call'd *κακοβασιλεια*.] Read *κακοβασιλες*; See Val. Max. l. i. c. 5.

(5) *L. Paulus Emilius*.] See *Cicero de Divinatione*, &c.

(6) *Trafia*.] *Rabelais* has it *Tratia*. It shou'd indeed be *Tertia*, which being abbreviated into *Tria*, the Printers, none of the best Guessers, because seldom any thing of Scholars, made it *Tratia* instead of *Tertia*.

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and melancholy ? Daddy, (reply'd the Child) (7) *Perfa* is dead ; this was the Name of a little Bitch which she lov'd mightily : hearing this, *Paulus* took assurance of a Victory over *Perfes*.

If time would permit us to discourse of the Sacred Hebrew Writ, we might find a hundred noted Passages evidently shewing how religiously they observed proper Names, and their Significations. He had hardly ended this Discourse, when the two Colonels arrived with their Soldiers, all well arm'd and resolute. *Cantagruel* made them a short Speech, intreating them to behave themselves bravely, in case they were attack'd ; for he could not yet believe that the *Chitterlings* were so treacherous, but he bade them by no means to give the first Offence ; giving them *Carnaval* for the Watch-word.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

How Chitterlings are not to be slighted by Men.

YOU shake your empty Noddles now, jolly Topers, and don't believe what I tell you here any more than if it were some Tale of a Tub : Well, well, I can't help it. Believe it if you will ; if you won't, let it alone. For my part, I very well know what I saw. It was in the wild Island, in our Voyage to the Holy Bottle, I tell you the Time and Place, what would you have more ? I would have you call to mind the Strength of the ancient Giants that undertook to lay the high Mountain *Pelion* on the top of *Ossa*, and set among those the shady *Olympus*, to dash out the Gods Brains, unnefle them, and scour their heavenly Lodgings. Their's was no small Strength, you may well think, and

(7) *Perfa*.] *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Paulus Emilius*, copy'd this Passage from *Tully*, but not being thoroughly vers'd in the *Latin* Tongue, as he somewhere owns himself, he made of this *Bitch* a *Dog* which he calls *Perseus*.

yet they were nothing but *Chitterlings* from the Waste downwards, or at least, Serpents, not to tell a Lye for the matter.

The Serpent that tempted *Eve* too was of the *Chitterling* Kind, and yet it is recorded of him, that he was more subtle than any Beast of the Field. Even so are *Chitterlings*: Nay, to this very Hour they hold in some Universities that this same Tempter was the *Chitterling* call'd *Ithyphallus*, into which was transform'd bawdy *Priapus*, Arch-seducer of Females (1) in Paradise, that is, a Garden in Greek.

Pray now tell me, who can tell but that the *Switzers*, now so bold and warlike, were formerly *Chitterlings*? For my part, I would not take my Oath to the contrary. The *Himaniopodes*, a Nation very famous in *Ethiopia*, according to *Pliny's* Description, are *Chitterlings*, and nothing else. If all this will not satisfy your Worship, or remove your Incredulity, I would have you forthwith (I mean drinking first, that nothing be done rashly) visit *Lusignan*, *Parthenay*, *Vouant*, *Mervant*, and *Ponzauges* in *Poitou*. There you will find a Cloud of Witnesses, not of your Affidavit-Men of the right stamp, but credible, time out of mind, that will take their corporal Oath, on *Rigome's* (2) Knuckle-bone, that *Melufina* their Founder, or Foundress, which you please, was Woman from the Head to the (3) Prick-purse, and thence downwards was a Serpentine *Chitterling*, or if you'll have it otherwise, *Chitterlingdix'd* Serpent. She nevertheless had a genteel and noble Gait, imitated to this very Day by your Hop-Merchants of *Britanny* in their *Paspié* and Country Dances.

What do you think was the cause of *Erichthonius's* being the first Inventor of Coaches, Litters, and Chariots? Nothing but because *Vulcan* had begot him with *Chitterlingdix'd* Legs, which to hide, he chose to ride in a Litter rather than on Horse-back; for *Chitterlings* were not yet in Esteem at that Time.

(1) In Paradise, that is a Garden in Greek.] Read, In Paradise as the Greeks call it, but Garden in French.

(2) Knuckle-Bone.] Read Right-Arm.

(3) Prick-purse.] Aux Boursavits.

(4) The *Scythian Nymph Ora* was likewise half Woman and half *Chitterling*; and yet seem'd so beautiful to *Jupiter*, that nothing could serve him but he must give her a Touch of his Godship's Kindness; and accordingly had a brave Boy by her call'd *Colaxes*, and therefore, I would have you leave off shaking your empty Noddles at this, as if it were a Story, and firmly believe that nothing is truer than the Gospel.

C H A P. XXXIX.

How Friar John join'd with the Cooks to fight the Chitterlings.

FRiar *John*, seeing these furious *Chitterlings* thus boldly march up, said to *Pantagruel*; here will be a rare Battel of Hobby-horses, a pretty kind of Puppet-show Fight for ought I see; Oh! What mighty Honour and wonderful Glory will attend our Victory? I would have you only be a bare Spectator of this Fight, and for any thing else leave me and my Men to deal with them. What Men? said *Pantagruel*. Matter of Breviary, reply'd Friar *John*. How came *Potiphar*, who was Head-Cook of *Pharoah's* Kitchens, he that bought *Joseph*, and whom the said *Joseph* might have made a Cuckold, if he had not been a *Joseph*; how came he, I say, to be made General of all the Horse in the Kingdom of *Egypt*? Why was *Nabuzardan*, King *Nebuchad-nazor's* Head-Cook chosen, to the Exclusion of all other Captains, to besiege and destroy *Jerusalem*? I hear you, reply'd *Pantagruel*. By St. *Christopher's* Whiskers, said Friar *John*, I dare lay a Wager that it was because they had formerly engaged *Chitterlings*, or Men as little

(4) *The Scythian Nymph Ora*——— *Colaxes*.] *Herodotus*, in the Beginning of his 4th Book, speaks of one *Colaxais*, Son of *Jupiter*, and immediately after tells a Story of a *Scythian Nymph*, half Woman and half *Serpent*, who lay with *Hercules*. *Rabelais*, writing by Memory, has confounded and alter'd these two Fables.

valu'd;

valu'd; whom to rout, conquer, and destroy, Cooks are without Comparifon, more fit than *Cuiraffiers* and *Gens d'Armes* arm'd at all Points, or all the Horfe and Foot in the World.

You put me in mind faid *Pantagruel*, of what is written amongft the facetious and merry Sayings of *Cicero*. During the *more than Civil Wars* between *Cæfar* and *Pompey*, tho' he was much courted by the firft, he naturally lean'd more to the fide of the latter. Now one Day, hearing that the *Pompejans* in a certain *Rencontre* had loft a great many Men, he took a Fancy to vifit their Camp. There he perceiv'd little Strength, lefs Courage, but much Diforder. From that Time, forefeeing that things would go ill with them, as it fince happen'd, he began to banter now one and then another, and be very free of his cutting Jests: fo fome of *Pompey's* Captains playing the good Fellows to fhew their Affurance, told him, Do you fee how many (1) Eagles we have yet? (They were then the Devife of the *Romans* in War) They might be of ufe to you, reply'd *Cicero*, if you had to do with Magpies.

Thus feeing we are to fight *Chitterlings*, purfued *Pantagruel*, you infer thence that it is a Culinary War and have a mind to join with the Cooks. Well, do as you please. I'll ftay here in the mean time, and wait for the Event (2) of the Battel.

Friar *John* went that very Moment among the Sutlers into the Cooks Tents, and told them in a pleasing manner, I muft fee you crown'd with Honour and Triumph this Day my Lads; To your Arms are referv'd fuch Achievements, as never yet were perform'd within the Memory of Man. Odd's Belly, do they make nothing of the valiant Cooks? Let us go fight yonder fornicating *Chitterlings*; I'll be your Captain: But firft let's drink drink, Boys——— come on——— Let us be of good Cheer. Noble Captain, return'd the Kitchen Tribe, this was fpoken like your felf; bravely offer'd: Huzza! we are all at your Excellency's Command, and

(1) *Eagles.*] See *Plutarch's Apophthegms*.

(2) *Of the Battel.*] Read, of thefe *Rhodomontades*, de ces fanfares.

will live and die by you. Live, live, said Friar John, a God's Name; but die by no means. That's the *Chitterlings* Lot; they shall have their Belly-full on't: Come on then let us put ourselves in Order; *Nabuzardan's the Word.*

CHAP. XL.

How Friar John fitted up the Sow; and of the Valiant Cooks that went into it.

THEN, by Friar John's Order, the Engineers and their Workmen fitted up the great Sow that was in the Ship *Leathern-Bottle*. It was a wonderful Machine, so contriv'd, that by the means of large Engines that were round about it in Rows, it threw forked Iron Bars, and four squar'd Steel Boults; and in its Hold two hundred Men at least could easily fight, and be shelter'd. It was made after the Model of the Sow of *Riole*, by the Means of which *Bergerac* was retaken from the *English* in the Reign of (1) *Charles* the Sixth.

Here are the Names of the Noble and Valiant Cooks who went into the Sow, as the *Greeks* did into the *Trojan Horse*:

<i>sour sawce</i>	<i>crisp pig</i>	<i>carbonadoe</i>
<i>sweet meat</i>	<i>greasy slouch</i>	<i>sop in pan</i>
<i>greedy gut</i>	<i>fat-gut</i>	<i>pick-fowl</i>
<i>licorish chaps</i>	<i>bray-mortar</i>	<i>mustard-pot</i>
<i>sows'd pork</i>	<i>lick-sawce</i>	<i>calf's pluck</i>
<i>slap sawce</i>	<i>hog's foot</i>	<i>hog's haslet</i>
<i>cock-broth</i>	<i>hodgepodge</i>	<i>chopt-phix</i>
<i>slipslop</i>		

(1) *Charles Vth.*] *Rabelais* mistakes. It was in *Charles Vth's* Reign in the Year 1378, two Years before that *Prince's* Death. *Froissart*, Vol. 2. c. 2. on that Year. *Ils envoyèrent querir à id Riolle un grant engin qu'on appelle Truie, &c.* They sent to *Riolle* for a huge Machine, called a Sow, which was so contriv'd as to cast prodigious Stones, and cou'd easily shelter a hundred Men-at-Arms, in their Approaches to attack the Town.

Gallymaufry.

All these noble Cooks in their coat of Arms did bear in a field Gules, a larding pin Vert, charg'd with a chevron Argent.

<i>lard, bogs lard</i>	<i>pinch lard</i>	<i>snatch lard</i>
<i>nibble lard</i>	<i>top lard</i>	<i>gnaw lard</i>
<i>filch lard</i>	<i>pick lard</i>	<i>scrape lard</i>
<i>fat lard</i>	<i>java lard</i>	<i>chew lard</i>

(2) *Gaillard* (by Syncope) born near *Rambouillet* : The said culinary Doctor's Name was *Gaillard-lardon*, in the same manner as you use to say *Idolatrours* for *Idolatrours*.

<i>stiff lard</i>	<i>cut lard</i>	<i>waste lard</i>
<i>watch lard</i>	<i>mince lard</i>	<i>ogle-lard</i>
<i>sweet lard</i>	<i>dainty lard</i>	<i>weigh lard</i>
<i>eat lard</i>	<i>fresh lard</i>	<i>gulch lard</i>
<i>snap lard</i>	<i>rusty lard</i>	<i>eye lard</i>
<i>catch lard</i>		

Names unknown among the (3) *Marranes* and *Jews*.

<i>balloky</i>	<i>thirsty</i>	<i>porridge-pot</i>
<i>pick sallad</i>	<i>kitchen stuff</i>	<i>lick dish</i>
<i>broil rasher</i>	<i>verjuice</i>	<i>salt gullet</i>
<i>cony skin</i>	<i>save dripping</i>	<i>snail dresser</i>
<i>dainty chops</i>	<i>water-creefe</i>	<i>soup-monger</i>
<i>pye wright</i>	<i>scrape turnip</i>	<i>browis belly</i>
<i>pudding-pan</i>	<i>trivet</i>	<i>chine picker</i>
<i>tofs-pot</i>	<i>monsieur ragoust</i>	<i>suck gravy</i>
<i>mustard sawce</i>	<i>crack pipkin</i>	<i>macaroon</i>
<i>claret sawce</i>	<i>scrape pot</i>	<i>skewer maker</i>
<i>swill broth</i>		

(2) *Gaillard*.] Read *Gaillardon*, as 'tis in *Rabelais*; else the Syncope shou'd be *Apocope*, for his true Name was *Gaillardlardon*, as appears in the next Line.

(3) *Marranes*, &c.] Who abominate *Bacon*, and all sorts of *Lardings*.

Smell.

Smell-smock, he was afterwards taken from the Kitchen, and remov'd to Chamber-Practice, for the Service of the Noble (4) Cardinal *Hunt Venison*.

<i>rot roast</i>	<i>hog's gullet</i>	<i>fox tail</i>
<i>disclout</i>	<i>firloin</i>	<i>fly flap</i>
<i>save sewet</i>	<i>spit mutton</i>	<i>old grizzls</i>
<i>fire fumbler</i>	<i>fritter fryer.</i>	<i>ruff belly</i>
<i>pillcock</i>	<i>flesh smith</i>	<i>saffron sauce</i>
<i>long tool</i>	<i>cram gut</i>	<i>strutting tom.</i>
<i>prick pride</i>	<i>tuzzymussy</i>	<i>slash'd snout</i>
<i>prick-madam.</i>	<i>jacket liner</i>	<i>smutty face.</i>
<i>pricket</i>	<i>guzzle drink</i>	

(5) *Mondam*, that first invented *Madam's Sawce*, and for that Discovery, was thus call'd in the *Scotch-French Dialect*.

<i>loblolly</i>	<i>florven</i>	<i>trencher-man</i>
<i>slabber chops</i>	<i>swallow-pitcher</i>	<i>goodman gooscap</i>
<i>scum pot.</i>	<i>wafer-monger</i>	<i>munch turnip</i>
<i>gully guts.</i>	<i>snag gobbet</i>	<i>pudding-bag</i>
<i>rinse pot</i>	<i>scurvy phiz</i>	<i>pig-sticker</i>
<i>drink-spiller</i>		

Robert, he invented *Robert's Sawce*, so good and necessary for roasted conies, ducks, fresh pork, poach'd eggs, salt-fish, and a thousand other such Dishes.

<i>cold eel</i>	<i>gurnard.</i>	<i>alms-scrip</i>
<i>thornback</i>	<i>grumbling gut</i>	<i>taste all</i>

(4) *Cardinal Hunt venison.*] In *Rabelais*, *Cardinal le Veneur*. *John le-Veneur Carrouges*, Bishop of *Lisieux*, made Cardinal at *Marseilles* by Pope *Clement VII.* in 1533. He was such a Lover of Partridge, that he had 'em kept all the Year round at his Country-house.

(5) *Mondam, &c.*] Our Author ridicules the *Scotch Pronunciation* of the *French Tongue*, which *Brantome* likewise says is perfect Jargon in the Mouth of a *Scotchman*, whose natural Speech is in itself *rurale, barbare, malsonnante, & malseante*. See *Dam. Illust. of Brantome Disc.* 3. Before in *l. 2. c. 9.* *Saint Treignan foutys vous d' Escouff. en j'ay failly à entendre.*

<i>scrap merchant</i>	<i>shitbreech.</i>	<i>tit bit</i>
<i>belly-timberman</i>	<i>thick brown</i>	<i>sawce-box</i>
<i>bashee.</i>	<i>tom t ——— d</i>	<i>all fours</i>
<i>frig-palate</i>	<i>mouldy crust</i>	<i>whimwham</i>
<i>powdering-tub</i>	<i>hasty</i>	<i>baste-roast</i>
<i>frying-pan</i>	<i>red herring</i>	<i>gaping Hoyden</i>
<i>man of dough.</i>	<i>cheese-cake</i>	<i>calf-pluck</i>
<i>sawce-doctor</i>	<i>big snout</i>	<i>leather breeches.</i>
<i>waste butter</i>	<i>lick-finger.</i>	

All these noble Cooks went into the Sow, merry, cheery, hale, brisk, old Dogs at mischief, and ready to fight stoutly ; Friar *John*, ever and anon waving his huge Scimitar, brought up the Rear, and double lock'd the Doors on the Inside.

CHAP. XLI.

How Pantagruel broke the Chitterlings at the Knees.

THE Chitterlings advanc'd so near, that *Pantagruel* perceiv'd that they stretched their Arms, and already began to charge their Lances, which caus'd him to send *Gymnast* to know what they meant, and why they thus, without the least Provocation, came to fall upon their old trusty Friends, who had neither said nor done the least ill Thing to them. *Gymnast* being advanc'd near their Front, bow'd very low, and said to them as loud as ever he could, we are Friends, we are Friends ; all, all of us your Friends, yours, and at your Command ; we are for *Carnaval*, your old Confederate. Some have since told me, that he mistook, and said (1) *Cavernall* instead of *Carnaval*.

(1) *Cavernall* instead of *Carnaval*.] *Gymnast* had said, after the manner of the *Gascoons*, *Gradimars*, instead of *Mardigras* ; which provok'd the *Chitterlings* Wrath ; for they imagin'd he did it on purpose to affront their good Friend *Mardigras* (which here means our *Sbrove-Tuesday*, or rather all the whole Carnival.

What-

Whatever it was, the Word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but a huge wild Squob-sausage, starting out of the Front of their main Body, would have grip'd him by the Collar. By the Helmet of *Mars*, said *Gymnast*, I'll swallow thee, but thou shalt only come in Chips and Slices; for, big as thou art, thou could'st never come in whole. This spoke, he lugs out his trusty Sword, *Kiss-mine-Arse*, (so he call'd it) with both his Fists, and cut the Sausage in twain. Bless me, how fat the foul Thief was! It puts me in mind of the huge Bull of *Berne* that was slain at *Marignan*, when the drunken *Switzers* were so mawl'd there. Believe me, it had little less than four Inches Lard on its Paunch;

The Sausage's Job being done, a Crowd of others flew upon *Gymnast*, and had most scurvily dragg'd him down, when *Pantagruel*, with his Men, came up to his Relief. Then began the martial Fray, higledy pickledy. *Mawl Chitterling* did mawl Chitterlings; *Cut Pudding* did cut Puddings; *Pantagruel* did (2) break the Chitterlings at the Knees; *Friar John* play'd at least in sight within his Sow, viewing and observing all Things; when the *Patty-pans* that lay in Ambuscade, most furiously sallied out upon *Pantagruel*.

Friar John, who lay snug all this while, by that time perceiving the Rout and Hurly-burly, set open the Doors of his Sow, and sallied out with his merry *Greeks*, some of them arm'd with Iron Spits, others with Andirons, Racks, Fire-shovels, Frying-pans, Kettles, Grid-irons, Oven-forks, Tongs, Dripping-pans, Brooms, Iron Pots, Mortars, Pestles, all in Battle array like so many House-breakers, hollowing, and roaring out all together most frightfully, *Nabuzardan, Nabuzardan, Nabuzardan*. Thus shouting and hooting they fought like Dragons, and charg'd through the *Patty-pans* and *Sausages*. The *Chitterlings* perceiving this fresh Reinforcement,

(2) *Break the Chitterlings at the Knees.*] A proverbial Expression for attempting Impossibilities; as is that of breaking Chitterlings by mere Strength of Arm. *Amadis* l. 8. ch. 53. "The Gods have permitted the Death of your Brother. They have preserved my Father; they are pleas'd to frustrate your Designs, and favour his; and you are for breaking the Eel at your Knees."

and that the others would be too hard for 'em, betook themselves to their Heels, scampering off with full speed, as if the Devil had been come for them. Friar *John*, with an Iron Crow, knock'd them down as fast as Hops; his Men too were not sparing on their side. O! what a woeful fight it was! The Field was all over strow'd with Heaps of dead or wounded *Chitterlings*; the History relates, that had not Heaven had a Hand in it, the *Chitterling* Tribe had been totally routed out of the World, by the Culinary Champions. But there happened a wonderful Thing, you may believe as little or as much of it as you please.

From the *North* flew towards us a huge, fat, thick, grizzly Swine, with long and large Wings like those of a Windmill; (3) its Plumes red Crimson, like those of a *Phenicoptere* (which in *Languedoc* they call *Flaman*;) its Eyes were red and flaming like a Carbuncle; its Ears green like a *Prasin* Emerald; its Teeth like a Topaz; its Tail long and black like Jet; its feet white, diaphanous, and transparent like a Diamond, somewhat broad and of the splay-kind, like those of Geese, and as (4) Queen *Dick*'s us'd to be at *Tholose* in the Days of yore. About its Neck it wore a Gold Collar, round which were some *Ionian* Characters, whereof I could pick out but two Words, ΣΤΕ ΑΘΗΝΑΝ; *Hog teaching Minerva*.

The Sky was clear before, but at that Monster's Appearance, it chang'd so mightily for the worse, that we were all amaz'd at it. As soon as the *Chitterlings* per-

(3) *Its Plumes red Crimson.*] If, as some imagine, the Chitterlings of this Chapter are the *Swissers* at the Battle of *Marignan*, this *Phenicopter* may mean the Cardinal of *Sion*; and the Mustard which he laid to their Wounds, may be the Gold with which he pacified them.

(4) *Queen Dick.*] *La Royné Pedaucque.* *Pié d'oie*: Goose-foot. At *Toulouse* there's a Bridge call'd *Queen Pedaucque's Bridge*. *Ménage* says, that the Statue of that Queen, with Goose-feet, is to be seen at *Dijon* in the Porch of *St. Benigne's Church*, and at *Nevers* in the Cathedral Church there; and he asserts, that she was call'd *Pedaucque*, because of her Splay-footedness. But *M. du Chat* gives a conjectural Account of this Queen's Name, which I have not room to insert now, and must therefore adjourn that, and many other curious Observations, to another Opportunity.

ceiv'd the flying Hog, down they all threw their Weapons, and fell on their Knees, lifting up their Hands, join'd together, without speaking one Word, in a Posture of Adoration. Friar John, and his Party, kept on mincing, felling, braining, mangling, and spitting the *Chitterlings* like mad; but *Pantagruel* sounded a Retreat, and all Hostility ceas'd.

The Monster, having several times hover'd backwards and forwards between the two Armies, with a Tail-shot voided above twenty seven Butts of Mustard on the Ground; then flew away through the Air, crying all the while, *Carnaval, Carnaval, Carnaval.*

C H A P. XLII.

How Pantagruel held a Treaty with Niphleseth, Queen of the Chitterlings.

THE Monster being out of sight, and the two Armies remaining silent, *Pantagruel* demanded a Parly with the Lady *Niphleseth*, Queen of the *Chitterlings*, who was (1) in her Chariot by the Standards; and it was easily granted. The Queen alighted, courteously receiv'd *Pantagruel*, and was glad to see him. *Pantagruel* complain'd to her of this Breach of Peace: But she civilly made her Excuse, telling him, that a false Information had caused all this Mischiefe; her Spies having brought her Word, that *Shrovetide*, their mortal Foe, was landed, and spent his Time in examining the Urine of *Physeteres*.

She therefore intreated him to pardon them their Offence, telling him, that Sir-reverence was sooner found

(1) *In her Chariot.*] In Ch. 38. it is said, that *Erichthonius* first brought into use Coaches and Litters to hide the Uglinefs of his Legs; which is taken from *Servius*, on these Verses of the 3d Book of his *Georgics*:

*Primus Erichthonius currus & quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidisque rotis insistere victor.*

It was with the same View that *Niphleseth* chose to appear in her Chariot.

in Chitterlings than Gall ; and offering, for herself, and all her Successors, to hold of him, and his, the whole Island and Country, to obey him in all his Commands, be Friends to his Friends, and Foes to his Foes ; and also to send every Year, as an Acknowledgment of their Homage, a Tribute of seventy eight thousand Royal Chitterlings, to serve him at his first Course at Table, (2) six Months in the Year ; which was punctually perform'd. For, the next Day, she sent the aforesaid Quantity of Royal Chitterlings to the good *Gargantua*, under the Conduct of young *Nipbleseth*, Infanta of the Island.

The good *Gargantua* made a Present of them to the great King of *Paris*. But by change of Air, and for want of Mustard, (the natural Balsam and Restorer of Chitterlings) most of them died. By the great King's particular Grant, they were buried in Heaps in a Part of *Paris*, to this Day call'd, *La Rue pavée d'Andouilles*, the Street pav'd with Chitterlings. At the Request of the Ladies at his Court, young *Nipbleseth* was preserv'd, honourably us'd, and since that married to Heart's content ; and was the Mother of many Children, for which Heaven be prais'd.

Pantagruel civilly thank'd the Queen, forgave all Offences, refus'd the Offer she had made of her Country, and gave her (3) a pretty little Knife ; after that, he ask'd her several nice Questions concerning the Apparition of that flying Hog ; she answer'd, that it was the Idea of *Carnaval*, their tutelary God in Time of War, first Founder, and Original of all the *Chitterling* Race ; for which Reason he resembled a Hog ; for Chitterlings drew their Extraction from Hogs.

Pantagruel asking to what Purpose, and curative Indication, he had voided so much Mustard on the

(2) Six Months in the Year.] Chitterlings are not eaten above six Months in the Year at most.

(3) Gave her a pretty little Knife.] As they do the Savages of *America*. These Knives are call'd *Parguois* corruptly for *Pragois*, being made at *Prague* in *Bohemia*. To confirm this Etymology of the Word, *M. du Chat* quotes *Busbequius's* Embassy to *Turky*. *Ante me*, says he, *proximé pedites aliquot ambulabant, eorum unus veluti ansatus subnixis nudis brachiis ingrediebatur, quorum utrumque supra cubitum cultello (quod genus nos Pragenfes vocamus) transfixum habebat.*

Earth ?

Earth? The Queen reply'd, that (4) Mustard was their *Sang-real*, and celestial Balsam, of which laying but a little in the Wounds of the fallen Chitterlings, in a very short time the Wounded were healed, and the Dead restor'd to Life. *Pantagruel* held no further Discourse with the Queen, but retir'd a Ship-board. The like did all the bon Companions, with their Implements of Destruction, and their huge Sow.

C H A P. XLIII.

How Pantagruel went into the Island of Ruach.

TWO Days after, we arriv'd at the Island of *Ruach*; and I swear to you by the Celestial Hen and Chickens, that I found the Way of living of the People so strange and wonderful; that I can't for the Heart's Blood of me half tell it you. They live on nothing but Wind, eat nothing but Wind, and drink nothing but Wind. They have no other Houses but Weather-cocks. They sow no other Seeds but the three sorts of Wind-flowers, Rue, and Herbs that make one break Wind to the purpose; these scour them off charmingly. The common sort of People, to feed themselves, make use of Feather, Paper, or Linen Fans, according to their Abilities; as for (1.) the Rich, they live by the Means of Windmills.

(4) *Mustard, &c.*] *Henry Vth*, King of *England*, was wont to say in the same Sense, that War without Fire was not worth a Rush, any more than Sausages without Mustard. See *J. Furvenal des Ursin's Hist.* on Ch. VI. on the Year 1420.

(1) *The Rich live by the means of Windmills.*] *Rabelais* introduces into the Isle of *Winds* divers sorts of Persons, and even more than one Nation. By the common sort of People who make use of Fans of various Kinds, we may understand, literally, the great Number of Male and Female Dealers in Fans; who not only make Fans for *Paris*, and all *France*, but also send them abroad, to *England*, and other Countries. As for the Rich, who feed on Windmills, they are the Proprietors of such sort of *useful* Country-Houses (explain'd in the *Treux Dictionary* under the Word *Usines*) which are very frequent about *Paris*, and bring in a considerable Revenue to the Owners.

When they wou'd have some noble Treat, the Tables are spread (2) under one or two Windmills. There they feast as merry as Beggars, and, during the Meal, their whole Talk is commonly of the Goodness, Excellency, Salubrity, and Rarity of Winds; as you, jolly Topers, in your Cups philosophize and argue upon Wines. The one praises the South-east, the other the South-west: This the West and by South, and this the East and by North; another the West, and another the East; and so of the rest. As for Lovers, and amorous Sparks, no Gale for them like a Smock Gale: for the Sick they use Bellows, as we use Clysters among us.

Oh! (said to me a little diminutive swoln Bubble) that I had now but a Bladder full of that same *Languedoc* Wind which they call *Cierce*. (3) The famous Physician *Scurron*, passing one Day by this Country, was telling us, that it is so strong, that it will make nothing of overturning a loaded Waggon. Oh! What good would it not do my (4) oedipodic Leg. The biggest are not the best; but, said *Panurge*, rather would I had here a large Butt of that same good *Languedoc* Wine that grows at *Mirevoux*, *Canteperdrix*, and *Frontignan*.

I saw a good likely sort of a Man there, much resembling *Ventreuse*, tearing and tuming in a grievous Fret, with a tall burly Groom and a pimping little Page of his, laying them on, like the Devil, with a Buskin. Not knowing the Cause of his Anger, at first I thought

(2) *Under one or two Windmills.*] In Italy and South France they make use of large Fans which are hung to the Cieling, and are wav'd to and fro by a Servant to cool the Rooms, particularly at Meals.

(3) *The famous Physician Scurron.*] His Name was *Schyron*, witness the Inscription over the Gate of the Anatomy-Theatre at *Montpellier*, built by K. Henry II. *Curantibus Johanne Schyronio, Antonio Saporta, Gulielmo Rondeletio, & J. Bocatio, 1556.* See *Tessier's* Additions to *G. Rondelet's* Elogium. *Schyron* was Counsellor of the King, Royal Professor, and Chancellor of the University of *Montpellier*, and dy'd very old in the aforesaid Year, 1556, after he had made a Figure among the Learned from the Year, 1530. See the Hist. of the Univ. of *Montpellier*, writ in Latin by *J. Stephen Strobelberger*, and printed in 160. at Nuremberg, Anno, 1625.

(4) *Oedipodic Leg.*] Lame or Gouty Leg, from *οἰδέω* *tumeo*, & *πῶς* *pes*. See *Robertson's* Lexicon. *Cotgrave* says, *Oidema* is a plainless Swelling only, but *Robertson*, *tumor quilibet*, & *special. tumor ex pituita*.

that

that all this was by the Doctor's Advice, as being a Thing very healthy to the Master to be in a Passion, and to his Man to be bang'd for't. But at last I heard him taxing his Man with stealing from him, like a Rogue as he was, the better half of a large Leathern Bag of an excellent (5) Southerly Wind, which he had carefully laid up, like a hidden Reserve, (6) against the cold Weather.

They neither exonerate, dung, piss, nor spit in that Island; but, to make amends, they belch, fizzle, funk, and give Tail-shots in abundance. They are troubled with all manner of Distempers: And, indeed, all Distempers are engender'd and proceed from Ventosities, as *Hippocrates* demonstrates, *lib. de Flatibus*. But the most epidemical among them is the Wind-Cholick. The Remedies which they use are large Blisters, whereby they void Store of Windiness. They all die of Drop-sies and Tympanies; the Men farting, and the Women fizzling; so that their Soul takes her Leave at the Back-door.

Some time after, walking in the Island, we met three hare-brain'd airy Fellows, who seem'd mightily puff'd up, and went to take their Pastime, and view the (7) *Pluvers*, who live on the same Diet as themselves, and abound in the Island. I observ'd, that as you true Toppers, when you travel, carry Flasks, Leathern Bottles, and small Runlets along with you, so each of them had at his Girdle a pretty little Pair of Bellows. If they happen'd to want Wind, by the help of those pretty

(5) *Southerly Wind.*] Read, *South-West*. *Vent Garbin* in *Rabelais*.

(6) *Against the cold Weather.*] Read, *Against the sultry hot Weather*, not *cold Weather*. *Arriere-saison* means *Autumn*, *Vintage*, or *Harvest-time*. In *Lower Languedoc* they call *Garbin* a certain cool Breeze of Wind which freshens up in that Country about Noon, in Autumn. It comes very seasonably for the Harvesters and Vintagers, who, without it, would never be able to endure the excessive Heats of that Season. Which makes the Author say, that he had carefully laid it up *comme une viande rare*, as a Tid-bit.

(7) *The Pluvers, or Plovers, &c.*] The 32 Novel of the *Heptameron*: You live then upon Faith and Hope, as the Plovers does upon Wind? You are very easy to maintain, and are subsisted at a cheap rate. This is a vulgar Error, the Plovers living on Wind. See *Belon*, l. 5. c. 18. of his *Ornithologia*.

Bellows

Bellows they immediately drew some fresh and cool by Attraction and reciprocal Expulsion ; for, as you well know, Wind, essentially defin'd, is nothing but fluctuating and agitated Air.

A while after we were commanded, in the King's Name, not to receive, for three Hours, any Man or Women of the Country on board our Ships ; some having stole from him a (8) rousing Fart, of the very individual Wind which old Goodman *Æolus*, the Snorer, gave *Ulysses* to conduct his Ship, whenever it should happen to be becalm'd. Which Fart the King kept religiously, like another *Sangrael*, and perform'd a World of wonderful Cures with it, in many dangerous Diseases, letting loose, and distributing to the Patient only as much of it as might frame a Virginal Fart ; which is, if you must know, what our *Sanctimonials*, alias *Nuns*, in their Dialect, call (9) ringing backwards.

CHAP.

(8) *A rousing Fart.*] *Une Veze* does not mean a *Fart*, much less a rousing one ; it sometimes signifies a *Fizzle*, but even that is but the secondary Meaning of the Word *Veze* ; whose primary Meaning (and so it must certainly be understood here) is a *Borracho* ; a great Leather Bottle, or Budget, like a Bottle, made commonly of a Goat's Skin, and used for the conveying of Wine, Oil, &c. through Places which cannot be pass'd by Carts. The French call 'em *Outres*, from the antiquated Latin Word *Utris* (a Bladder blown) as that comes from *Uterus*, the Paunch. The *Borracha* (for that's the true Spanish Word) *Borracho* being a Drunkard) when empty falls together like a Purse. M. du Chat quotes the following Words of the French Ariost. Canto 44. to confirm this Sense of the Word *Veze*. *Et leur bailla Astolphe le trouble Auster à porter dedans le cloistre uterin, je dy, que dans le ventre de cuyr il leur donna enclos de vent, &c.* If the Reader will ever so little consider the Sense of the whole Period, he will see *Veze* can mean no other than a *Vas ventosum*, not *Ventus* itself. Rabelais says, *On luy* (from the King) *avoit robbe une Veze pleine du vent propos que jadis à Ulysses donna le bon ronfleur Eolus pour guider sa nauf eu temps calme.*

(9) *Ringling backwards.*] The Translator, tho' a Frenchman, somewhat mistakes Rabelais's Meaning ; at least, I think so. Rabelais says, *Les Sanctimonials appellent ung pet sonnet* ; i. e. *The Nuns call a Fart, Sonnet* ; had Rabelais said, *Sonner* or *Sonnette*, instead of *Sonnet* it might have meant *Ringling*, whether backwards or not, is another Question. *Sonner* is to ring, and *une sonnette* is a little Chamber-bell of Silver, Brass, &c. But *Sonnet* I take to be a diminutive of the Word *Son* (*Sound*) and means a sort of a small, still, silent (or, if you will, *silentish*) Sound. *Sonnet* likewise signifies a Song,

or

C H A P. XLIV.

How a small Rain lays a high Wind.

P*Antagrue* commended their Government and way of living, and said to their *Hypenemian* Mayor, If you approve *Epicurus's* Opinion, placing the *summum bonum* in Pleasure (I mean Pleasure that's easy and free from Toil) I esteem you happy ; for your Food being Wind, costs you little or nothing, since you need but blow. True, Sir, return'd the Mayor ; but alas, nothing is perfect here below : For too often, when we are at Table feeding on some good blessed Wind of God, as on celestial Manna, merry as so many Friars, down drops on a sudden some small Rain, which lays our Wind, and so robs us of it ; thus many a Meal is lost for want of Meat.

Just so, quoth *Panurge*, *Jenin Toss-pot* of *Quinquenois* evacuating some Wine of his own burning [Urine] on his Wife's Posteriors, laid the ill fum'd Wind that blow'd out of their Centre as out of some magisterial *Æolipyle*. Here's a kind of a Whim on that Subject which I made formerly :

*One Evening, when Toss-pot had been at his Butts,
And Joan, his fat Spouse, cram'd with Turnips her Guts,
Together they pigg'd ; nor did Drink so besot him,
But he did what was done when his Daddy begot him.
Now when, to recruit, he'd fain have been snoaring :
Joan's Back-door was filthily puffing and roaring :
So, for Spite, he bepiss'd her, and quickly did find,
That a small Rain lays a very high Wind.*

or Tune, as in *English*. I had writ this Note before I was appriz'd that *M. du Chat* had made any on this Article ; but since he has done so, I'll e'en give it in his own Words. *Sainctimoniales, &c.] Nonnains, dont le parler même est si chaste, que faisant scrupule d'appeller un pet par son nom, elles ne le nomment que Sonnet.* That is, *Sainctimoniales, &c.] Nuns, whose very Speech is so chaste, that they scruple to call a Fart by its Name ; and an Escape of that nature is never mention'd by them any otherwise than by the Term of Sonnet.*

We are also plagu'd yearly with a very great Calamity, cry'd the Mayor, for a Giant, call'd *Widenoftrils*, who lives in the Island of *Tobu*, comes hither every Spring to purge, by the Advice of his Physicians; and swallows us, like so many Pills, a great Number of Windmills and of Bellows also, at which his Mouth waters exceedingly.

Now this is a sad Mortification to us here, who are fain to fast over three or four whole Lents every Year for this, besides certain petty Lents, Ember-weeks, and other Orison and Starving tides. And have you no Remedy for this, ask'd *Pantagruel*? By the Advice of our *Mezarims*, reply'd the Mayor, about the time that he uses to give us a Visit, we garison our Windmills with good Store of Cocks and Hens. So the first time that the greedy Thief swallow'd them, they had like to have done his Business at once; for they crow'd and cackled in his Maw, and flutter'd up and down athwart and along in his Stomach, which threw the Glutton into a *Lipothymy Cardiac Passion*, and dreadful and dangerous Convulsions, as if some Serpent creeping in at his Mouth, had been frisking in his Stomach.

Here is a Comparative, as, altogether incongruous and impertinent, cry'd Friar *John*, interrupting them, for I have formerly heard, that if a Serpent chance to get into a Man's Stomach, it will not do him the least Hurt, but will immediately get out, if you do but hang the Patient by the Heels, and lay a Pan full of warm Milk near his Mouth. You were told this said *Pantagruel*, and so were those who gave you this Account; but none ever saw or read of such a Cure. On the contrary, *Hippocrates*, in his fifth Book of *Epidem.* writes, *That such a Case happening in his Time, the Patient presently died of a Spasm and Convulsion.*

Besides the Cocks and Hens, said the Mayor, continuing his Story, all the Foxes in the Country whip'd into *Widenoftrils's* Mouth, posting after the Poultry, which made such a Stir with *Reynard* at their Heels, that he grievously fell into Fits each Minute of an Hour.

At last, by the Advice of a (1) *Baden* Enchanter, at

(1) *Baden* Enchanter.] *Ung enchanteur Badin* (not *Baden*.) It only means a Juggler, or Mountebank-Quack or Tumbler.

the

the time of the Paroxysm, he us'd to (2) flea a Fox, by way of Antidote and Counter-poison: Since that he took better Advice, and eases himself with taking a Clyster made with a Decoction of Weat and Barly Corns, and of Livers of Goslings; to the first of which the Poultry run, and the Foxes to the latter. Besides, he swallows some of your Badger's or Fox-Dogs by the way of Pills and Bolus's. This is our Misfortune.

Cease to fear, good People, cry'd *Pantagruel*, this huge *Widenostriels*, this same Swallower of Windmills is no more, I'll assure you; he dy'd, being stifled and choak'd with eating a Lump of fresh Butter at the Mouth of a hot Oven, by the Advice of his Physicians.

CHAP. XLV.

How Pantagruel went ashoar in the Island of Pope Figg-land.

THE next Morning, we arrived at the Island of *Popefiggs*, formerly a rich and free People call'd the *Gaillardets*, but now, alas! miserably poor, and (1) under the Yoke of the *Papimen*. The Occasion of it was this.

(2) *Flea a Fox.*] This proverbial Expression for Vomiting, does admirably well here, in speaking of *Widenostriels* disemboing the Foxes that were got down to the bottom of his Maw.

(1) *Under the Yoke of the Papimen.*] Read *Papimanes*, as in the Original. It is a Word compos'd of *Papa*, *Pope*, and *Mania*, *Madness* (in Greek,) and means such whose Love and Zeal for the *Pope* is so excessive, that it may be counted Madness. Here *M. du Chat* observes, that *Spain* is a true *Papimany* Country: therefore, adds he, it is not at all unlikely that by the *Island of Pope-Fig-land*, subject to the *Papimanes*, *Rabelais* means *Navarre*, after that, about the Year 1512, *Ferdinand* the Catholic, had seized that Kingdom by virtue of a certain pretended Bull which had put it under an Interdict for adhering, as was pretended, to the Council conven'd at *Pisa* against *Pope Julius* II.

On

On a certain yearly (2) high Holy-day, the Burger-Master, Syndics and topping Rabbies of the *Gaillardets* chanc'd to go into the Neighbouring Island of *Papimany* to see the festival, and pass away the time. Now one of them having espy'd the Pope's Picture (with the Sight of which, according to a laudable Custom, the People were blest'd on High-offering Holy-days) made Mouths at it, and cry'd a Fig for't, as a Sign of manifest Contempt and Derision. To be reveng'd of this Affront, the *Papimen* some Days after, without giving the others the least warning, took Arms, and surpriz'd, destroy'd, and ruin'd the whole Island of the *Gaillardets*, putting the Men to the Sword, and sparing none but the Women and Children, and those too only on Condition to do what the Inhabitants of *Milan* were condemn'd to, by the Emperor *Frederick Barbarossa*.

These had rebell'd against him in his Absence, and ignominiously turn'd the Empress out of the City, mounting her (3) a Horseback on a Mule call'd (4) *Thacor*, with her Breech foremost toward the old jaded Mule's Head, and her Face turn'd towards the Crupper: Now *Frederick* being return'd, master'd them, and caus'd so careful a Search to be made, that he found out, and got the famous Mule *Thacor*. Then the Hang-man by his Order, clap'd a Fig into the Mule's Jim-crack, in the Presence of the enslav'd Citts that were brought into the middle of the great Market-Place, and proclaim'd, in the Emperor's Name, with Trumpets, that whosoever of them would save his own Life, should publicly pull

(2) *High Holyday.*] *Festes à doubles bastons*: for that's the true Reading according to *Rabelais's* Copy; not *Bastans*, as some Editions read it. These Festivals *à Batons* are those grand solemn Holydays, when the Chanters of the Church, the Feast whereof is celebrating, walk processionally in their Habits of Ceremony with their Staves, (*Batons*) which are a sort of *Pilgrims* Staves, cover'd with very thick Leaves of Silver.

(3) *A Horseback, &c.*] This infamous Punishment is still inflicted in *Germany*, on profess'd Prostitutes.

(4) *Thacor.*] A Scab or Pile in the Fundament, *Cotgrave* says; but, according to the *Cambridge Dictionary*, it means the Fundament it self. See under the Word *Anus*. The *Hebrew* Word is *Tachor*, not *Thacor*, for the *Hebrews* have two sorts of T's, a T simple and a *Tb*. With the first of these *Tachor* is spelt.

the

the Fig out with his Teeth, and after that put it in again in the very individual Cranny whence he had draw'd it, without using his hands; and that whoever refus'd to do this, should presently swing for't, and die in his Shoes. Some sturdy Fools, standing upon their *Punctilio*, chose *Honourably* to be hang'd rather than submit to so shameful, and abominable a Disgrace; and others, less nice in Point of Ceremony, took heart of Grace, and ev'n resolv'd to have at the Fig, and a Fig for't, rather than make a worse Figure with a hempen Collar, and die in the Air, at so short Warning: accordingly when they had neatly pick'd out the Fig with their Teeth from old *Thacor's* Snatch-blatch, they plainly show'd it the Heads-man, saying, *Ecco lo fico*, (behold the Fig.)

By the same Ignominy the rest of these poor distress'd *Guallardets* sav'd their Bacon, becoming Tributaries and Slaves, and the Name of *Pope-Figs* was given them, because they had said, *A Fig for the Pope's Image*. Since this, the poor Wretches never prosper'd, but every Year the Devil was at their Doors, and they were plagu'd with Hail, Storms, Famine and all manner of Woes, as an everlasting Punishment for the Sin of their Ancestors and Relations. Perceiving the Misery and Calamity of that Generation, we did not care to go further up into the Country, contenting our selves with going into a little Chappel near the Haven, to take some Holy-water. It was dilapidated and ruin'd, wanting also a Cover (like *St. Peter* at *Rome*) When we were in, as we dip'd our Fingers in the sanctify'd Cistern, we spy'd in the middle of that Holy Pickle a Fellow muffled up with Stoles all under Water, like a diving Duck, except the Tip of his Snout to draw his Breath. About him, stood three Priests, true Shavelings, clean shorn and poll'd, who were muttering strange Words to the Devils out of a conjuring Book.

Pantagrue was not a little amaz'd at this, and inquiring what kind of sport these were at, was told, that, for Three Years last past, the Plague had so dreadfully rag'd in the Island, that the better half of it had been utterly depopulated, and the Lands lay fallow and occupy'd. Now the Mortality being over, this same
Fellow,

Fellow, who was crept into the the Holy Tub, having (5) a large Piece of Ground, chanc'd to be sowing it with White winter Wheat, at the very Minute of an Hour that a kind of a Silly sucking Devil, who could not yet write or read, or hail and thunder, unless it were on Parsly or Colworts, had got leave of his Master *Lucifer* to go into this Island of *Pope-figs*, where the Devils were very familiar with the Men and Women, and often went to take their Pastime.

This same Devil being got thither, directed his Discourse to the Husband-man, and ask'd him what he was doing. The poor Man told him, that he was sowing the Ground with Corn, to help him to subsist the next Year. Ay, but the Ground is none of thine, Mr. *Plough-jobber*, cry'd the Devil, but mine: For since the time that you mock'd the *Pope*, all this Land has been proscrib'd, adjudg'd and abandon'd to us. However, to sow Corn is not my Province; therefore I will give thee leave to sow the Field; that is to say, provided we share the Profit. I will, reply'd the Farmer. I mean said the Devil, that of what the Land shall bear, two Lots shall be made, one of what shall grow above Ground, the other of what shall be cover'd with Earth; the right of chusing belongs to me, for I am a Devil of noble and ancient Race; thou art a base Clown. I therefore chuse what shall lye under ground, take thou what shall be above. When dost thou reckon to reap, hah? About the middle of *July*, quoth the Farmer. Well, said the

(5) *A large piece of Ground.* In the Original, it is not only *ung champ grand*, (a large Piece of Ground,) but *restile* also, which Mr. M--- leaves out. *Champrestile* means *Ground that is sow'd and bears Fruit every Year*, the same as the Latin *Restibilis*, from whence the French borrow it. Some Editions, the Publishers whereof not knowing what *Restile* meant, have it, ridiculously; *Sterile*. These Observations tho' purely Grammatical, may be of use, to such Gentlemen as are possess'd of those erroneous Editions of *Rabelais* in French. Not that I pretend to have clear'd them of all such Blemishes, or rectify'd every Thing that is amiss in the *English* Translations, much less supply'd all the Omissions. I have had neither Time nor Encouragement sufficient for such a tiresome Work:

Devil, I'll not fail thee then : In the mean time, slave as thou oughtest. Work, Clown, work : I am going to tempt to the pleasing Sin of whoring, (6) the Nuns of *Dryfart*, the Sham-saints of the Cowle, and the Gluttonish Crew ; I am more than sure of these. They need but meet, and the Job's done ; true Fire and Tinder, touch and take ; down falls Nun, and up gets Friar.

C H A P. XLVI.

How a Junior Devil was fool'd by a Husband-man of Pope-Figland.

IN the middle of *July*, the Devil came to the Place aforesaid, with all his Crew at his Heels, a whole Quire of the younger Fry of Hell, and having met the Farmer, said to him ; Well, Clod-pate, how hast thou done, since I went ? Thou and I must now share the Concern. Ay, Master Devil, quoth the Clown, 'tis but reason we should. Then he and his Men began to cut and reap the Corn ; And on the other side the Devil's Imps fell to work, grubbing up, and pulling out the Stubble by the Root.

The Country-man had his Corn thrash'd, winnow'd it, put it into Sacks, and went with it to Market, the same did the Devil's Servants, and fate them down there by the Man, to sell their Straw. The Countryman sold off his Corn at a good rate, and with the Money fill'd an old kind of a Demy-Buskin, which was fasten'd to his Girdle ; but the Devil a Sous the Devils took ; far from taking Hansel, they were flouted, and jeer'd by the Country Louts.

Market being over, quoth the Devil to the Farmer, well Clown thou hast chous'd me once, 'tis thy Fault ; chouse me twice, 'twill be mine. Nay, good Sir De-

(6) *The Nuns of Dryfart.*] *Nonnains de Pettefec.* In ch. 19. of l. 2. it is said of the *English Thaumast*, that with very Grief and Vexation, he let a Baker's *Fart*, *Bran*, and all, for so *Bren* means sometimes ; not always Sirreverence.

vil, reply'd the Farmer, how can I be said to have chous'd you, since 'twas your Worship that chose first. The Truth is, that by this trick you thought to cheat me, hoping that nothing would spring out of the Earth for my Share, and that you should find whole under ground the Corn which I had sow'd, and with it tempt the poor and needy, the close Hypocrite, or the covetous Griper, thus making them fall into your Snares. But troth, you must e'en go to School yet, you are no Conjuror, for aught I see : For the Corn that was sow'd is dead and rotten, its Corruption having caus'd the Generation of that which you saw me sell : so you chose the worst, and therefore (1) are curs'd in the Gospel. Well, talk no more on't, quoth the Devil : what can'st thou sow our Field with for next Year ? If a Man would make the best on't, answer'd the Ploughman, 'twere fit he sow it with Radish. Now cry'd the Devil, thou talkest like an honest Fellow Bumpkin ; well, sow me good store of Radish, I'll see and keep them safe from Storms, and will not hail a bit on them ; but harke'e me, this time I bespeak for my Share what shall be above ground, what's under shall be thine : Drudge on, Looby, drudge on. I am going to tempt Hereticks ; their Souls are (2) dainty Victuals when broil'd in Rashes and well powder'd. My Lord *Lucifer* has the griping in the Guts, they'll make a dainty warm Dish for his Honour's Maw.

When the Season of Radishes was come, our Devil fail'd not to meet in the Field with a Train of rascally Underlings, all waiting Devils, and finding there the Farmer and his Men, he began to cut and gather the Leaves of the Radishes. After him the Farmer with his Spade digg'd up the Radishes, and clapt them up

(1) *Are curs'd in the Gospel.*] An old Proverb : which involves Slanderers and Devils in one and the same Malediction, for as much as the former chusing rather to speak evil than Good of their Neighbour, are like the Devils who in the Day of Judgment shall fall on the Wicked, and let Good Men alone.

(2) *Dainty Victuals.*] These whom the Devil, in those days, tempted to burn the Lutherans, did really believe his Devilship's Mouth water'd at the Souls of those suppos'd Strayers from the Fold of the Church.

into Pouches. This done, the Devil, the Farmer, and their Gangs hy'd them to Market, and there the Farmer presently made good Mony of his Radishes; but the poor Devil, took nothing, nay what was worse, he was made a common laughing stock by the gaping Hoydons. I see thou hast play'd me a scurvy trick, thou villainous Fellow, (cry'd the angry Devil,) at last I am fully resolv'd e'en to make an end of the business between thee and my self about the Ground, and these shall be the Terms; we'll chapperclaw each other, and whoever of us two shall first cry *bold*, shall quit his share of the Field, which shall wholly belong to the Conqueror. I fix the Time for this Tryal of Skill on this Day se'nnight: Assure thy self that I'll claw thee off like a Devil. I was going to tempt your Fornicators, Bayliffs, Perplexers of Causes, Scriveners, Forgers of Deeds, two-handed Counsellors, prevaricating Sollicitors, and other such Vermin; but they were so civil as to send me word by an Interpreter, that they are all mine already: Besides, our Master *Lucifer* is so cloy'd with their Souls, that he often sends them back to the smutty Scullions and slovenly Devils, of his Kitchen, and they scarce go down with them, unless now and then, when they are (3) high-season'd.

Some say there is no Breakfast like a Student's, no Dinner like a Lawyer's, no After-noon's Nunchion like (4) a Vintner's, no Supper like a Tradesman's, no (5) second Supper like a serving Wench's, and none of these (6) Meals together like a frockify'd Hobgoblin's. All this is true enough; accordingly at my Lord *Lucifer's* first Course, Hobgoblins, alias Imps in Cowles, are a standing Dish. He willingly us'd to breakfast on Students; but alas, I do not know by what Ill Luck, they

(3) *High-season'd*] 'Tis said such sort of Souls soon corrupt.

(4) *Vintner's*.] Read, *Vine-dresser*. Vignerons.

(5) *Second Supper*.] *Ragou Billoner*: to steal an after-Supper; Banquet late a-nights, as Servants frequently do when their Masters and Mistresses are in Bed.

(6) *Meals like a Frockify'd Hobgoblin's*, i. e. *Monks*.]

Nil mendicatis Sactorum dulcius Offis.

Il n'est Vie que de Coquin, no Life like a Beggar's, says the old Proverb.

have

have of late Years, (7) join'd the Holy Bible to their Studies; so the Devil a one we can get down among us, and I verily believe that unless the Hypocrites of the Tribe of *Levi* help us in it, taking from the inlightned Book-mongers their *St. Paul*, either by Threats, Revilings, Force, Violence, Fire and Faggot, we shall not be able to hook-in any more of them, to nibble as below. He dines commonly on Counsellors, Mischief-mongers, Multipliers of Law-suits, such as wrest and pervert Right and Law, and grind and fleece the Poor: He never fears to want any of these. But who can endure to be wedded to a Dish?

He said t'other Day at a full Chapter, that he had a great mind to eat the Soul of one of the Fraternity of the Cowle that had forgot to speak for himself, in his Sermon, and he promis'd double Pay, and a large Pension, to any one that should bring him such a Tit-bit piping-hot. We all went a hunting after such a Rarity, but came home without the Prey; for they all admonish the good Women to remember their Convent. As for Afternoon Nunchions, he has left them off, since he was so woefully grip'd with the Cholic; his Fosterers, Sutlers, Char-coalmen, and boyling Cooks having been sadly mawl'd and pepper'd off (8) in the Northern Countries.

His high Devilship sups very well on Tradesmen, Usurers, Apothecaries, Cheats, Coyners, and Adulterers of Wares. Now and then when he is on the Merry pin, his second Supper is of serving Wenches, who, after they have by stealth soak'd their Faces with their Masters good Liquor, fill up the Vessel with it at second hand, or with other stinking Water.

(7) *Join'd the Holy Bible, &c.*] Here Rabelais smells of the Fagot; says *M. du Chat*. A French way of speaking, significative of the danger one runs of being burnt for a Heretic: Thus, *Cette doctrine, cette opinion sent le fagot*; is as much as to say, a *Doctrine* that's Heretical, Dangerous, and Combustible (*digne du feu*.)

(8) *In the Northern Countries.*] This seems to regard the Expulsion of the Monks out of *England*, under *Henry VIII.* and *Edward VI.* and also that of the Religious out of the two Northern Kingdoms.

Well, drudge on, Boor, drudge on; I am going to tempt (9) the Students of *Trebisonde*, to leave Father and Mother, forego for ever the establish'd and common Rule of living, disclaim and free themselves from obeying their lawful Sovereign's Edicts, live in absolute Liberty, proudly despise every one, laugh at all Mankind, (10) and taking the fine jovial little *Cap of Poetic Licence*, become so many (11) pretty Hobgoblins.

(9) *The Students of Trebisonde.*] Read *Trebisonde*, with an *z* as Rabelais spells it. The Author seems here to derive the Name of the Imperial City of *Trebisonde* from the Greek *Τραπεζα Μεσα*, a *Table*, for the Opportunity of insinuating as if none but *Garmandizers*, and *Idle-Bellies* would take up with a *Cloyster'd Life*.

(10) *And taking the fine jovial little Cap of Poetic Licence.*] Rabelais says, *And taking the fine jovial little Biggen of Poetic Innocence.* On which *M. du Chat* observes *Beguain* (*Biggin* in English) is the *Capuche* or *Monachal Hood*, invented to distinguish, from *Seculars*, (or *People of the World*) such Persons as make Profession of a *Benignity* and an *Innocence* worthy of the *Golden Age* of the *Poets*. In *Flanders*, they call'd *Benings* and *Beningues*, (some Years after the Establishment of the two first Orders of *Religious Mendicants*,) certain Men and certain Women, who, without making Vows, devoting themselves in an especial manner to Works of Charity and Mercy, took in Imitation of the said *Religious*, a sort of *Hood* as a *Badge* that shou'd prevent Peoples looking upon 'em to be entirely of the secular Kind. From those Words it is that they have since, corruptly, been call'd *Beguins* and *Beguines*, and at length their *Hood* too was call'd *Beguain*. Friar *James de Guise*, in his *Chronicles of Hainault*, Vol. 3. Ch. 133. says, *The Countess of Flanders began the Benignage, and instituted the first Chappellany.* And lower, *And there instituted Brother Begnins and Sister Begnines* — in the same place where her Sister *Margaret* afterwards enlarged the *Grand Begninage* and the *Hospital*. *Beguini*, the Name of a Family of *Dijon* is thought to be no other than *Benigne*, the Name of a *Martyr*, venerated at *Dijon*.

(11) *Pretty Hobgoblins.*] *Farfadets gentils*. Gentlemen *Hobgoblins*. i. e. Gentlemen *Monks*. The Author ridicules the *Benedictins* and *Bernardins*, who assume the Title of *Dom* (from *Dominus*) as if they were all Gentlemen.

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